

Hebard

# QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Vol. 2 Cheyenne, July 15, 1924 No. 1

## EARLY HISTORY OF FREMONT COUNTY

By H. G. NICKERSON  
(Written in 1886)

The Indian tribes occupying the section embraced within the limits of what is now Fremont County, when first discovered by white men, were the Crow nation up to 1854, and since then by the Shoshones, Ban-ock and Arapahoe tribes.

In 1854 the Crows and Shoshones met in battle at Crow Heart Butte on Big Wind river, the Crows led by Big Robber, and the Shoshones by Washakie, in which engagement the Crows were defeated with loss of some fifty warriors and two children prisoners, one a girl, who is now the wife of Chief Washakie of the Shoshones, the Shoshones losing only some five or six killed. Since that time these tribes have been peacefully disposed toward each other, and the Shoshones have held this country against all comers, the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes aiding them occasionally, when short engagements were had, in which a few Indians could be killed or wounded.

In one of these Chief Washakie lost his favorite and eldest son near Strawberry. Washakie chiding his son for being slow in preparing for battle with the approaching Sioux, the young warrior sprang upon his war horse and rushed boldly on to the approaching hostiles and met his death, apparently with full intent to do so.

Lewis and Clarke, the first explorers, came to the Yellowstone in 1806. Gave the name to Clarks Fork to one branch of same and came into the Wind River valley. Prior to 1846 many trappers and hunters came into this section, and what is now Fremont County, among whom were Jim Bridger, Jack Robinson, Kit Carson, La Jeunesse Brothers, Ed Papin and Company. In 1846 General Fremont, after whom this county was named, explored this section, climbing the highest peak of the Wind River range, giving his name to same; and he was the first to map and make a survey and make it known to the world. In 1859 General Lander made a survey and led a party through. Captain Bonneville also explored here in early days; so General Reynolds and Lieutenant Mayer.

The experience of emigrants from 1847 to 1860 was full of interest; sometimes they passed through friendly tribes of Indians and herds of wild game; again fighting their way step by step through hostile tribes, Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Snake, or

Shoshones. Many emigrants, hunters, trappers and explorers were killed by the Indians, of which no record was ever kept. Mounds of stone and decaying headboards frequently mark the resting place of those killed along the line of the emigrant road.

Chief of the trappers and prospectors first within the limits of this country or any other were Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, La Jeunesse, Sorrell, Guerrie, Beaurais, Dock Leonard, William McCabe, Frank Lone, J. B. Macomber, A. A. Conant, Joseph Cornett, John Luman, O. S. Clarks and many others who early explored, hunted, trapped and prospected in this country.

The first prospectors and locators of mines at South Pass were from Salt Lake. In the summer of 1867 men reached South Pass and located the famous Clarissa mine, and on the 10th of August they were attacked by Indians. They killed Captain Lawrence at the Clarissa mine, killed Tony Sholes at Sweetwater and captured a man by the name of Taylor, whom they burned at the stake about two miles back, or north of South Pass. They captured 23 head of horses and drove out the prospectors, who returned in September with large reinforcements and have held the county since.

In the summer of 1868 Jeff Standifer, an old western explorer, prospector and Indian fighter, left South Pass and Atlantic with six other men from these places to prospect on the head of Wind River. On the 28th day of June while in camp on Big Wind river near the mountains, they were attacked by a large party of Indians so suddenly that they could not secure their horses, which were near camp and had not even time to make defense. Hank Lehman was killed in camp, McAuley was killed near by, Moore and Duncan made their escape for a time by swimming the river, but were followed to Bull Lake, ten miles, and were there killed, their remains being found some years afterward and buried at the head of Bull Lake. Standifer and one man escaped to the mountains and made their way into South Pass, Standifer slightly wounded in the hand; Andy Newman, the present survivor of the party, after great hardship and exposure, made his way into Little Wind River Valley (now Shoshone Agency) where a few men had located agricultural claims and were there camped. He presented a pitiful appearance, being nearly starved and almost naked, his flesh worn, his feet lacerated and full of cactus thorns. He was provided for and he then went on to South Pass.

# QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published by the Wyoming State Historical Department

## State Historical Board

Governor—William B. Ross  
Secretary of State—F. E. Lucas  
State Librarian—Flo La Chapelle

State Historian—Mrs. Cyrus Beard  
Secretary of the Board

## Advisory Board

Rt. Rev. P. A. McGovern, Cheyenne  
Dr. Grace R. Hebard, Laramie  
Mr. P. W. Jenkins, Cora  
Mrs. Willis M. Spear, Sheridan  
Mr. R. D. Hawley, Douglas  
Miss Margery Ross, Cody  
Mrs. E. T. Raymond, Newcastle  
Mr. E. H. Fourt, Lander

## Contents

Early History of Fremont County.....	H. G. Nickerson
Scenic Conditions in Fremont County.....	E. H. Fourt
Letters .....	A. C. Beckwith
Pioneer Experiences in Wyoming.....	A. L. Brock
Accessions .....	April to July

On the second of June the little party of seven in Wind River Valley were attacked by the same Indians so suddenly that they could not save their horses, all of which were stolen. Henry Lusk was surrounded by Indians, but being well armed stood them off, escaping with a broke narm, shot by the Indians. Sage C. Nickerson was a short distance away looking after the horses, who seeing the Indians coming and having no weapons with him, ran to a small stream (Squaw Creek), got into the willows, then in the stream, and the banks being steep and overhanging, he managed to get under the water with only enough of his head out (but under the bank) to breathe. There he remained while the Indians searched up and down the stream for him but they could not find him, so they shot the dog that was barking around near where he was and which might have told the Indians of his hiding place. They took all his horses, some of which were fine and valuable, and did not leave until the night was nearly over. The others of the party went to look for Nickerson, whom they supposed was killed, and after a long search they found him more dead than alive from remaining so long in the water, he supposing the Indians to be still there.

On the 1st day of August, 1868, the hostile Indians attacked Uncle Ben Hurst and Dave Hayes eleven miles below the three crossings of Sweetwater. They were bringing in some groceries for William Tweed of South Pass and had one yoke of cattle. The Indians shot and fatally wounded Hayes while he

was in bed on the ground. Hurst being in bed in the wagon, they did not see him; he got out and stood the Indians off, they making repeated assaults. He then fixed Hayes up as best he could, piled rocks around him, gave him a gun and ammunition, told him to do the best he could and he (Hurst) would go to South Pass for help. He had no sooner left the wagon than the Indians charged upon it, killing Hayes and helping themselves to whatever they wanted. Hurst then took the cattle and left for South Pass. He being an old English sportsman and a good shot, could keep them at a safe distance, so he made his way into South Pass, driving the cattle before him. A Mormon train came along, found the body of Hayes and buried it, and left after helping themselves to what they wanted from the wagon.

On Hurst's arrival at South Pass, William Tweed accompanied by William Rose and Mike Welch, started after the wagon and goods. When they got there they found the wagon plundered. They waited four days for Uncle Hurst to come with the team, he having started back with a three yoke team of oxen in company with Major N. Baldwin, merchant of South Pass, who was going to Benton (then the terminus of the U. P. R. R.) after freight with two yoke of oxen teams, with two drivers named Steve Van Camp and Leach and two passengers. They were attacked by the Indians at Ice Springs on Sweetwater and driven back after a spirited engagement in which Uncle Hurst was wounded in his heel and Leach in his back, the Major standing up in the wagons and keeping up a stream of fire on the Indians, while the teams turned and retreated back to South Pass in safety. Tweed and party after waiting days for the teams started back to South Pass and were attacked by the Indians at Three Crossings of Sweetwater. Rose, being mounted on a fine race horse, thought he could outrun the Indians, being followed by Wright, who overtook him in a race of one and a half miles and shot him in the back of his head. Welch's horse was shot under him and he escaped into the brush and got away. Tweed's mule took fright, ran, fell down, threw him off and the Indians then surrounded him and shot him slightly in the back. He shot one with a shot gun, cutting him nearly in two, then rushed through their line, crossed a slough which they could not cross while mounted, got into the river and brush, and after a day and two nights reached South Pass nearly exhausted.

In May, 1869, the Indians raided Little Popagie, robbed the Stone ranch where Frank Morehouse lived, killed him near by on the road over to Cottonwood and took from his body some \$1,500.00. They next met Mountain Bill Rhodes, an old western pioneer and miner, with a four horse team, killed and stripped him, leaving him dead in his wagon; cut his horses out of the harness and took them away. Near the same place on Cottonwood they met and killed Dutch Henry, as well as the mule he was riding. At the same time on Cottonwood and on what is now the Phil Wisser ranch, they found a peaceable, harmless old French-

man, named Devereux, planting potatoes in his garden. They surrounded him, beat him down, took the mattock with which he was working, drove it into his stomach, twisting and pulling his intestines out while he apparently was yet alive and begging for mercy. In this condition he was found and buried where he died, and now the ground is cultivated over his remains and no one can point out the spot. His house was plundered of everything the inhuman fiends desired to take away. In this raid considerable stock was stolen from various parties.

On August 20th, 1869, a man by the name of Camp was killed near the canyon of Little Wind River. Three horses, two rifles, his clothing, ammunition, provisions, etc., were taken. The same day a man by the name of Lask was wounded below the Hot Springs on Little Wind River.

On September 29, 1869, John G. Anderson was killed near Miners Delight while hauling lime. On the same day a man named Latham was killed while chopping wood on Big Atlantic Gulch. On this raid four men, Austin and Alkire Brothers were surrounded at the crossing of Beaver near Miners Delight by seventeen Indians. The firing being heard at Miners Delight, Captain Nickerson speedily collected seven men and ran to their rescue, finding them closely surrounded. A few volleys drove the Indians off; the men were found to be unhurt, but they would soon have been taken as their ammunition was nearly all gone.

On March 31, 1870, Frank Irwin was killed on Little Atlantic Gulch, near Atlantic City. William S. Bennington and James Thickens were killed on Smith's Gulch near where Fort Stambaugh was afterward built and on the same day Eugene Fosberry, John McGuire and Anson B. Kellogg were killed at St. Mary's Station on Sweetwater. Kellogg lost two valuable horses, harness, provisions, etc. These men were all terribly mutilated and the place where they were murdered showed evidence of a long and hard struggle.

On April 7th, 1870, what is known as the Arapahoe raid, or raid on the Arapahoes, took place. The Arapahoe tribe, numbering some four or five hundred warriors, by the advice of Governor Campbell, then Governor of Wyoming, and the reluctant consent of the Shoshone tribe had come upon the Shoshone reservation and were camped on Big Wind River about thirty miles below where the town of Lander now stands. They promised friendly relations with the Shoshones and the white settlers and miners, also promising to notify both of the coming of any of the northern hostiles with whom they were at peace. Neither these promises were kept, for after their coming, the stealing of stock and killing of whites continued and was credited to the Sioux and Cheyennes. But it was suspicioned that the Arapahoes were committing the depredations or a part of them, or to say the very least would not form on other Indians who might be guilty of the crimes. But as stolen stock was found at their camp, they claiming to have bought from other Indians, they no doubt were

the guilty parties. And in order to ascertain the facts, Captain H. G. Nickerson of Miner's Delight went alone as a spy to the Arapahoe camp on the 31st day of March, 1870. Being well acquainted with Friday, a sub chief, he went to his camp where he had a small following of some twenty lodgers situated about five hundred yards from the main camp under Medicine Man. Nickerson had saved Friday's life in the late fall before. While Friday was visiting the mining towns he drank too much whiskey, lost his road between Atlantic and Miner's Delight and fell from his horse. The horse came into Miner's Delight. Nickerson recognizing it, went back on the track, found Friday helpless, brought him in and took him to his house. One foot was frozen so he lost the large toe. Captain Nickerson provided for him until he was able to go to his camp on Wind River. This humane act saved Nickerson's life while in Friday's camp, for he easily made Friday believe he was there on a peaceful mission, while the Indians in Medicine Man's camp devined his real object and insisted and demanded that he should be killed. This, Friday bravely refused to allow, keeping Nickerson in his own lodge and keeping most of the threatening Indians outside.

This continued until nearly morning when the Indians left, apparently satisfied with Friday's explanations, but he detected their plan, which was to waylay Nickerson and kill him on the road when he left in the morning. To avoid this, Friday got him ready just before daybreak, sent a faithful brave with him in an opposite direction with instruction which way to go after leaving the river, making a long detour and coming on to the home trail far beyond the Indians lying in wait for him. In this manner he escaped and April 7th fooled the Indians, but learned while in the camp of the Arapahoes, that Little Shield, a young war chief, and all of the young warriors were out of camp and over on Sweetwater, as the Indians said, on a buffalo hunt. The next day, after a hard ride he reached home and first learned of the killing at St. Mary's, and Atlantic City above mentioned, which was done on the same day he reached the Indians' camp. It is now believed by all that the Arapahoes were doing the killing and a force of about two hundred and seventy-five men were speedily raised, well armed and equipped, and on the 7th of April reached Big Popoagie Valley. One Bill Smith, a reckless and desperate man (killed a year later in Atlantic City in a street brawl), was chosen Commander-in-Chief because of his fearless and dare-devil disposition, although he had never been in the Arapahoe camp and knew nothing about them. He took the seventy-five mounted men, placed Nickerson in command of the two hundred foot men, the wagon train and navy yard, with orders to follow down the river after him. He struck out in the early morning in full daylight to find and annihilate the Indians, while the Indians could see him approaching for twenty miles. He, however, met Black Bear and his squaw and a small band of Arapahoes coming up to the Camp Brown (where Lander now stands) to trade.

He killed Chief Black Bear and all of the grown male Indians and two squaws, letting two squaws escape to go back to the main camp to give the alarm. There were killed in all fourteen bucks, two squaws and one squaw and child, Black Bear's and seven children captured. These children were afterwards placed in families and raised among the whites, one returning to the Shoshone Agency in 1884 a full fledged Episcopal minister. He found at this Agency the Arapahoe tribe and among them his mother. Their recognition was mutual, although he had grown to manhood since last she saw him. After the killing of the Indians on Big Popoagie the two squaws escaped, ran back to the camp and gave the alarm. The Indians at once pulled up stakes and left. The poor weary footmen after a forty mile tramp came into Smith's camp on Big Wind River where he had made up large fires and the Indians could easily have returned in the night and killed or driven away the whole party, but they were in full retreat and too badly frightened to come back in force. About fifteen or twenty came back and fired into Smith's big camp fires, causing them to be put effectually, speedily and permanently out. The expedition returned home worse than a failure, for instead of annihilating the Indians, as they easily could have done had they gone in the night time and surrounded the camp, they only succeeded in making the Indians more embittered and thirsty for revenge which they fully obtained in the years immediately following.

In April, 1870, William McCabe and James Goodson, two hunters and prospectors, were camped near the head of Little Popoagie when Goodson went down to the mouth of the canyon to their last camp to get an old coffee pot they had left. He was attacked by a small party of Indians, who first in good English tried to persuade him to come up on the hill where they were, but he, fearing treachery, would not go. When they fired on him he managed to get good cover and killed Knocknee, a well known Arapahoe, and one other and severely wounded several, escaping with only a slight wound in the back. The bodies of the two dead Indians were afterwards found, one the next day where it fell and the other months afterward where the Indians had thrown it in the creek.

On May 10th, 1870, the Indians attacked Jason Sherman and party at daylight on Twin Creek Hill. He had freight, teams and cattle. He stood the Indians off but they took all his cattle grazing near by. Major David Gordon, commanding Company D, 2nd Cavalry, stationed near Atlantic City, soon made his appearance and pursued the Indians, and in a hot engagement with them, in which several Indians appeared to be killed or wounded, Lieutenant Stambaugh, after whom Ft. Stambaugh was afterward named, was shot dead from his horse, his body falling for a time into the hands of the Indians who robbed it of a watch, ring, his revolver and belt, the contents of his pockets, etc. They shot into his body several times, after which the company rallied and recovered the body. Sergeant Brown was severely wounded, hav-

ing his chin and part of his jaw carried away by a bullet. The Indians escaped with Sherman's cattle and much other stock which they picked up.

On June 17, 1870, Oliver Lamoureaux was killed on the Point of Rocks road, some thirty miles south of Atlantic City. The Indians took from his body a fine gold watch, considerably money and two horses. John Pelon, an old timer still living near Lander, was with him and made a miraculous escape on the open prairie by keeping the Indians at a distance with a well managed rifle. Lamoureaux was killed by a volley fired by the Indians in ambush.

August 25, 1870, the Indians killed Dr. Barr, Harvey Morgan and Jerome Mason near Willow Creek, between Big and Little Popoagie, taking four horses and a large lot of provisions. These men made a brave stand and hard fight, but were overpowered by the two hundred Arapahoes that surrounded them where they could get no shelter. Morgan was well known to the Indians, having often fed and befriended them, and for his friendship he was mutilated in a horrible manner, the sinews being cut from his back and limbs for bow strings and the queen bolt of his wagon being driven so far into his forehead so that it could not be pulled out, but was buried with him as found. This party of Indians then attacked W. A. Barrett at his ranch near Red Canyon, shooting a bullet through his beard, but getting into his dugout and being well armed he stood them off, and they left. Going to South Pass, they captured two hundred head of fine horses and mules belonging to the miners and prospectors, and in charge of Lawrence Hunt and Negro Joe who were herding them. They were pursued by Lieutenant Robinson with a company of the 2nd Cavalry from Fort Washakie, but they made their escape without loss.

On October 9, 1872, Michael Henan, while hauling hay, was killed on Big Beaver Hill near Miner's Delight. From his team, four valuable mules were taken. At this raid an incident occurred that came near costing the lives of two of the miners of Miner's Delight. The next day after Hennan was killed, two miners from Miner's Delight, Tom Logan and Bobby Smith, who had gone hunting, failed to return, and as it was known that they had gone in the direction the hostiles had been, it was supposed they too had been killed. In order to find them and relieve them if alive, or bury them if dead, Captain Nickerson raised a party of nine men consisting of John Grant, Joe Trickey, John Hartley, George McKay, Ed. Blanchard, William Kinner, Val Brant, Arch Cameron and Chris Ranley. Packing some supplies on an old pinto pony that the Indians never would take, they started on the hunt for their lost companions and when some miles away, between Strawberry and Beaver Creeks, they were discovered by scouts from Fort Stambaugh who took them for Indians and immediately signalled the alarm to the Fort. The report spread that the country was full of Indians. The entire military and civilian forces were at once ordered out and soon surrounded the

hapless miners, who at first thought it a good joke on the military but soon realized their eminent peril when they found they could not make the forces surrounding them understand that they were not Indians. They were taken at a great disadvantage, being on a slight elevation, with others all around them still higher. Now they were completely surrounded, a company of cavalry below them on Beaver Creek to their right, a company of infantry was deployed and advancing to the left, a section of artillery was taking position in front, and nearest on the same ridge was a mixed command of soldiers, citizens and employees of the Post. Nickerson, seeing that something must be done promptly or he and his men would be swept from the face of the earth, ordered his men to lay first flat upon the ground in the short sage brush and then he would make another and more desperate attempt to disclose to the nearest troops who he was. The party in front were not more than five hundred yards away at this time, and he started on a quick walk towards them, alone, holding out his gun in full view, dropping it to the ground, still advancing with uplifted arms and shouting to them not to shoot. But he could plainly see they intended to shoot, and one citizen, the best shot in the party, knelt down, took deliberate aim and fired, the ball striking only a few yards in front of Nickerson, who continued to advance, but he could see the whole party was now aiming to shoot and at the first puff of smoke he fell flat to the ground and the volley went over him and fell among his comrades, but fortunately hit none. He then jumped and ran back to them, taking his gun with him. But one chance now presented itself and that was for each man to break for himself and get cover within the cordon now around them and await their near approach so that they could talk and be understood. This they did, gaining the bank of beaver and concealing themselves in the brush until the troops came so near that they could be plainly heard and talked to, when Nickerson went out and explained the situation. Then the troops returned to the Post very much disappointed at not being able to dispose of a band of Indians so completely in their power. In the meantime the telegraph had flashed the news east and west that Ft. Stambaugh was besieged by Indians and a terrible battle was raging. Logan and Smith came in a day all right, having seen no Indians.

On the 24th day of July, 1873, Mrs. Hattie Hall and Mrs. L. Richardson were killed and shockingly mutilated on Big Popoagie, where Lander now stands. Their houses were plundered of goods and over a thousand dollars in money taken, also some watches and valuable jewelry. The Indians watched from the hills until the men had nearly all gone from the valley to the mountains after timber, when they rushed down upon the helpless women and murdered them in the most brutal and fiendish manner possible. They also killed and wounded several cattle from pure cussedness.

On June 28th the Arapahoes surrounded Ed Yount's house at the mouth of Little

Popoagie canyon in the night. They kept him in by shooting at him, broke open his stable and took a fine span of horses, which they for some unaccountable reason, killed some miles from there on Twin Creek.

On the 29th day they attacked Joe Faris and Sam Rhon while they were working on the road in Red Canyon, but the Indians found their match, for the boys not only stood them off and saved their horses, but wounded and probably killed one of the Indians. One day Ed Young and John R. Smith ran on to one of these Indians at the head of Red Canyon, ran him down into the Canyon where Tom Anton was camped. The Indian broke for Tom's horse but Tom saw him coming and shooting commenced. The Indian was armed with a Henry rifle and shot close and fast, but Tom downed him and he was afterward boiled up by Hospital Steward Dodge of Fort Stambaugh in order to secure his skeleton.

On the 4th day of July, 1874, Captain Bates with Company B, 2nd Cavalry, and Lieutenant Young with eighty Shoshones (scouts), attacked the Arapahoes about four or five hundred strong on the head of North Wood River, killed forty or fifty and routed and drove the rest off, losing Corporal Walker and one private killed. Lieutenant Young lost three scouts, killed, and several wounded and himself wounded.

In the winter of 1876, five men from Lander were hunting and trapping down Big Wind River and were all killed. Their bodies were found the following spring. Two of them, Thomas Cook and Spencer, were killed near the mouth of Bridger Creek and their camp plundered. James Lisight, B. C. Anderson and one Davis were killed on what is now called Lisight Creek, about two miles from Bridger Creek and one of its tributaries. Their camp was also robbed of everything the Indians wanted.

In the spring of 1877 a party of miners from Fort McKinney was attacked on the Dry Fork of Bad Water and two of their number killed, names not known. Barney Hill, of the party, was shot through five times and left for dead, but came to and by crawling most of the way, reached Sweetwater River where he was found several days later by prospectors and was brought to J. M. Bied's place on Willow Creek and from there taken to the Post hospital where he fully recovered. He afterward committed suicide in Montana.

In April, 1877, thirteen Arapahoes stole thirteen head of horses and mules from Lander, and were followed by nine men seventy miles to Muskrat, where they were overtaken and a sharp fight ensued, in which John McCullom and Pap Conant were wounded and several horses killed. It was thought two or three Indians were killed or several wounded. At one time the whites got possession of all the horses, but during the fight, the Indians re-took them and then hard pressed the whites half way back to Lander.

In the summer of 1882 some Northern Indians robbed the camp of A. S. Bruce, also the camp of Andy Larson on Beaver. They

were followed by Bruce and others and overtaken on Big Popoagie below Lander. A sharp engagement followed in which two Indians were fatally wounded. This same party of Indians came upon a Mexican by the name of Artecinaro and a white man by the name of Lew Blanchard on the Big Horn River, and then killed them both. This was the last killing known of in this county, but many more than those enumerated have lost their lives at the hands of the hostile Indians, as frequently remains are found of some hopeless miner, prospector, hunter or emigrant that no one knows anything about.

Several persons have been frozen to death and many crippled for life. Three soldiers stationed at Stambaugh were at different times lost in the storms and frozen to death. In 1880, a soldier from Fort Washakie was lost on Twin Creek Hill and frozen to death. In 1870, S. C. Nickerson and Charley Stade were lost in a storm at the head of Red Canyon. Stade gave out and would go no further and was found the next day with his feet frozen solid to the ankles, from the effects of which he died. Nickerson made his way in the night near to Miners Delight and made his whereabouts known by continued firing to his gun, which was heard by his brother and others, who went to his rescue and found him exhausted in a blinding storm.

On January 31, 1883, Maggie Sherlock, daughter of Mrs. James Smith of South Pass, was passenger on the coach enroute to Green River. When near Dry Sandy Station, the driver, George Ryder, lost his way and they were found two days afterward so badly frozen that they both died from the effects after many days suffering.

During the same storm, another driver, James Scott, and a passenger, N. V. Clark, residing on Willow Creek, were overtaken by the storm. Their team gave out and both froze to death. Clark wandered off from the road and was not found until a week afterwards, when his body was taken to his family. W. J. Stuart, Superintendent of the stage line, was lost with these last parties. He wandered for two days and was accidentally found, blind and nearly dead. He recovered however, but was terribly mutilated, losing a part of both feet, all of his fingers, his nose and ears. In the same storm, Al Daugherty lost his way near Big Sandy Station and was found next day, nearly dead. He recovered but was terribly crippled, losing one leg below the knee, a part of the other foot and all of his fingers.

The first permanent settlers were William Evans, James Rodgers, Tilford Kutch, U. P. Davidson, Steve Geni in 1868 on Little Wind River in what is now the Shoshone reservation. In the same year, Birch, Austin Likely, Saylor and Shafer settled in the valley of Big Popoagie. In 1869, John R. Murphy, and J. G. Faris settled in the valley of Big Popoagie. In 1869, John R. Murphy, and J. G. Faris settled on Little Popoagie and in the same year W. A. Barrett and William Tweed settled in Red Canyon. These men held their ground against frequent invasions of hostile Indians, having many conflicts

with them and many narrow escapes and were frequently robbed of their stock, and for years could scarcely subsist, but most of them held on to their locations and remain there today.

Gold was known to exist in the Sweetwater County many years prior to the stampede in 1867. Emigrants to California had found gold on Strawberry and on the Sweetwater. Soldiers had found and mined gold to a limited extent at different places. The Indians had found both gold and gold bearing quartz and brought it from the Sweetwater country to Fort Bridger and other settlements west, until this country was looked upon as a good field for explorers. In 1867 Louis Robinson brought the first sufficient amount of gold into Fort Bridger to induce a stampede and eight men went into the mines. Henry Reddell, Harry Hubbell, Frank Marshall, Josh Terry and brother, one Davis and two others first discovered the famous "Clarissa Mine" and the Clarissa Gulch, where South Pass was afterward built, these and other parties being driven away by Indians. Willow Creek, Big and Little Hermit for Placer! In Atlantic, The Cariboo, Young America, Soule and Perkins, Mary Ellen, Jim Dyer and other valuable lodes were found and worked. Rock Creek, Little Beaver, Atlantic Gulch and Smith's Gulch and many other placers were worked with success and rich results. In Miners Delight, the famous Miners Delight Lode was discovered by Holbrook, McGovern, Pugh, Manson, Eads, Livingston, Major Gallagher, Dick Rice and George Owens. The same party also discovered and located Spring Gulch, in which the town of Miners Delight was built. This gulch and mine proved very rich and is still being worked. There was also discovered in this vicinity the Bennett, Peabody, Barthlow and San Juan lodes, and in placer the Meadow Gulch, Yankee Gulch, Poor Man's Gulch, Horace Gulch, Irish Gulch, Stambaugh Gulch, Promise Gulch and Placereta Gulch, all of which were mined out and yielded rich returns. The Strawberry Creek, Diggings, two miles south of Miners Delight, were as mysterious as they were rich. All of the gulches and sags and some of the flats at or near the head of Strawberry Creek, were rich in placer gold but no quartz could ever be found, and as it was not a washed country, no drift, glacial, river or ocean deposits but primitive formation showed plainly everywhere. It was and still is a mystery, where the gold came from. Many thousand dollars worth was taken out mostly by the Rocker or Tom process or by hauling the dirt to water, as the water was very scarce there and in many places there was none at all.

At Lewiston a rich placer and lode were discovered in June, 1880, the placer by Henry Lovewell and James Harding and the bullion lode by the Nickerson Brothers. The mines in this county are all gold, free milling quartz, and the placers; pure washed gold of a coarse nature and easily saved. The placers have been nearly exhausted where worked on a small scale by the ordinary cheap process of sluicing, toming or rockin, but rich results will yet be realized by the

more improved appliances working by hydraulic process.

The richest quartz mines have been worked to water level and to where the surface disturbances made the labor and expense greater. Work has been suspended, capital only being needed to prove them lasting and productive of rich returns when developed to a sufficient extent to properly test them. This will be done in time and the Sweetwater mines will take rank among the best on the continent. The great drawback to the development of these mines was first, the many years conflict with the Indians, when the miner had to work with his gun in his hand or by his side all the time, not knowing what moment he would have use for it and need it badly. Again many unprincipled men deceived parties and men of means all over the United States by the salting dodge, in placing gold or rich quartz in worthless lodes with which the county abounds and then taking the unsuspecting victim to the prospect, selling it to him and then skipping out. Such an act is a crime under our law, punishable by a severe penalty. This was done so successfully and so repeatedly, that parties all over the United States were bilked and left in disgust, spreading the report that the Sweetwater mines were the biggest frauds in the world, so that it is next to impossible to induce capital to come into these mines and develop them, notwithstanding the fact that in a few years they have yielded not less than three millions in gold. There have been many mills built at these mines, some of which are running, some idle, while others have been moved away to other mining regions.

There was built in South Pass in 1869 the first quartz mill, a five stamp water power, by Tosier, Eddy and Roberts;

In 1869 a ten stamp steam mill by Jim Mills and Louie Engle;

In 1869 a ten stamp steam mill on Big Hermit by Hall, Sneath, Schaun & Co.;

In 1869 a ten stamp steam mill on Little Hermit by Kidder and Mason;

In 1871 a ten stamp steam mill on Big Hermit by E. Amoretti;

In 1871 a ten stamp steam mill on Little Hermit by J. D. Farmer.

There was first a ten stamp steam mill at Atlantic City built by Dr. James Irwin in 1869 and in 1869 a ten stamp steam mill was built just above Atlantic City by Tom Collins. In 1869 a thirty stamp steam mill was built on the Mammoth Lode near Atlantic by Colonel Elliott. This was built on a salted lode. In 1869 a twenty stamp mill was built in Atlantic Gulch by the Lake Brothers. In 1869 a ten stamp water mill was built on Rock Creek by Mr. Rice. In 1870 a ten stamp steam mill was built just below Atlantic City on Rock Creek by Wheeler & Hull. In 1875 a ten stamp steam mill was built on Rock Creek above Atlantic by Poire & Furgerson. At Miners Delight in 1870, the Miners Delight ten stamp steam mill was built by Holbrook, Walsh, McGovern and Pugh. In 1873 the Hartley mill, a ten stamp steam mill, was built in Miners Delight by Fontain, Hartley and Robinson.

In 1881 a ten stamp steam mill was built in Lewiston by Martin Lewis.

Life sketch of the first to introduce any considerable number of cattle for grazing, when where, with results:

William Boyd brought in the first stock of cattle in 1869, ranged them on the headwaters of the Puposias. In 1874 Robert Hall, J. K. Moore, Jules Lamoureux, Scoffey Brothers & Cuney, W. P. Noble, James Kinn and others ranged cattle on the Puposia, Beaver and Wind River valleys successfully and with great profit. At this time, 1885, among the largest stock cattle owners are the Wyoming Land & Cattle Company, Captain R. A. Torry, Otto Franc, Carter Cattle Company, R. H. Hall, E. Amoretti, John Lee, John Luman, Richard Ashworth, Count De Dore, S. A. Wilson, E. P. Livingston, George W. Baxter, Henry Belknap, Dickinson & McDonald, Signor & Brown, John Werlen, C. W. Crowley, Big Horn Cattle Company, D. J. Jones, Rothwell & Sliney, Joseph Cornett, Mrs. A. O'Neil, Jevon Pickles.

William Tweed, an Englishman, was the first to introduce sheep raising. He settled in Red Canyon in 1870, brought two hundred sheep as an experiment, which proved successful. Having no disease, being of hardy breed, they withstood the winter well, but required close herding and night corralling near the house to prevent their destruction by wild animals, such as wolves, bears, mountain lions, lynx and wild cats, with which the country was over run and which killed many of his sheep in spite of his utmost precaution.

It being demonstrated that sheep would thrive and do well here if the prevailing disease, the scab, was kept in check, and the wild animals killed off, many others engaged in the business and are still so engaged, among whom are Bruce J. McTurk & Poire, James Irwin, Hornicker & Moyers, Noble & DeWolf, William O'Brien, J. E. Morrison, J. B. Okie, Woodruff Brothers, Amoretti & Bragg, Logan & Huff, J. La Hoar, Hood & Ralston, A. H. Bright, Kime & Miller, Henry Sherman and others. Sheep raising has generally proved a success, the severe winters being the greatest drawback. The disease, scab, can be kept down. In consequence of a liberal bounty being paid by the territory, the wild animals that destroy sheep are fast disappearing, and sheep-husbandry in the future will be one of the leading industries of Fremont County, the bounty on wolves being \$1.50, lynx and wild cats, 25 cents, hawks 25 cents, bears \$5.00, and mountain lions \$5.00.

The first to engage in the business of horse raising for the market were Orson Grimmitt and L. P. Vidal, who in 1876 introduced horse raising and have continued in the business ever since with success and profit. They were followed by John Gillis and A. P. Bat-trum who brought in horses for breeding purposes in 1867, and the latter is still engaged in the business, successfully. They were followed by John Gillis and A. P. Bat-trum first, then by Andy Chapman, J. W. Chapman, Count Du Dore, Hanks Brothers,

J. C. Johnson, A. McKenzie, John B. Gleaver, A. B. Wilson, Harry Brownson and many others with marked success, as horses withstand the cold better than any other kind of stock. There are in the southern part of this country large numbers of wild beasts (horses), those that have escaped from their owners or escaped their range, generally banding together in small bands, herded by some young stallion that has beaten off all rivals after terrible battles, in which the vanquished generally loses his life. Here they flourish, grow fat and rapidly increase. Occasionally some of these bands are captured by relays of pursuers or by tolling them into inclosures with tame horses.

The first attempt to cultivate the soil in this county was successfully made by W. A. Barrett on Barrett's Creek, a tributary of Red Canyon, in 1869, where for a number of years he sold to the mining towns nearly all kinds of vegetables at a high price. Others followed in the business, among whom were J. G. Farris, Ed. Young, Louie Miller and Andy Larson. From these small beginnings in vegetable productions, larger tracts were cultivated with an increasing acreage each year. The fertile valleys of Big and Little Popoagie are largely under cultivation. Twin Creek, Beaver and Sweetwater are cultivated to a considerable extent with good results and profit. Also the valley of Little Wind River on the Shoshone reservation is successfully cultivated by the early settlers, who are permitted to remain there by reason of their location prior to making the reservation. Nearly all kinds of vegetables and cereals mature in these valleys except corn, the hardier and earliest kinds alone ripening. Sufficient of these productions are raised here for home consumption, including the supplying of the military at Ft. Washakie and employees and force at the military agency. Export we cannot, for want of facilities. Hay for home consumption, for the military agency, can be had at from seven to ten dollars per ton, oats at two to two and a half cents per pound.

The grazing industry has been uniformly successful. The first herds were kept near the foot hills of the Wind River range but as that portion became settled up, the herds as they increased were ranged lower down on the Beaver, the lower Sweetwater, then over the Owl Creek range on to the Owl Creek, upper Wind River, Greybull, Stinking Water, No Wood and Big Horn Rivers. Sheep and horses, being closer herded, take the place of the receding herds of cattle, and now are found mostly near the Wind River mountains, wintering on Twin Creek, Beaver, Bad Water, Sweetwater and Wind River.

Agriculture is yet in its infancy in this county. The production only being what is needed for home consumption and while there could be vast amounts of grain and vegetables produced, there being no adequate means of transportation, a surplus is not produced. The lands are very productive, yielding as high as.....bushels per acre of oats and.....per acre of potatoes and other things in proportion except corn, which as yet has not proved successful. There is as

yet no extensive ditching done, each farmer having an independent ditch for his own use, but occasionally several combine and take out enough water for their use, collectively. The water is plentifully supplied from the numerous mountain streams.

The first saw mill was built on Mitt Creek near South Pass in 1868, by Charles Decker. Another was built on Slate Creek near Atlantic in 1869, by Major Anthony, another near South Pass in 1869 by Janson Sherman, another near the head of Rock Creek in 1869 by William M. Hinman. From these mills most of the lumber was obtained in the year 1868, with which in the years following the towns of South Pass, Atlantic, Miners Delight and Fort Stambaugh were built, and from which the lumber was obtained with which the mining was carried on in the prosperous mining days. In 1885 Emil Granier built a saw mill at the head of Rock Creek with which to cut the large amount of lumber necessary to construct the many flumes on his mining ditch and for other purposes connected with his mining and building. On Twin Creek and its tributaries William Tweed has now and has had for many years a portable saw mill, from which the lumber supply for fencing, building and mining is had. In 1876 Samuel Fairfield built a saw mill on Big Popoagie and in 1880 A. T. Wilson built a saw mill on North Fork and moved and rebuilt same on Big Popoagie in 1883; and in 1883 Perry Townsend built a saw mill on Big Popoagie and from these mills the lumber supply for Lander, North Fork, the Agency and Fort Washakie was mostly obtained. And they, at the time, 1885, continue to produce the needed supply.

The first and only flouring mill built in this county was built in 1880 by A. T. Wilson on North Fork, where it is now in operation. This is run by water power from the North Fork River.

The first bank in what is now Fremont County was opened in South Pass in 1869 by Illif & Company and was managed by Judge Amos Steck. This was a private institution and did business mostly in the purchase of gold dust and the shipment of same for mining parties. In 1875, E. Amoretti, Son & Company built and opened a bank in Lander, which is now in a prosperous and flourishing condition, doing a general banking business with E. Amoretti, Sr., President, and Samuel C. Parks, Jr., Cashier. In South Pass in the years 1868 to 1870, William Ervin, N. Baldwin, A. Houghton, J. D. Farmer, E. Amoretti, Lightburn Brothers, Gildersleeve Brothers and many others engaged in mercantile business with varying success. At this time, James Smith alone keeps a general supply store there. In the early years at Atlantic City, Leighton Brothers, Hoffman & Company, Cash Melin, Jules Lamoureux, E. Amoretti and others engaged in mercantile pursuits, and later Louis Poire, and at this time Robert McAuley alone keeps a general store in Atlantic City. At Miners Delight, John Curry, George McKay, John Dillabough, John Yancy and the Miners Delight Mining Company did trading, and now the old stand-by, James Kime, alone supplies



the wants of all in a general store. At Ron-gis, Signor Brothers, and now E. A. Signor keeps general supply store. At Lander the first store was opened by Henry Molson in 1874, followed by Dickinson & Kime in 1875, followed later by N. Baldwin, E. Amoretti, James I. Patten, J. K. Moore, L. Poire, Noble Lane; all except the first two still being in the business and doing well. Mr. Patten also keeps a drug store, Mrs. C. K. Kiriland a millinery store and Chalmers & Burnett have a harness store and supply raw or manufactured materials.

In early days, Major N. Baldwin kept a trading post at Double Log Cabins on the Popoagie, then on Baldwin Creek, later in 1872 and 1874 was post trader at Fort Stambaugh. At Fort Washakie, J. K. Moore is and has been for ten years, post trader and Indian trader with good success. At the Shoshone Agency, Noble & Land have a store and are Indian traders. At North Fork, Ben Sheldon and J. K. Moore kept stores for several years, but the business not proving lucrative, they gave up the store at that place. At Meeteetse, A. B. Wilson has a country store, and at Corbett, Arland & Corbett keep a small store.

The first road traveled to any extent through this County was the Overland California Emigrant Road, up the Sweetwater through the South Pass at Pacific Springs and so on across the Sandies and Green River and into Salt Lake. This was first traveled by traders of the American Fur Company under John B. Provo of St. Louis. In 1847 the Great Mormon Hegira traveled this route to their Salt Lake Mecca with their wheelbarrows, hand carts and nondescript vehicles, led by Brigham Young. In 1859 General Lander made survey and laid out a road through this county from Burnt Ranch on Sweetwater to the upper crossing of Green River, thence to Oregon via Bear Lake, Utah, taking with him a train of emigrants and making a good road.

The road from South Pass to Lander, Fort Washakie and Meeteetse was a natural Indian and game trail, traveled by the first prospectors and settlers, afterward improved by the settlers and later by the county. The same is true of all the other roads in the county; mostly natural roads and very good for a mountainous country. No bridges of importance have yet been constructed in the county. What few there are have been built by private enterprise or at the expense of the county.

In the early days of what is now Fremont County, many engaged in the freighting business. W. P. Noble was extensively engaged in the freighting business to Fort Stambaugh and the mines, in which business he formed the nucleus of a fortune, which was afterward made in stock raising in the Popoagie and Beaver Valleys. Many others engaged in hauling freight from Bryan, Green River, Point of Rocks and Rawlins on the Union Pacific Railroad to the mining towns in this county and to Ft. Stambaugh and Washakie and the Shoshone Agency. Among the earlier ones were Chrisman Brothers, Pom McGuire, T. Brown, N. H. Scott, Dan

McDonald, M. Kellshire, John Arnold, Harry Burke, Sam Fairfield and many others. Some of the above are still engaged in the business, but sharp competition and the low rates paid for freight from the railroad now makes the business a precarious one and scarcely paying expenses. The earlier freighters made money, receiving from three to five cents per pound, while now only one and one-fourth to two cents is paid to same points.

The first freighting through which is now Fremont County, was as early as 1857. Majors and Russell freighted on the Overland Emigrant Road from the Missouri River west, and supplied Johnson's army when marching on Utah. One train in charge of one Simpson, was attacked and burned up by the Mormons at what is now called Simpson's Hollow, near Big Sandy.

The first stage line was on the old California Overland Road from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Salt Lake, Utah, run by McGraw who carried a monthly mail. The outfit consisted of a coach and baggage wagon. This was prior to 1855. In 1856, the Mormons ran a weekly stage and mail from Atchison to Salt Lake. In 1857, Jones Brothers ran a stage line from Leavenworth to Bridger. In 1860, Ben Hockerty ran a weekly stage and mail from Leavenworth to Bridger. In 1861, the King of Stagers, Benjamin Holliday, put on the Overland daily stage, carrying mail and express from Atchison to San Francisco. Also in 1860-61 Holliday ran the famous Overland Daily Pony Express from Atchison to San Francisco. In 1862 Holliday was compelled to move his line further south on to the Bitter Creek route to secure greater safety from the northern hostile Indians, Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes, who attacked his stations and stages, killed many of his drivers and employees, stole hundreds of thousands of dollars, and made it next to impossible to carry on the business on this route. The building of the Union Pacific Railroad took the freight, express and mail across the continent and destroyed the business of the overland trade.

When the mining excitement broke out in the Sweetwater country, Alex Benham put on a daily stage, mail and express line from Bryan to South Pass in 1869. In 1870 he put a line on the Point of Rocks route, from Point of Rocks to South Pass. William Larimer also put on a daily line of stages from Point of Rocks to South Pass for one season, when that route was abandoned. Benham continued the Bryan route until succeeded by C. C. Huntley & Company in 1871, who in 1872 changed the route from Bryan to Green River and extended the line from Green River to Lander. In 1880, J. L. Slavens put on a tri-weekly stage, mail and express line from Rawlins to Ft. Washakie, and soon afterward contracted to extend the mail to Meeteetse. This extension from Washakie to Meeteetse was sub-contracted by Short, McCoy and Cress who ran a tri-weekly buck-board carrying mail, passengers and express.

Fremont County was created by an act approved March 5th, of the Legislative session of 1884, bounded and described as follows:

That all the portion of the present county of Sweetwater, territory of Wyoming, bounded and described as follows, shall be created a county to be known by the name of Fremont with county seat at Lander. Commencing at the north-west corner of Sweetwater county running thence south on the western boundary line of said county, the boundary line between townships 26 and 27 north, thence east on said township line to a point 107 degrees and 30 minutes west from Greenwich, being the western boundary of Carbon County. Thence north along said line of 107 degrees and 30 minutes of longitude to its intersection with the line of 43 degrees and 30 minutes of north latitude, being the southern boundary of Johnson County. Thence west along said line of 43 degrees and 30 minutes north latitude to the Big Horn river; thence down the Big Horn River to the 25th parallel of north latitude to the place of beginning. Being the largest county in the territory, having about twelve and a half million square acres and is about one hundred and ninety miles long by one hundred twenty-five wide, in the centre of which is situated the Shoshone Indian reservation, covering the fertile valleys of Wind River and its tributaries, which is the garden spot of Wyoming. This reservation has an area of 1,520,000 acres.

H. S. Nickerson, H. E. Blinn and B. F. Lowe were appointed by Governor Hale on the 27th day of March, 1884, as Commissioners to organize this county as provided by the act of creating the county. The Commissioners met in Lander on the 28th day of March and organized by electing H. G. Nickerson Chairman and appointing J. I. Patten Clerk of the Board. The Commissioners issued a proclamation for a special election to be held on the 22nd day of April, 1884, and established voting precincts, at which election B. F. Lowe was elected Sheriff, H. G. Nickerson Probate Judge, James A. McAvoy County Clerk, H. G. Nickerson County Treasurer, A. H. Briht County Attorney, H. E. Blinn Chairman, P. H. Hall and A. J. McDonald County Commissioners, James I. Patten Superintendent of Schools, Samuel Iiams Coroner, Charles N. Syp Surveyor, J. W. O'Neal Assessor.

These, the first officers elected at the special election, met at Lander, the County seat, on the 6th day of May and qualified when the county was declared fully organized.

Total assessed value of property for the year 1884 was \$1,689,957 with a tax levy of 16 mills on the dollar, amounting to \$28,-142.02 total tax, of which \$1,255.10 was for territorial tax, \$769.75 stock indemnity, \$3,-344.48 common schools; the balance was general county funds. There was also collected this year, \$1,112.00 poll tax, which was applied to the general school fund.

At the first general election held November 4, 1884, J. J. Watkins was elected Sheriff, H. G. Nickerson Probate Judge and County Treasurer, J. A. McAvoy County Clerk, R. H. Hall (Chairman), H. E. Blinn and A. J. McDonald, County Commissioners, A. H. Bright County Attorney, J. W. O'Neal Assessor, Mrs. T. F. Cadwell, County Super-

intendent of Schools, Samuel Iames Coroner, F. S. Wood Surveyor, James Kime Representative Territorial Legislature, L. P. Vidal, appointed by the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff at Lander, and J. H. Irely, Deputy Sheriff at Meeteetse.

At the special election, April 22, 1884, there was 482 votes cast; at regular election November 4, 1884, there were 716 votes cast. Total population in 1885 was about 1,200; total assessed valuation \$1,983,038. The tax toll of the year 1885 shows as follows: Total levy fifteen mills on the dollar on stock, and fourteen and a half on all other property; total tax levied for 1885 was \$31,080.38, to which will make the common school fund not far from \$5,000. The Territory tax \$1,-979.26 and stock indemnity \$899.53.

The warrants of this county have always been worth their face and have even sold for a premium of 10 cents when distressed for taxes and sold to the highest bidder. In the year 1884 there was collected by the treasurer, over two hundred dollars more than the entire tax roll of that year called for, the tax being collected so close that the penalties and interest on the delinquents made this excess. This result, probably no other county in the territory can show, and it is very gratifying to this, the youngest county created in the territory.

When Wyoming was yet a part of Dakota territory, Sweetwater County (out of which Fremont County was created) was Carter County.

The act creating Fremont County provides for special terms of court in the county, which is included in the 3rd Judicial District when the county commissioners shall deem it necessary and shall notify the judge of the district to hold a term of court in the county at such time as he can and not conflict with his stated terms in other counties in his district.

The first term of court was held at Lander on the 8th day of June, 1884, Judge Samuel C. Parks presiding. The county was represented by Prosecuting Attorney A. H. Bright. There was present, District Clerk Jesse Knight, also Deputy District Clerk E. F. Cheney. There being but little business for the court, and none of importance, the term lasted but ten days. There was also present J. I. Atkins, Sheriff, and L. P. Vidal, Deputy Sheriff.

South Pass City, exclusively a mining town, was the first town in the county. It was the county seat of Sweetwater county from 1869 to 1874. When the county seat was moved to Green River. In 1867, gold having been discovered in what was known as the Sweetwater mines, a rush was made for South Pass where a rich mine (the Clarissa) was discovered which fed a rich placer, the Clarissa Gulch. The hostile Indians drove the first prospectors out, who returned in a month with reinforcements and made permanent camp and settlement. In early spring of 1868, the news of wonderful rich finds of gold being circulated, a rush was made from all quarters for the new Eldorado and some 5,000 persons came into the mines. South Pass rapidly grew to prominence.

Main Street was built up on each side for half a mile, stores, hotels, saloons and other business houses were built and flourished for some years. The name, South Pass City, was given the place in consequence of its being near the great South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, through which the old California emigrant road passes at Pacific Springs, known to all the Overland travelers to California and Oregon as being on the Divide of the Rocky Mountains. South Pass had a flourishing district school and has continued to have up to the present time. It had no established church society, but frequently had services held by itinerant preachers of various denominations. The population was variously estimated from 1,200 to 2,000 in 1868-69, since which the number has decreased to less than 50 persons at the present time. The first sheriff was John R. Murphy, now living in Lander at an advanced age. He was appointed by the authorities of Dakota Territory. Officers appointed by Governor Campbell upon the organization of Sweetwater County were John Body, Sheriff, John Anthony, John Swingle and Nathaniel Daniels, County Commissioners, H. G. Nickerson, Superintendent of Schools, H. B. Hubbell, Coroner, C. L. Lightburn, Assessor. John McGlinchey was next sheriff followed by P. A. McPhee. James A. Brennen was next Probate Judge, Tim McCarthy, County Clerk, A. McIntosh next. J. W. Kingman was first Judge of District Court, followed by V. T. Jones and H. M. Carey. But few of the early settlers of South Pass remain, among them being J. H. Johnson, James Smith, John Bilcox, Jason Sherman, L. B. Cripp and Antone Stubs.

The first Justice in South Pass was James N. Stillman followed by Mrs. Esther Morris, who was appointed by Governor Campbell and who was the first and only woman Justice of Peace in the United States. She was succeeded by C. C. Fox, and the present Justice is S. B. O'Meara.

Owing to the depreciation in value of the mining property and interest, all business an down and was suspended, but South Pass will yet be prosperous in mining. "The South Pass News," a five column paper, was started in 1869, edited by C. J. Cole, Captain N. L. Turner and E. A. Slack successively.

Atlantic City, four miles east of South Pass, sprang into existence in 1868, during the mining excitement, and during the height of its prosperity, its population was variously estimated from 1,500 to 2,000. Among the first settlers was John Anthony, Pease & Caylor, Foster Brothers, Jules Lamoureux, Frank E. Caffey, Dr. James Irwin, Ed Lawn, Louis Poire. Among other early settlers still remaining in Atlantic, is Robert McAuley, Ed Lawn, John Huff, Frank Lenna, Charles Washington, H. B. Macomber, William Gratrix, R. Ricketts.

Atlantic, like South Pass, never had any organized church society, but had frequent services by local or itinerant preachers. It was always maintained a district school and while its population is now less than one hundred, yet it keeps up its school.

Its first Justice of the Peace was Dr. James Irwin, appointed by Governor Campbell in 1869, followed by Ed Lawn, Charles Washington and Robert McAuley, present Justice. The first and present Notary Public is J. S. Frankeburger.

Atlantic City, like South Pass, sprang up during the mining excitement, and then all business followed the depression in mining until the lowest ebb was reached, but at this time permanent improvements and developments are being made, which will place Atlantic in a prominent place in the mining world. Emil Granier has just completed a ditch here some 15 miles long with 15 or 20 substantial flumes at a cost of about \$100,000, with which to work the placers here and vicinity, and will commence work in the spring when rich returns are confidently expected.

Miners Delight, four miles east of Atlantic, grew suddenly into prominence as did South Pass and Atlantic during the mining excitement of 1868, and is a mining town named after the famous "Miners Delight Lode," here situated. Among the first settlers were Jonathan Pugh, Jack Holbrook, Major Gallagher, H. G. Nickerson, George McKay, James Kime, and it had in 1869, a population upwards of 1,000, but is now reduced to less than 50. Among the old timers remaining are James Kime, George McKay, Jonathan Pugh, B. C. Sexton. Miners Delight had no church society but had district school for many years but has none now.

The first Justice of the Peace was Frank McGovern, followed by John Curry, H. G. Nickerson and George McKay.

Miners Delight, like South Pass and Atlantic will yet take its place in the front rank of mining towns in the West.

Red Canyon, a mile from Miners Delight, was first settled by William Tweed and W. A. Barrett in 1870, who settled on Barrett Creek, a tributary, followed by Joseph Wagner and John Norton, all of whom engaged and are still engaged in farming and stock raising with good success.

In 1869 Little Popoagie was first settled by J. R. Murphy and J. G. Faris, the former locating on what is known as Eagle ranch. They both had several encounters with the Indians and many narrow escapes. Later settlers followed, among whom were Ed Young, Frank Casto, William Jufitle, John Werlen, Mrs. Clark, William Trosper and A. P. Battrum. They engaged in farming and stock raising with good success. Here a district school is taught.

Willow Creek was settled in May, 1873, by James A. McAvoy, John M. Ried and Joseph Himmelsbach. The last two are still engaged in farming and cattle raising with good success.

Lyons, or lower Little Popoagie, was settled in 1880 by Robert Hall, John Gillis, M. Gregg, Roberts and others, all of whom are engaged in agriculture and stock raising with good results. There is a flourishing district school in Lyons' district.

Sweetwater was first settled in 1874 by Signor Brothers at what is now Rongis, named by reversing the name of Signor. Herman Bohack and Henry Bruning were

the first to settle at St. Marys, on Sweetwater, in 1878, but abandoned their location three years later. Now the river is located from St. Marys down through the county. Among the locators are John Arbold, Signor and Brown, Westfall, Falher & Sons, C. H. Bush, and Ed Bennett. The last two are at Sweetwater bridge on the stage road from Lander to Rawlins. Further down are D. N. Carrington, Clay & Forrest, August Lanacken, James Via and others, all successfully engaged in stock raising, principally.

Wind River valley, now Fort Washakie and the Shoshone Agency, was first located in 1868 by Tilford Kutch, U. P. Davidson, Jack Parker, William Evans, H. G. and S. C. Nickerson, Henry and William Lusk, William Rogers and many others. Rogers, Evans, William Jones, Charles Yarnell, Steve Geni and Charles Oldham still remain, although the lands are declared set apart for a reservation for the Shoshone Indians and such other friendly tribes as they may tolerate or admit among them. The lands of this reservation are the best in the territory, the soil and climate the finest.

North Fork, four miles from Lander, was first located by C. B. Harrison, E. P. Cottrell, Ed Atlon, Henry Mealman, P. P. Dickenson. In 1874 quite a village sprang up here on the line of the reservation. Here a district school is taught. The principal industry is farming. E. P. Cottrell was first Justice of the Peace, succeeded by H. H. Hale, the present Justice. The population of North Fork precinct is about 75.

Meeteetse, situated in the northern part of the county, is a stock raising community. The village consists of one store, post office and saloon. It has a school of twenty scholars, a population of some 75 persons, engaged in stock raising with the best of success. The town was started in 1879. The first settlers were Otto France, Judge Carter Cattle Company, followed by Captain Henry Belknap, Dickerson & McDonald, A. B. Wilson and others. The first and present Justice is Otto France. The first and present Notary Public is E. T. David.

Embar on Owl Creek, named from the Captain Torry band, is a village of some 50 inhabitants, settled by Smith and Baradee, George M. Sliney, J. D. McCullough, Captain A. R. Torry, Price Brothers and others in 1880. Stock raising is the principal pursuit which like other portions of the county is successfully followed. The first and present Justice of the Peace is George M. Sliney.

Lander, the county seat of Fremont County, was first settled by Messrs. Austin, Burch, Likely, Saylor and Shafer in 1869. Shafer died on his ranch in 1870 and the others have since left the territory. Many other settlers soon after made permanent locations, among whom were Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Hall, both being killed by Indians soon after. Frank Ecoffey, J. J. Frey, Hornicker Brothers, Peter Anderson, John McCullom, James Forrest, Henry Lovewell, John Pelon, Ed St. John and many others made permanent settlement and engaged, and most of them are still engaged, in farming and stock raising.

Lander is situated on the Big Popoagie and diverging streams, three streams running through the town. The town was called Push Root by the first settlers, but finally named in honor of the soldier and explorer, General Lander, who built the road through this county from Burnt ranch on Sweetwater to the upper crossing of Green River and so on to Bear Lake in Utah.

The first Justice of the Peace was T. W. Luim, succeeded by J. I. Patten, George Stringfield, W. A. Frederick, W. F. Chalmers and Dr. James Irwin, the present Justice. The first Notary Public was George T. Stringfield, succeeded by J. I. Patten, the present Notary. Peter Anderson, John Grant, W. H. Jackson, Peter Peratto and C. C. Crowley were constables successively. The vote November 4, 1884, was 290; population about 400; total valuation in the district was in 1885, \$108,341, on which a special tax of \$3,000 was raised, with \$1,000 appropriated from the teacher's fund, a substantial stone school house was built. There is now enrolled in the district 100 scholars. A flourishing school has been taught in Lander since 1875.

By the energy and perseverance of Father Moriarity, a substantial Catholic church was built of stone in 1881 and a society organized. In 1885 a substantial wood building was built by the Methodist and Episcopal societies, presided over by Reverend C. C. Zebold (Methodist), Reverend Roberts and Coolidge (Episcopal), the latter a young Arapahoe Indian educated in the east after his father and other Indians were killed at Lander in the raid by the whites on the Arapahoes in 1870.

The first newspaper, the "Wind River Mountaineer," was started January 1, 1883, by I. C. Wynn, Editor and Proprietor. It was enlarged July 2, 1883, to a six column paper and sold to a stock company and it is still edited by Wynn, to be enlarged to a seven column weekly, in July, 1886, all printed in Lander.

Since the division of this county from Sweetwater and making the county seat at Lander, business of all kinds has rapidly sprung up, proved successful and increasing.

There was organized in 1873, a militia company, armed by the territory, W. F. O'Neil Captain and called the "Push Root Rangers." Their numbers gradually grew less, until they finally disbanded.

Stinking Water, a stream in the northern part of the county, takes its name from strong mineral springs that come out in the river and on its banks just below the canyon where the stream cuts through Cedar Mountains. This place was formerly called Colter's Hell. The fumes from the springs are so strong as to overcome persons who inhale them. In 1883, a man went to bathe there and was found dead, having been overpowered by the fumes. The strong fumes can be smelled for miles away and the water in the river tastes of it for miles below the springs, while above, it is pure and sweet.

Fort Brown, named after Captain Brown, who was killed in the Phil Kearney massacre in 1866, was established where Lander now

stands in 1869 by General Brisbin, U. S. A. This post was moved on to the Shoshone reservation on Little Wind River in 1873 and named Fort Washakie after Chief Washakie of the Shoshone Indians, and is garrisoned by one, two or three companies.

In the summer of 1870 Fort Stambaugh was established by Major David Gordon of the 2nd Cavalry and named after his Lieutenant, who was killed on the 10th day of May in an engagement with Indians on Stambaugh Creek, tributary of Twin Creek. This post was situated between Atlantic and Miners Delight, midway, and was abandoned in the fall of 1877.

## SCENIC CONDITIONS IN FREMONT COUNTY, WYOMING

By E. H. FOUNT

'Ye Rockies hail! majestic mounts!  
Of future bliss the favored shrine!  
For you God's Heart of gifts Divine  
Opens this day its precious founts."

—Diary of Father DeSmet.

The Wind River range of the Rocky Mountains presents a scene so vast, so varied, so rugged, so inspiring and unusual that the most experienced travelers and explorers exclaim "How Wonderful!" and are unable to find words to express a comparison with the other ranges of mountains in the world. Viewed from a distance they invite; from their summits, the distant ranges of mountains aided by the clear atmosphere and their altitude, afford the widest range of clear vision in the world.

It was this view that made Captain Bonneville exclaim, when he had climbed Chauvenet, "It is the most beautiful spot in the world!"

Chauvenet is a spur extending several miles north and east of the main range. To the north Captain Bonneville was looking over the tops of the Owl Creek Range and following the courses of the Big Horn and Clark's Fork Rivers to their junction with the Yellowstone in southern Montana, nearly two hundred miles away, Prior Gap, Clouds Peake and all of the tributaries of the Big Horn system stand out in bold relief. The southerly extensions of the Black Hills are seen as they approach Laramie Peak and extending on to Sherman Hill, the highest point on the Union Pacific Railroad, then Elk Mountain and the ranges of the Medicine Bow Forest reserve in southern Wyoming and northern Colorado appear, many of these points being fully two hundred miles away and comprising the drainage area of the North Platte and Sweetwater Rivers. "Split Rock" is in full view and marks the course of the Old Oregon Trail from Independence Rock past Green and Crooks Mountains as it passes up the Sweetwater Valley to the Old South Pass, while between Mount Nystrom, Wind River and Temple Peakes he caught a glimpse of the Ogden Gateway and the ranges surrounding Great Salt Lake.

Washington Irving says "Captain Bonneville had the soul to appreciate the scene," he made full notes and wrote graphically but

he realized the inadequacy of words to portray the profound impression made upon his mind and turned over his notes to Washington Irving. Great Litterateur that he was, and while he immortalized Captain Bonneville, he made but slight changes from the entries made by Bonneville in his diary. Bonneville became so absorbed in his work he "was absent without leave" for three years and was dropped from the rolls, but he had taken observations, made maps and had written such a report, that when he submitted them to President Jackson with an explanation he was restored to his command and promoted.

The work of Captain Bonneville and the expedition of Lewis and Clark, under the guidance of Sackajawea, enabled the United States to claim Washington, Oregon and parts of Idaho and Montana by "Right of Discovery" and the claim was made to stick, after serious discussions with Great Britain.

Colonel John C. Fremont was then sent out with a larger command well equipped with the best scientific instruments of the time he went through South Pass, selected what he thought was the highest peak in the range as he passed up Green River, climbed it and gave it his name, his description of the climb, the efforts made and the wonderful view from the summit, ranks with that of Bonneville and they are not excelled by anything of the kind written in the English language.

Bierstadt, the great American painter, read these reports was inspired and sitting under Wind River Peak he painted the greatest mountain landscape in the world, "The Rocky Mountains," which hangs in the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York and has been spoken of by the best critics as "The best thing in lights and shadows in the museum" and is a faithful portrayal of the mountain range from Wind River Peak to Chauvenet. Artists have crossed the ocean to study this wonderful work.

The things we have been describing have become classics, have been known for nearly a century and still they are comparatively unknown to our American people, because, until recently transportation has been lacking. The best view of this range which is obtainable from any point which can be reached by automobile is seen from the top of Beaver Hill on the Rocky Mountain Highway.

Where the road crosses the Sweetwater Divide at an altitude of about seven thousand feet, beginning at an easterly point the main features within our observation are, to the southeast, Ferris Crook and Green Mountains are in full view, the Sweetwater River coming through South Pass, Atlantic Peak and Mt. Nystrom on either side of the headwaters of the Big Popo-Agie. The next is Mt. Arter, which rises only a little above timber line and is immediately back of Lander. From the top of this peak, which is easily reached, one may get a full view of the scene incorporated in Bierstadt's painting, this peak obstructs the view of Wind River Peak. Mt. Hooker is near. It is well named,

sloping from the southwest it looks as if it were actually hollowed out on the northeasterly side; and just to the east is Chauvenet, the peak which Captain Bonneville climbed. In the distance, and a little to the right, may be seen the group of peaks which surround the glaciers.

Crow Heart Butte is seen down in the middle of the Wind River Valley, then across the basin of the Wind River one gets a glimpse of the Absarokes and the intersection is marked by Washakee Needle, a very prominent land mark.

Following along the Owl Creek Range are several points known as Embar, Sheep Creek and Mexican Passes. Then the Big Wind River Canyon, Bird's Eye and Sioux Passes, which is a little half round gap at the easterly end of the Owl Creeks.

The next best view of this range obtainable from a highway, is just above Shoshoni where the Grand Highway leaves the Yellowstone, the first going on to Lander, and the latter diverging to Wind River Canyon. Again enumerating the points easily distinguishable, they are, Atlantic Peak, Mt. Arter, Wind River Peak, often called Surveyors "V." This "V" is really a canyon between Wind River and Temple Peaks, then Chauvenet, Little Wind River Canyon and Hooligan, then the great bald mountain extending to Bull Lake Canyon.

The group of snow caps to the right include Fordyce Peaks, Mt. Kirkland, Chimney Mountain and Gannet Peaks. The highest snow cap is on the top of Gannet Peak and two well marked ice fields, the one to the left and the one to the right of Gannet are live glaciers, and immediately back of these peaks is the Fourt Glacier. To the right of Gannet are Mt. Harding, Mt. Wilson, Downs Mountain and an unnamed point which is easily accessible and from which one may see five thousand feet of the tops of the Grand Tetons, and to the east a distinct view of Laramie Peak, which is two hundred thirty miles away.

To the right the pinnacles, including Ramshorn, are seen and between these points the Wind River extends to Two Gwo Tee Pass. Again turning to the right are seen Castle Rocks, Washakie Needle, the Passes in the Owl Creek Range, Wind River Canyon and Bird's Eye Passes.

Gannet Peak has an altitude of 13,785 feet. The view from the top of the glacial area and Gannet Peak is simply sublime. To the west one sees the whole Teton Range, "The Grand First View" of the most celebrated mountain scene on the American continent. From this point one can realize the truth of all of the graphic descriptions written about the Tetons. One obtains at a glance, all of the interesting features of the southerly end of Yellowstone National Park. The Teton and Wind River ranges are the most sharply broken and present the most rugged view of any mountains in the world, they are of gray granite, which has come up through red granites and phorphy, and it breaks more sharply than any of the older rocks.

In Two Gwo Tee Pass we see Lava Mountain, reddish in its appearance and which marks a distinct change in the geological formations, and now turning to the right, the geological measures lie horizontally and this horizontal striation is distinctly marked in the pinnacles to the west of Two Gwo Tee Pass and surrounding Brook's Lake, where they rise to an altitude of about 2,000 feet above the surface of the lake. This view presents a wearing away of the rocks not unlike the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

All of the scenes we have described in the foregoing are seen to about the point where the Union Pacific Railroad crosses the Laramie Plains.

There is a wonderful view of the watershed comprising the sources of the Columbia as they converge into the Snake River and flow to Puget Sound. Fremont's Peak presents, from this point, all of the graphic description written by its name sake, and is only ten or twelve miles away with the largest glacial area in the United States lying between. Dinwoody Canyon is not less than 4,000 feet deep. This glacial area is the source of supply of many streams, the principal one being Dinwoody and Bull Lake Creeks, and discharges not less than 500,000 acre feet of water annually, and the drier and hotter the season, the larger the flow. The waters leaving the terminal moranes of the glaciers are filled with rock flower, so that their appearance is not unlike the discharge from the battery of a stamp mill. The lakes below afford settling basins and from there the waters proceed with the clear bluish tint that we observe as they discharge into the Big Wind River. This point marked the indefinite point where the boundary lines of the Great Northwest, Mexico and the Louisiana Purchase converged, but was never definitely located. Fremont County has more than a hundred miles of well marked trails and many more of branching game trails, through the mountains and evergreen, forests primeval. More than five hundred miles of bright dashing mountain streams and scores of lakes, stocked with fish that are easily accessible and hundreds of cascades, rapids and water falls. One may walk or ride for weeks amid these scenes and it only creates a desire to travel farther and see more.

The botanist follows the snow line and fields of mountain flowers until autumn leaves warns him to turn back.

The student of geology begins with the lowest (altitudinally the highest) formation and follows the fault planes and geological measures back to those surfaces which are familiar to all. The granits, schists, silurian and other lines, oil sands, phosphates, red beds and shales are all exposed and may be measure and studied. Intrusions of diorite and quartz veins invite the mining engineer at the same time.

The largest live glaciers in the United States surround Gannet, Mount Helen and Chimney Mountain. These glaciers are among the snow caps which are seen from points near Bonneville and Shoshoni, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and Chicago

and Northwestern Railroads. They are the farthest to the right as you look toward the mountains and the highest snow cap is on the top of Gannet peak, Mount Helen may be seen distinctly looking west from a point near Arapahoe. It stands out like the top of a chimney with a notch in the middle of it against a setting sun and is right in the middle of the glacial area.

There is a wall of ice five hundred feet in height, clear and streaked with blue and green metallic tints. A large block of granite perhaps twenty by fifteen feet had started to cross the biggest glacier. It was frozen on and when we saw it, was balanced upon an ice pedestal about three feet high and with an area on top of only a third of that of the boulder. The water was running in torrents. Many crevices are impassable and thin ice at many places might precipitate one into a very cold bath.

Going up the easterly side of Dry Creek one finds timber line approaching nearer to the glaciers than at any other point. One can ride up "Horse Ridge" between Dinwiddie and Dry Creeks, to a point about two miles from the top, but from there it is a hard climb to the top of Chimney Mountain. From there, with five or six hundred feet of rope one could get down on the ice at the very apex between the Dinwiddie and Bull Lake glaciers and a camp here with canned meat to cook with, would enable one to reach any of the peaks which pierce the ice fields and I think nothing more daring can be found among the Alps.

Cheyenne, March 29th, '68.

Dear Nephew:

Your letter came to hand today and in reply would say I was very happy to hear from you and to know that you and the ballenc of my friends are all well and doing well. You say it has been a long time since you seen me which is very true however you all have been remembered by me with affection and kindness. I often think of all my relatives and wish to see them but if you know anything of my character you know that my composition is not entirely destitute of pride. Therefore you will not think strange that I would prefer being away from all friends until such times that I could meet them on an equality. And thank high heaven my wild oats are all sowed and for the past 4 years have been reaping the harvest. Last year cleared 2000.00, it has always been my intention to get in shape to follow my back track through life and make straight all the crooked steps which I made when young. At last the country west is being opened more and more every day which makes a good opening for business. The mining prospects are as good at Sweet water as ever they were in California, there is no doubt as to their richness we are about 275 miles from Sweet Water. Many ARE already starting out it is to soon by 30 days. You Say that Mothers health is good nothing could do me so much good as that news and above all things in my heart would like to see her not that I do not love the ballenc of my friends but Mothers first. You say Sidney is fore-

man of a shop in Geneva I wish you write and let me know if he has no farm and if he is poor so that he has to work for other people. Also tell me how all the rest of the family are doing and how they are getting along tell me how Mary and Edwin are getting along as we know where Martin Warner is and what he is doing. Tell all the family to write to me. As for your coming out here I would advise you if you are doing well to stay there with your parents and you will be better off in a long run write often and long and tell me about Erastus Root and all the old neighbors in Mentor Lake County Ohio but for how long cant tell I presume the country and my old friends have changed so much that I would scarcely realize it. It is my intention now if I can fix my business in shape to allow me to come home next fall and spend the most part of the winter and then go to New York in the spring. I would like very much to see Mother and the ballenc of our family, Aunt Betsey and in fact all my old friends and will if I live till I can fix my business so it will not suffer without my attention. I have sold 100,000 dollars worth goods during the past seven months and the profits were very good if I have no bad luck this season can make all the money I will ever want and my opinion is that luck depends on management and having had some experience think I will make it you write that you are about brother Riley size and if report be true you are a very good looking man at least thought so by the girls. You say you were at Aunt Betsey's I wish I could have been there with you and will be after a while. I wish Aunt Betsey would write to me. Delos has been with me several times this winter Delos is doing very well. And a very good boy and I think very much of him he is very much like Uncle Roswell in his appearance. You ask about this country I will tell you all I know about it and I have been here about 11 years and think I have a good knowledge Cheyenne is situated at the east base of the Black Hills, 107 miles north from Denver City and 85 miles south of Fort Laramie and 40 miles east from Fort Saunders and 2½ miles from Fort D. A. Russell one of the largest forts in the west. The town is located on a beautiful Prairie and no timber nearer than 20 miles. It is 517 miles east of Salt Lake everything going west is compelled to come through this place there has been a world of money paid out in this country. But dont think it will ever be a good farming country but the best in the world for stock of all kinds. The first day of August 1867 I commenced building the first house in Cheyenne City which now contains about 8000 people and the cars of yesterday brought 518 more there is a great field for young men who will work and then you can tell your father and mother that I know of no law that can hinder them from writing to me. One reason for not writing long ere this was I wanted to accomplish a certain object before I either wrote or come home and that object is nearly accomplished and I am coming then,

Yours as ever,

A. C. BECKWITH.

You may look for Delos and me to drop in about next winter if I can get him to come with me and think I can.

I remain your Uncle and friend,  
A. C. BECKWITH.

Cheyenne, April 15th, '68.

Dear Nephew:—

Yours of April 6th came to hand to day containing a Statement which I wish to correct you say I wrote I was worth two hundred thousand dollars which I think if you will look you will find that I said I had made twenty thousand last year I am not aware of saying that I was worth anything more than that you must remember that 200,000 is a very large pile of money. I have not heard from Delos since my last letter to you but presume he is well or I would heard from him. Got a letter from Aunt Betsy a few days ago and answered it immediately. You ask me about this country it is the worst country on earth at present and will be for some time. All the worst men on earth have come here all kinds of crimes you can imagine are committed here and most of them unpunished by law. A man to live in this place must be made of cast iron, but a man who has been through the mill smut machine and all has no desire to mix in with that class of people and if he attends strictly to business can get along all right. There will be a large quantity of money paid out in this country this season and I intend to get some of it if possible and I will. I shall divide my stock of goods this summer and take apart of them west with the intention of closing out the entire thing this fall and come home. I wish to be remembered to all my friends,

I remain yours affectionately,  
A. C. BECKWITH.

You speak of having bought a lot of land, it is a very good thing to have something in view so that a man will be contented and try to save his money. That is the whole secret in making a fortune if you only save one hundred a year and compound that for 10 years you are well off it is no matter whether your land is worth any more or not at the time it is paid for your money is safe and all together and if you should want to go into business you can always raise money out of that kind of property. For instance if I had saved all the money I have ever handled I would have had enough for the whole Beckwith family I have made and lost a mint of money but am going very slow from this on. I landed in Cheyenne the 27th day of July last and on the 2nd day of August had a house built and had a stock of goods in it and was selling which was the first house in Cheyenne. I bought one lot and sold so as to make seventeen hundred dollars since that time the same lot has been sold at an advance of 3000. Many a man made money faster here last season than the best times in California while others came here with cash and are broke, now, but those fellows had not been through the mill. I think lots will be very high this season. I have 13 lots besides the one the store stands on and if any Eastern gent thinks more of

them than I do he will be very likely to get them. This will be one of the best stock countries in the world in a few years as soon as the Indians are killed or driven out which will be by degrees as the country settles, the Indians are making considerable trouble this spring such as killing a man or two every now and then but nothing thought of it, fires are set often for the purpose of plunder a man killed nearly every night. But this is all in the contract and nothing said about it. I presume you have all heard of the great Phil Kearney massacre by the Indians I was at Phil Kearny at the time there was 81 men went out from the fort and all killed and scalped for I helped to bring them myself and know it is so. And many a man will loose his life this season. Soldiers are no earthly use among Indians. Salt Lake trains are commencing to come in for their Mormon Brethrens and goods. I think as this Railroad will run about 80 miles North from Salt Lake City and it being a good farming country and on a direct (line) between Salt Lake and Montana this will be the best and the largest City west of the Missouri River and the best point for business and one that will last. You did not say how many children there was in your mother's family. Tell me what good wool socks are worth by the large quantity and dried fruits of all kinds that grow in your country. If this letter is not long enough say so and I will write the next one on a clothes line. My regards to your father and mother.

Yours as ever,  
A. C. BECKWITH.

## WYOMING PIONEER EXPERIENCES

By A. L. BROCK  
February, 1923

I.

I will begin my series of articles by giving the historical origin of Wyoming. It was admitted as a Territory in 1868 and as a State in 1890. It contains about ninety-seven thousand square miles and has wonderful mineral resources consisting of iron, copper, soda, oil and immense coal deposits. Agricultural development is dependent mainly upon irrigation, although there are large areas now farmed by other methods. This is a wonderful stock country. The grasses are very nutritious and stock of all kinds develop wonderfully well in this state. The early settlers depended altogether on the range for their large herds the year around, cutting native hay for their riding, driving and draft horses during the winter months. This hay is very nutritious and no grain is required.

The climatic condition varies according to location. In some parts of the state there is very little snow fall, in others it is very heavy. In some parts it is very windy compared with other sections. This being the case, the snow is blown off the hills and high ground leaving the grass so the stock can have good grazing. In other parts of the country they depend largely on the chinook winds which are always warm, to remove the snow. I have known the chinook winds to remove six or eight inches of snow off of a large area of country in a few hours, leav-



ing the ground covered with water in many places. This explains why stock can winter on this nutritious grass that cured during the summer and fall. The altitude on these grazing areas varies from thirty-five hundred to seven thousand feet and higher than this on the mountains. It gets very cold here at times, the thermometer registering forty degrees below zero in some sections of the country, but the atmosphere is very dry and the cold is not so noticeable as in lower and damper states. As a rule there is very little wind when it is real cold. We don't anticipate very much cold weather before Christmas. The fall of the year is usually very nice.

Wyoming has the distinction of being the first to adopt Woman Suffrage.

In Missouri I once did roam,  
but here in Wyoming is now my home.

I wanted to come West, a new country to see,

When I landed in Wyoming it looked good to me.

I pitched my tent and set the stakes well,  
What the future would be I couldn't then tell.

At times I was discouraged and blue

but soon I realized that wouldn't do.

I was fully determined to work to win,  
'no fail would be a sin.

It is a pleasure, it is some fun

When you realize you have won.

## II

About the middle of May the various cow outfits start out with their cowboys for the general spring round up. Each outfit consists of a foreman, a round up cook, a wagon loaded with supplies and drawn by four horses that the cook is supposed to drive while moving from place to place. There is an additional wagon called the bed wagon. This is to haul the beds of the cowboys which consist of a few blankets and sougans enclosed in a tarpaulin. They spread their bed on the ground when they were ready to retire and rolled it up with two straps buckled around it when ready to move. They had no tents and their beds were wet at times for several days and sometimes weeks at a time.

There was also a day and night horse wrangler and twenty or thirty cowboys. Each cowboy was supposed to have nine or more head of horses. There were more or less trips with each wagon from other outfits to gather and take back cattle to their own range that had strayed away during the winter. This was called the general spring round up when they branded the calves and endeavored to get the various brands of cattle on their own range. Later they would have their beef round up and more calf branding. Each cowboy was supposed to stand night guard from two to three hours, depending on circumstances. About three o'clock in the morning the cook would be up getting the breakfast ready and a little later would call "Roll out" or "Come and get it." By the time they got through eating breakfast, which would be about daylight, the night wrangler would be in with the horses. The horses were put into a corral consisting of a rope

fastened to posts driven in the ground and stayed with guy ropes. After each cowboy has roped, bridled and saddled his horse they start out on the long circle to make the drive, and probably ready for a ten o'clock meal. After changing horses the herd is worked, calves branded and the cattle they wish to hold are put into the day herd and probably another move is made. The cook sometimes moves several miles after breakfast and has dinner ready on time.

It is rather interesting to watch the pitching horses at times when they are saddled of a cool morning. The cowboys are, as a rule, a jolly, good natured lot of fellows and will give up their last dollar to help a friend.

From some localities cattle had to be trailed several hundred miles to a shipping point but when properly handled would gain in weight while being trailed to the railroad.

## The Cook's Call

Roll out! Come and get your feed.

The horses are in so saddle your steed.

Go on the circle and get out of my way.

I have to move, yes ten miles they say.

Say boys, watch Johnny mount Old Blue,

He is a hard one, a regular hoodoo.

Watch him pitch and hear him bawl.

Alas! Poor Johnny got a fall.

Whoop! Hurrah! Try him again, I think you will stay.

Don't spoil the horse by letting him have his way.

Lugh, says Johnny, you pin heads, laugh,

You fellows couldn't ride a bucking calf.

I will show you boys what I can do

By riding to a finish the outlawed Blue.

## III

Horses were handled similar to cattle but didn't scatter over as large an area and were usually brought to the ranch where suitable corrals were provided for separating and holding them while branding the colts and sorting out horses belonging to other parties. For this work it required saddle horses with speed and endurance and riders that knew how to save their horses and at the same time get results.

Handling sheep is quite different from cattle or horses. It is a trade of itself. They are handled in bands of twenty-five hundred to three thousand head. One herder for each band and one camp tender for two herds. Each herder had a wagon fitted out with a stove, cooking utensils, supplies, a bed, sliding table, cupboard, sliding drawers and many other conveniences. The wagon box extended over the wheels at each side and a top with a door at the front and a window at the back was made by stretching two layers of heavy canvas with blankets between over bows. These wagons are very comfortable. The camp tender moves these wagons from time to time in order to keep the sheep on good feed and keeps the wagons supplied with provisions, wood and water. The sheep require no water when there is snow on the ground. For this the camp tender has a separate wagon, a team and saddle horse, but his wagon not being equipped to live in, he camps with one of the herders. During the winter months the wagons are placed near a high hill or cut bank for protection

for the sheep against storms. During lambing season several extra men are required. The herd is worked off of the bed ground each morning and the ewes with young lambs are left together and a day or two later put in with older lambs until there is a sufficient number for a herder and when the lambs are old enough several of these small bands are put into one herd. The main herd is moved from place to place until the lambing is over. Lambs dropped during the day are put into small bunches. Flags and lanterns are put out to protect them from coyotes and with some of the bunches that are being made up a herder carries his bed on a horse to the sheep, unrolls it and sleeps where the sheep are. During the lambing season there is a cook and wagon where several of the lambers take their meals.

After lambing and shearing the herds are usually taken to the mountains for the summer or until shipping time. The sheep are branded with some kind of a paint brand so they can separate them in case of a mix with other herds. In case of a mix they are taken to a sheep corral provided with a chute and dodge gate where they are separated according to brands.

#### IV

Outside of the small towns the people largely consisted of the owners of cow ranches and their cowboys. There were not many families living on ranches near me when I located here. Consequently there were not many women. The cowboys spent most of their time at the cow ranches during the winter and riding the range during the spring and summer months. During the winter they would visit back and forth among the various cow ranches and amuse themselves in various ways. When some settler and his wife would give a dance they would be on hand neatly dressed and well behaved in the presence of ladies. The good ladies would each bring a liberal supply of pies, cake and other good edibles. They would dance until midnight, the big eat would then be in order, after which the dance would begin again and last until after daylight. They would then eat breakfast and probably have a few more dances and go home. They would have some secluded place to put the sleeping children and by waiting until after daylight to start home the parents would avoid a mix up with the youngsters. Mrs. Brock and I don't dance but would attend the dances and enjoy meeting the people. There never lived any better neighbors than the pioneer people. It was quite common to go fifty miles to a dance and if there happened to be a few young girls they were the belles of the country and it was really very amusing to see how polite the cowboys would be. I must say these were good old days when each and every one was interested in the others welfare and no one was deprived of hospitality on account of not having met before. If a person drove up to a ranch occupied by a stranger the proprietor would come out and after addressing you would say, "Get out and come in," and when you went to leave (which might be the next day) he would say, "Call again any time you are in this part of the country."

Our country picnics on Fourth of July were great events. I have attended when there was hot barbecued beef and fresh fried trout for every person present, speaking, horse racing, dancing and other amusements during the day and a dance at night. Many brought their tents and camp beds with them, prepared to stay over a day or two. It was a very common thing to see a man taking care of the children while his wife was enjoying the dance and when night came the camp beds were unrolled and the youngsters put to bed. When the parents got tired and sleepy they too would retire and the next day have a good time visiting with their neighbors. Many of them had probably come forty or fifty miles or more.

#### V

When I came here this was a great game country. The low lands were practically covered with antelope, especially on the plains. Black tail deer were quite plentiful in the rough and hilly sections and some mountain sheep but they were principally in the mountains. There were sage chickens all over Wyoming and some willow grouse. This had been a great buffalo country but there were not many left when I came here. The Big Horn Mountains near me were covered with elk, deer, mountain sheep, bear, wolves, coyotes, foxes, lions, etc. Beaver were numerous along the streams. Hunting for hides, meat and sport by settlers, Indians and tourists killed the game off pretty fast. We had wild meat the year around and quite an assortment.

We seldom salted our meat until we were ready to cook it. In this climate of dry, pure air, meat will keep during the fall and winter months if it is hung up so the air can get to it but will spoil if piled together. During the summer months by setting a perpendicular pole thirty or forty feet high with a pulley at the top and a rope to pull the meat near the top of the pole, the meat will keep fresh for several days. It would be above the flies and the sun seemed to dry it and form a crust on the outside. Beef can be kept in the same manner. The cattle men had beef but very few settlers owned cattle not so much as a milk cow and so the wild game was quite a help to the new settler, but it was some times hard to get enough other necessities to add to the fresh meat. There were very few hogs in this section of the country at that time and poultry was very scarce. It was almost a year before I bought my first poultry and almost two years before I got my first milk cow. Two of the stock men were kind enough to loan me some milk cows but wouldn't sell one here at home on account of the brand.

The deer meat is good and the elk is fine. But if you want mountain sheep you will have to climb.

Out on the hills and on the plains  
There is where the antelope range.

#### VI

When I came to Wyoming our supplies were hauled in with horses, mules and ox teams from Rock Creek, a small railroad station on the Union Pacific Railroad two hundred and thirty miles south and east of

Buffalo. Some of our freight was hauled from Custer Junction on the Northern Pacific north and west of Buffalo. The rates, were during the summer months, about one cent per mile per one hundred pounds and more during the winter.

The horse and mule outfits consisted of eight to ten head and three wagons. Each animal was supposed to draw fifteen hundred pounds and in addition to this the feed consumed during the trip.

The ox teams consisted of from seven to nine yoke of cattle and three wagons and were handled quite differently from the horses or mules. With cattle they would make what they called a breakfast drive, then lay over during the heat of the day and drive until after night for the afternoon drive. A well equipped outfit would have a wagon boss, cook, and day and night herder. One outfit I knew had one hundred and twenty men. The horse and mule outfits did their own cooking and horse wrangling.

In 1886 the freight was hauled one hundred and sixty miles from Douglas which was the terminus of the North Western Railroad, and later from Casper, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. In 1891 the Burlington Railroad was completed to within eighty-five miles of Buffalo. The freighting was then changed to the Burlington, which later built on through and connected up with the Northern Pacific, running to within thirty-five miles of Buffalo. We freighted our supplies from this point until the Wyoming railway built from Clearmont to Buffalo.

Whoa now Rock, and whoa now Rowdy!

Love along! The sky is cloudy,  
I feel the mist and see the rain.

The mud will be bad for this train.

I am hungry, yes I am,

and would like a biscuit and a slice of ham.

Were it not for my sweetheart back home

I would quit this job and begin to roam.

I am making some money, yes I am,

and saving it, yes all I can.

I will take it back home, you bet your life.

I am saving it for the girl I want for a wife.

Our fellow, he is homesick and love sick,

the symptoms I know,

but he will recover if back home he will go.

## VII

I left Versailles, Morgan County, Missouri, July 10, 1884. Having developed strong symptoms of lung trouble I decided to go to a high, dry climate. After reaching Cheyenne, Wyoming, by rail, D. C. Brown (who had accompanied me from Versailles) and I bought two saddle horses, bridles, saddles, some cooking utensils, bedding, provisions and two guns and started northwest, carrying all of our equipment on our two saddle horses, camping out at night with no tent. After traveling three hundred miles horseback we arrived at Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming, and located ten miles south of Buffalo, August 1, 1884. In September I went to Cheyenne where I met my wife and child. After loading a four horse team with supplies we started to our homestead three hundred miles away. We made the trip in ten days, reaching our homestead October 12, 1884.

We pitched our tent and started on the ground floor to grow up with the country. The first thing was to build a house. I soon had a one room cabin built of pine logs hauled from the mountains, not showy but very comfortable. I bought a second hand cooking stove that had been hauled by an emigrant from Colorado. Out of rough pine lumber I made some furniture consisting of bedsteads, tables, cupboard and some chairs and like the cabin they were not fancy to look at but very useful and comfortable. It is wonderful what an ingenious woman can do to make a home look neat and tidy with home made furniture. Mrs. Brock can give you some pointers along these lines.

I began to improve in health but improving my ranch and paying out money with no income made the sides of my pocket book finally touch absolutely empty. Well it is hard to down a Missourian and keep him down. Something had to be done and done quickly. I would get out dry pine log fence posts, corral poles and fence stays for cow ranches, trade timbers for outlawed horses, break them to work and sell them for work horses, and in this way get bread in the house. When I speak of a horse as an outlaw I mean a horse that is dangerous to ride. I took contracts fencing land and getting out timbers for various things. I took a contract to fence three sections of land, furnish the posts and do the work, the land owner furnished the wire and in addition to this I got out telegraph poles for over one hundred miles. My pocket book began to look normal again. I had formed an acquaintance with some of the business men of the county and had some credit at the store and bank and had lots of business. I sold my ranch, bought another and went into the horse business. Later I added sheep by taking them on shares and to these I added cattle. I had been rather active in politics and was elected County Commissioner and re-elected at the expiration of my first term. At the expiration of my second term I was elected to the legislature. Later on I was again elected for the four year term as County Commissioner and again elected to the Legislature in 1912. Since that time I have refused all offers to accept an office. I never asked for an office nor asked any one to vote for me.

## VIII

I could relate enough personal experiences to make a large book but will give them to you in a condensed form. I have previously outlined to you the methods and customs of handling cattle, horses and sheep. I have had experience in each line of cow work from cowboy to foreman and general manager. I know what it is to sleep in a wet bed and know how a fellow feels getting out of his bed when the night is dark and the rain coming down, my horse and saddle wet, the cattle restless and the night so dark you didn't know when your horse might step into a prairie dog or badger hole and turn over with you, but these things are a part of the trade.

I have handled all parts of the horse business and there is no part of the sheep business that I haven't taken part in. I was in the sheep business almost twenty-six years

and sometimes had four winter bands or about twelve thousand head and to this would be added the lamb crop for the summer or until shipping time. I handled horses for many years and am still in the cattle business. I know what it is to make long rides and drives and know what it means for a running horses to turn over and fall on me. I know what it is to rope and tie down horses and cattle, to ride pitching horses and to be mounted on the hurricane deck of a runaway bronc. I have experienced the sensation of laying out over night with blanket and slicker for a bed and a saddle for a pillow and nothing to eat. It won't do for me to go into the details of my personal experiences for it would take too long to tell it and no one ex-

cept those who have had similar experiences can realize the danger and hardships that we sometimes had to contend with. While I have a few scars as reminders, yet at the age of sixty-five years, I am still in the ring. Since coming to Wyoming I have crossed the United States from the Aaltntic to the Pacific east and west, and from Canada to the Gulf north and south. My family spent four years in California where the orange blossoms grow. I was with them during the winter months, but Mrs. Brock and I often speak of the good old days when our ranch was like a free hotel for all comers and goers. It is with pleasant memories we think of some of our pioneer days.  
February, 1923.

### ACCESSIONS Museum

From April 1st to July 1st, 1924

Gifts—	
Stone, Mrs. Charles.....	2 films of interior of old Chinese Joss-House in Evanston, Wyo. 2 blue prints of street scene in Evanston on Chinese New Year.
Ruff, Mrs. H. A.....	2 photos of Chinese men residents in Evanston.
Watts, Mr. A. E.....	Gun collection; two wood carvings by Indian boy.
Hoyt, Mr. Percy.....	Framed Union Paicfic Folder, November 2nd, 1873. Framed picture Alert Hose Company, 1877-1890.
Bonsel, Mr. W. A.....	One buffalo horn.
Logan, Mr. E. A.....	Picture of Chief Washakie. Picture of Cheyenne in 1915.
Sherman, Mr. J. G.....	Tomb-stone date 1857, from ruins of old Fort Laramie.
Jones, Lena Lukens.....	Blue heron killed on Little Bear Creek, Wyoming.
Cole, Mr. C. W.....	Picture Durant Fire Company, 1868-1905. Buffalo skull, found near Cheyenne.
Whisler, Virgil.....	Indian arrow head, found near Pine Bluffs.
Hebard, Dr. G. R.....	Kodak Pictures.
Purchase.....	2 Kodak Pictures.
Stafford, Charles.....	1 Kodak Picture

### Library

Gifts—	
R. B. Brown and pupils....	Souvenir History of Jackson Hole.
Kuykendall, Mr. H. L.....	Original Manuscript.
Wagner, Mr. Henry (Jr.)	Original Manuscript.
Fourt, Mr. E. H.....	Original Manuscript.
Spaeth, Miss Elizabeth....	Original Manuscript.
Bartley, Mr. E. T.....	Hopper Diary, 1863.
Bruce, Mr. Robert.....	Wyoming Historical Sketch.
Chapman, Mr. M. A.....	Two photostat copies of legal documents 1792, 1850.
Skepper, J. W.....	Letters.
Hunton, Mr. John.....	Letter—Coutant to Hunton.
Gordon, Mr. J. H.....	Original Poem.
Shipp, Mr. E. R.....	Original Poem.
Hunter, Mrs.....	Original Poem.
Missouri Historical Society.....	"Journey to Rocky Mountains 1839"—Dr. Wizlineus. "Three Years Among Indians and Mexicans"—James. "Luttig's Journal of a Fur Trading Expedition," in 1812-1813. "The Black Hills Trails," by Brown & Willard.
(Drumm)	Manuscript.
Brown, Mr. Jesse.....	2 Original Manuscripts.
Snow, Mrs. W. E.....	
Owen, C. M.....	

### Purchased by the Department

Crofut's Transcontinental Pacific Tourist," 1868-1869.  
Photostat records and maps of early Forts in Wyoming in 1868-1869.

Gift—

Freeman, Luther..... Original Army Letter.

### Loans

Thompson, Mr. C. M..... Certificate of characters, 1774.  
Brooks, Mrs. B. B..... Old legal document, 1786.

Gifts—

Holland, Mr. Al..... Cheyenne in 1888. (pamphlet.)  
Schilling, Mrs. Fred..... Advertising posters display.  
Coble, Mrs. John..... List of Wyoming Resorts and ranches.

### Miscellaneous

Mrs. Cyrus Beard.  
~~not missing.~~

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

# QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Vol. 2

Cheyenne, November 1, 1924

No. 2

As an appropriate observance of George Washington's birthday, an appointment was arranged with Hon. George W. T. Beck, a collateral descendant of George Washington. There in the conservatory of his old stone mansion at Cody, I listened to reminiscences of the "Governor's" life, and by reading saffron letters, and much questioning, gleaned not a little of romance from the sidelights on the reminiscences. And thus was enjoyed contact with the thought which had been one of the "First Families of Wyoming," (as well as Virginia) to push onward the borders of freedom. The foundation for the following story is to be found verbatim in the State Historical Archives.

It was indeed a felicitous manner in which to spend this holiday, and most edifying to come under the spell of the Governor's perfect English, modified by the soft cadences of his southern accent. "Governor" is a term of endearment used by his contemporaries, a mantle that fits him well.

This story might well be called "From Mount Vernon to Cedar Mountain," and will weave in the relation of the East-Yesterday with the West-Today, even as the blood that fought for National freedom has been transplanted to the Great West.

True, there was the frontier border fringe of the untamed, unschooled, unlettered, which had to be reckoned with, but these indomitable scouts led on and dominated, to the end that there has been developed in Cody a cultured mentality, national from many angles, in that through it filter the tens of thousands to Yellowstone Park; here are two Government Departments, the Interior in the great Reclamation work, and the Agricultural, the Forest Service, with its "oldest Forest in the United States." Here also is a National Monument, Shoshone Cavern. And this month, July 4, brings to pass the unveiling of a Memorial to Colonel Cody, which it is thought in a future time will be brought under Government supervision. Indeed the mental tenor of the town is pre-eminently national.—Writer's Note, by Margaret Hayden.

## GEORGE W. T. BECK

"Wyoming" — the first I knew of Wyoming was when as a boy I was with my father in Washington after the Civil War. He was fighting the battles of reconstruction, and getting Southern men back to their homes. (He served eight years in the House, and was serving a third term in the Senate at the time of his death.)

Simon Cameron, Republican Senator from Pennsylvania, became a close friend of my father; they were both Scotch, my father having been born in Dumfries, Scotland.

I remember Senator Simon Cameron naming a new piece of land out in the West, marked on the maps when I was a boy as "a territory attached to Dakota." The Senator was chairman of Committee on Territories and named the new territory "Wyoming," after the Valley of Wyoming in Pennsylvania. This was in '68. I remember my father made some definite remarks about it at the time—he didn't want any more northern states as it made more northern senators, but, my father said, "If I were young,

I should go there." This stuck in my memory. There was at that time no population to speak of—just a wilderness—a few United States forts with soldiers to guard and protect the emigrant trails.

Asked about the large oil portrait paintings on the walls of the spacious living room, Mr. Beck said they were of his father and mother directly after their marriage. And that reminded him of a copy of a letter from his father to Col. L. (Lucius) Q. Washington, one of the Washington family, of which the following is a true copy:

"United States Senate,  
Washington, D. C.,  
April 25, '89.

Col. L. Q. Washington:

Seeing that you are taking some interest in the Washington family, and knowing the friendship that always existed between you and my wife, I desire to say to you that very few, if any, were more nearly related to General Washington than she.

Her great grandfather, Francis Thornton, married Fannie Gregory, whose mother was Mildred Washington, the aunt and godmother of General Washington. Their son, Col. John Thornton (Mrs. Beck's grandfather) married Jane Augusta Washington, daughter of Augustine Washington, the General's brother. Their only son who reached manhood was Mrs. Beck's father.

By General Washington's will a large portion of his Kanawha lands were divided between his sister, Bettie Lewis, and his niece, Jane Thornton, Mrs. Beck's grandmother. We got about 1,000 acres of these lands.

You will observe that the relationship is very close, both on the father and mother side, so that my child, Miss Bettie Goodloe, and my son, George Thornton Beck, are about as closely related to General Washington as any of their age.

I thought you might like to know the facts.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) J. B. BECK."

The names "Betty" or "Bettie," "Jane," and "Thornton," are Washington family names and are the names of the three children of the family which made Cody's first history. Both daughters, Betty and Jane, received their formative education at the old home city of the ancestors in the District of Columbia, preferring to be graduated, however, from the State University of Wyoming. The elder daughter, Betty Goodloe, took a postgraduate course at Columbia Uni-

# QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published by the Wyoming State Historical Department

## State Historical Board

Governor—William B. Ross\*  
Secretary of State—F. E. Lucas  
State Librarian—Flo La Chapelle

State Historian—Mrs. Cyrus Beard  
Secretary of the Board

## Advisory Board

Rt. Rev. P. A. McGovern, Cheyenne  
Dr. Grace R. Hebard, Laramie  
Mr. P. W. Jenkins, Cora  
Mrs. Willis M. Spear, Sheridan  
Mr. R. D. Hawley, Douglas  
Miss Margery Ross, Cody  
Mrs. E. T. Raymond, Newcastle  
Mr. E. H. Fourt, Lander

## Contents

George T. Beck.....	Margaret Hayden
Diary.....	Major A. B. Ostrander
Handling the Mail at Fort Reno.....	Major A. B. Ostrander
From Fort Reno to Fort Phil Kearny.....	Major A. B. Ostrander
My First Day at Ft. Phil Kearny.....	Major A. B. Ostrander
Letter.....	Van Voast, to Freeman
Historical Sketch.....	Patrick A. McGovern
Sheridan County.....	From Contant Notes
Sheridan County, History, Loucks.....	From Coutant Notes
Maghee Letter.....	From Coutant Notes
Among the Books.....	Historian
Accessions.....	Historian
In Memoriam.....	Historian

versity, majoring in geology and law. She has since married Dr. Doyle Joslin, her wedding garment being lace of the third generation.

At this point it was interesting to see another Southern-Western name, Buckner, showing the connection with our Cody family. "Yes," said the Governor, Montgomery Blair, postmaster-general in Lincoln's cabinet, married Caroline Buckner. And glancing further at the old musty book was seen this entry from the family Bible of long ago: "Margaret Buckner married George Washington Thornton," and, said my host, "they are my mother's father and mother." At this time Mr. Beck showed me a letter, postmarked at Washington, July 6, '45, folded and sealed with wax, before envelopes were used, with the fascinating but unheeded in-

\*Deceased.

scription, "Please tear this up." It was here I sensed a breath of romance and was permitted to read it "after the history lesson." With this promise we wrote more history, and the following is the Lincolnia:

"That was the first time I saw Lincoln. Kentucky was getting so bad my father took all the family East to Washington, and I went with my father and my uncle, Montgomery Blair. We went to the White House and I saw Lincoln for the first time. Lincoln was nice to me, a Southern boy, as he always was to children. (I was then seven years of age.) The next time I saw him I had gone to Philadelphia to school, and I saw his sarcophagus carried down Arch Street. There was enormous excitement and a parade, Philadelphia being the strongest of Union cities. This was about three years later.

Here follows a copy of a letter from Miss Elizabeth Blair to my mother. Elizabeth married a cousin of Robert E. Lee, afterward an Admiral in the U. S. Navy on the northern side. This is the letter previously referred to, postmarked at Washington, dated July 6, '45:

"My dear Jane:

I have not heard from you since leaving Washington, but suppose you reached home safely, and not without many regrets at parting with "Cousin William." He feels the loss of your society so very deeply, that I expect he never leaves his home, for in all my wanderings I have never met him. Do you expect to see him soon? I hear that you are going to the north, and as I have at last determined to take a trip to Saratoga, I thought you might like to join me. It is so much pleasanter to have company when traveling. Pa has given me but short notice—ten days to get ready. He wishes to leave here on the 15th of this month. Now what do you think of it? You had better go for Pa is a first-rate traveler, going about so much as he has done, and then he knows a great many persons, gentlemen and others, that we could be introduced to, so on that account alone we could have a pleasanter time than otherwise we should have. I have written to an aunt who perhaps will go to matronize me, but I cannot say for certain, as I have had no answer yet to my letter. Capt. Hardy talks of going, so we'll each have a beau all to ourselves.

Having set before you these inducements I hope you will conclude to go with me. We can have plenty of fun together. I will introduce you to some of my friends, and we can trip it up and down Broadway, at our pleasure. I believe I forgot to tell you that I shall make my first stay at the Sharo Springs, a few miles from Saratoga. They are equally pleasant and I give them preference because the Dr. has ordered me there for my health. The waters are the same as the White Sulphur of Virginia. The Dr. says my liver, not my heart, is affected. I have lately come to the conclusion that I have no heart, its place being supplied by liver. Positive truth! Margaret is going to leave school in three weeks and is delighted

Last night I was awakened by a charming serenade, but unfortunately felt too sleepy to listen. Pa invited them in, which put them all in such excellent spirits that I was afraid they would play all night.

James Selden stayed here last night until 11 o'clock. We became so tired and sleepy that we struck up "Oh, we're all nodding, nid, nid, nodding," and we nidded and nodded until he was so affronted that he marched off. I think it was a first-rate hint, but he is quite mad. However, I do not intend crying if he is.

This is the only news I can tell you, for it is dull here, beyond description.

Please give my love to your grandmother and Virginia, and it will oblige me very much if you answer this directly, for if you do not go with me, I must look out for some lady to keep me company on my travels. I would rather have you though. We can have fun.

I am dreadfully lazy this morning or I would not send you such a miserable scrawl. I will depend upon you to tear it up as soon as you have deciphered it, for I would not send it if I thought any one else should see it.

Good-bye,

Your friend,

ELIZABETH.

Capt. Hardy desires his best compliments to the lovely Miss Jane and hopes he is not forgotten. If you come down to Washington, come soon.—E.

Then the "Governor" told me how his mother, a wealthy belle of Virginia, had incurred the displeasure of that State by marrying a "foreigner."

"My grandmother, having married Governor Clark, of Kentucky, was living in Frankfort, the Capital of Kentucky. My mother came from Virginia to visit her mother. My father was a young lawyer at Lexington, where he met my mother, with the result of a love-match, and they were married. The Virginia relatives were so furious at her marrying a "foreigner" that for many years none of them would speak to her, as my father was born in southeastern Scotland on the banks of the Salway Firth.

When I was 21 I left Washington and went to Leadville during the first excitement, on a prospecting trip. From Leadville I went to the southeastern part of the Ute Reservation on the Grand River. My father got a message to me to come to St. Paul. As I thought perhaps my mother was sick, I went. I had planned with two old prospectors (John Haskell and Jim Bird) to go to New Mexico and then to winter in Old Mexico. But when I got to St. Paul my father suggested that he did not think prospecting was a legitimate way of making a living, and wished me to go to go into either law or engineering, as I had been educated for both. I did not like the law, so I decided to try engineering, and with that in view I went to see General Rosser, Chief Engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad. I asked him for some work. He told me they were turning away men then, I said I could take any kind of a job. He asked

me about my education. I told them I had been to Rensselaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y., so he sent me out to Mandan, S. Dak., where I joined an engineering party, and set to work making notes and sketching the country along the line of a survey. Soon I was running a rod and then a level. Then came winter and we stopped at a cantonment we built on the Little Missouri, just west of what is now Medora. The Sioux had gone to Canada and has not yet come back since the Custer fight. We had a guard of soldiers and a number of Grosventres scouts.

The spring of '79 I concluded to go West, so organized a party, ten in all. Three friends of mine who had never been west joined me—Sedgwick Rice, from St. Paul, Hamilton Headley, of Lexington, Ky., and Albin Prince Dike, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

We had two teams, ten horses, and a good outfit, and struck west from the end of the Northern Pacific survey, crossing the Little Missouri, Rosser Creek, climbed over high mesas, and went westerly towards the Yellowstone River. There were no roads, of course, but being engineers we did not get lost. We were sometimes short of water. One day we had no water, so pushed forward to reach a fringe of timber which indicated a creek. Far in advance we heard heavy firing. We concluded it must be buffalo hunters. On towards evening we came to the creek and there we found three dead Indians and the whole country torn up with horse tracks. This was Cabin Creek, I think, a small sized stream but with plenty of water. The western men with me in the party took everything these three Indians had. They had nothing on but paint from their waists up, but one was the finest dressed Indian I ever saw. He had on a fine belt and his breeches were beautifully marked buckskin. His moccasins were made of buffalo calf hide with fur inside. In his belt he had three scalps. As the other men had taken everything else I concluded to take the scalps. They had made me captain of the party, and I had the first rebellion then and there, as I said, "Here we camp," and they said, "No, we will travel!" and we did. Daylight came early, we traveled until nearly light, camped for an hour and after breakfast traveled all day, and that night struck the Yellowstone River. There we found a large Indian village on the north side of the river. They were the Sioux Indians coming down for a powwow with Colonel Miles, who was commanding Fort Keough. We had a great night with the Indians yelling, dancing, and beating tomtoms. We watched each other all night—the Indians on the north bank of the Yellowstone and we on the south. We went on in the morning and reached Fort Keough that night. The Indians stayed at their camp for a while and finally came down and surrendered to Col. Nelson Miles. They were then put on a reservation in Dakota east of the Black Hills. The Indian fight that we had been behind was between a war party of the Sioux who made a raid on the Grosventres and stole a large number of their horses. The Grosventres were pursuing them but did not succeed

in recovering their stolen property and lost a good many men. The Sioux made the raid because the Grosventres belong to the Sioux nation and had refused to join the other Indians in the Custer fight. I knew Colonel Miles and his wife, who had been a Miss Sherman, and in talking to the Colonel about the country he said, "Of all this country I have seen, I think the Tongue River and Goose Creek is the best."

We stayed around Fort Keough for a short time, and Sedgwick Rice there concluded to quit our party and later joined the army. He is now Colonel commanding Fort Brown, Brownsville, Texas.

The rest of us struck west toward the Musselshell country, and then seeing the mountains to the south, which turned out to be the Big Horns, we remembered what Colonel Miles had said, and we went south, crossing the Wyoming line, across Tongue River, Wolf Creek and Soldier Creek and Big Goose Creek, and camped on that creek a few miles below its canyon. As we crossed the divide between Soldier Creek and Goose Creek, I killed a deer and left it for the wagons to pick up. I then went down the small creek which we called Park Creek.

I found everything I was looking for—fuel, grass, water. So I got a stake and wrote my name on it and made a claim on which I lived for many years.

We had crossed Big Goose Creek at a point where the old Bozeman trail crossed it, and going about a mile up creek we made a camp for our outfit. Then I tried to persuade the party to locate there as I had done. As there was a great deal of game, fine fishing, and a great many prairie chickens and grouse, the party consented to remain while I made a survey.

I surveyed what is now Beckton down to the upper end of what is now Sheridan, taking about nine miles of Big Goose Creek—one claim for each of the party.

Unfortunately, the western men in the party had seen results obtained in killing buffalo along the Yellowstone River and they were anxious to go back to the buffalo range, many hunters making from \$3,000 to \$5,000 in a season selling the hides to the steamboat traders who came up the river, eventually going to St. Louis to be tanned for leather. So when a little difficulty occurred in our party, it broke up and I determined to stay by myself. When it came to a settling up they claimed all the horses, though I had paid for a pair. They were anxious to get me to go, as I was a good shot and they wanted me to shoot the buffalo, while they skinned and hauled, so in order to force me they claimed the horses, I proposed we leave it to the oldest man in the party, as he had no interest in the horses, but he was an old hunter and loved the wilds. Then we had our law suit before this oldest man. He declared that though I had put up the money, the bill of sale in that country always carried the title and they had that. I asked them to pay me the \$375 I had paid—didn't think they could—but they

raised the cash and paid me. That left me with a wagon, harness and outfit, but no horses. I asked for the horses for a few hours, and hitched them to the wagon, put everything I owned in it (I had a good outfit), and drove down the creek across the old Bozeman crossing and went up Park Creek to where I had put my stake, and in a little bend of the road there was a nice, grassy bottom. I pulled my wagon in close to the bush where it would be well concealed and took the horses back to the party; then walked down and waded the creek about waist deep to get back to my wagon. As the party pulled out the next morning they went up the valley opposite where I was camped. My friend Dike jumped off the wagon, and came over and asked me if I was going to stay there by myself. I told him I was and he said he would like to stay with me. I told him as he had no horses either, he had better go, but he said if I was willing he would stay. So he ran and caught up with the wagon and threw his bed and war bag off. He was about one-half mile up the valley. The fellows never stopped and Dike had to run to catch up and get his bed and other things off. I didn't go toward them until I saw he was throwing things off, and dragging his bed and war bag. Then I met him and helped him carry things to camp. It was great fun; there were 135 miles from the Yellowstone. We stayed a day or two in camp fixing up things, then made a cache of the nuts off the wagon, being afraid some one would steal it. Then for our bread we cooked some meat until it was hard and dry, and the fresh game we shot we used for meat. Then we started down Big Goose Creek. We didn't know where we were going but we did know Big Goose Creek flowed into Tongue River, and that it was not more than 60 miles to Miles City where we could get horses. But that was immaterial. We finally came to a man on the site what is now Sheridan. His name was Philip Mandell, and he had four horses. We were delighted to find he was willing to sell two of them. He said they were broke to ride and drive. We paid \$175 for the two and then we drew straws for the horses to see "which would have which." Dike drew one that was slightly swayback. The one I got was a plump, round, stocky horse. Mandell gave us enough rope to make hackamores, and with a blanket a piece we had carried for our bedding, we started to go home. Dike's swayback horse was all right to ride. When I got on mine I got off much quicker. He threw me ten feet in the air, a fright of a buckner. But we didn't mind a particle. He bucked me off at least ten times until finally I remembered how the negro boys in Kentucky used to break thoroughbred colts. They used what they called a jockey strap, a surcingle around the horse's body, loose enough so that one could get his knees under it. I fixed up a rope to take the place of this surcingle and succeeded in getting my knees under it before I was thrown; then I rode my horse. He could not throw me. We finally got home—back to our wagon.



The next morning, bright and early, we thought we would enjoy a wagon ride, so we fixed up our wagon and harnessed our horses. It took us ten days of steady work to break the other horse to pull that wagon. But time was no object in those days.

We then set to work to build us a cabin, which we did by digging trenches the shape we wanted the cabin and set in the trench green cottonwoods upright, binding the top with a flat log stringer with pin holes bored through and pins driven into the upright logs. Covered with a heavy dirt roof we considered ourselves safe against being burned out either by outlaws or Indians.

The question then was, What shall we do for an occupation? I wanted to prospect but Dike had an uncle who had made a fortune as a wool commission man, and he said we should go into the sheep business as a source of revenue. I finally agreed and the question came up which should go and get the sheep. He said that I came from the country (he thought Kentucky was all country), and that I should go. I objected saying that his woolly uncle should have taught him something about what he made his fortune in. All I knew about was race horses and blooded stock. So we finally drew straws for that and it fell to me to go. He stayed at the ranch and built corrals. I drove the sheep back on foot. I hired a friend of mine, Wallace Green, to drive for me and do the cooking. I drove the sheep on foot. Two donkeys I had left in Colorado I also took along, as they were some help in crossing streams. I put a great many bells on my sheep so that I would not lose them in the night. Several nights in wind storms they drifted but I never let any get away. They fell into gulches and ran into sagebrush, but we got them back in the morning. I bought sheep in Southern Wyoming and we started the first sheep business in Northern Wyoming.

When I reached Powder River Crossing I found that Mr. Morton Fruen had established a big cattle ranch there and had 15 or 20 cowboys in his employ—a big English outfit. The foreman with a bunch of cowboys met me and told me that I would not be allowed to cross—that that was a cattle country. I told the foreman I had been in the country before Mr. Fruen and that I proposed to go on to my own ranch and home, which was on Big Goose Creek. I had a talk with Wallace Green and told him to take the best horse and strike the back track and leave the wagon if anything happened, but to be sure to get away and go south. I took the sheep with the donkeys and drove them to the river, and after quite a siege I got the donkeys and part of the sheep across; but the bunch split on me. The cowboys were standing on their horses on the opposite bank. I had taken a double-barreled shotgun with me, which was rather in my way driving the sheep, and I determined that the sheep should cross the river. When it came to coming back from the other part of the bunch I experienced the delights of a fertile imagination as I turned and walked back across the river. I saw that I

was an easy target. I could almost feel the bullets going through me, but I determined not to show this crowd that I was afraid of them. When I was safely on the west side, the foreman reluctantly came down from the bank and told me that Mr. Fruen had concluded that as I was there in the country before his time I might go through. But he said no other d— sheep man would ever cross that river. We got back to the ranch without further incidents. At the end of eight years of sheep business I finally closed out, at a profit of some \$35,000. Several big sheep men of Sheridan County got their start from that bunch. I concluded if I stayed at it any longer I could speak the sheep language better than I could the English. I knew half my sheep by names. When I called them they would come to me.

I built the first flour mill in Wyoming on that ranch—ran it by water power. It still stands and is called Beckton mill. Archibald Forbes, former Governor-General of the Philippines, after I met some reverses, bought it from a bank.

I also built a flour mill and put in an electric light plant and water works in the town of Buffalo. The railroad at that time had maps and blue prints and a right of way bought to the town, and then when they turned north to Sheridan instead of coming to Buffalo, I dropped a lot of money.

I had irrigation license No. 1 out of Big Goose Creek. It is recorded as for farming 400 acres ten miles west of Sheridan on Big Goose Creek.

Eleven years were yet to intervene before I reached Cody, during which time I ran for Congress, and then for the Senate when there was a blocked legislature and no senator elected.

Then I organized the Sheridan Fuel Co. and operated it for two years, until I lost it.

Later under a patent of my own I took the slacks of the Sheridan Fuel Company and worked the lignites into anthracite equivalents (the same process Ford is now making millions on), saving all the by-products of low grade coals and using the fixed carbon for fuels. My final conclusion was that the proper way to use this western coal was to distil off all the volatile by-products which are very valuable, to grind up the fixed carbon residue, and with an air blast to burn it as you would an oil under your boilers. This will be done in all large plants in time.

### James Bros.

The James Bros. lived on Goose Creek where the town of Big Horn now is. They were the first locators on Little Goose Creek near the road crossing. There were nine of them and a negro. They had disappeared from Missouri for two years; they were on Goose Creek, eleven miles south of me. The way I first happened to meet them, I was going from my ranch to Fort McKinney, and I took a pack horse to bring back supplies. At the head of Prairie Dog Creek in an aspen thicket lived an old Kentuckian named Elisha Terrill, there he had built a cabin. As he was a fellow Kentuckian I always stopped with him. I had killed a deer

in the thicket and took it to his house. While we were getting supper we heard somebody call at the door. Old Man Terrill went out and eight men came back into the house with him, which looked like a big mob in the country in those days; and it was. I simply put on some more meat in the frying pans, cooked supper for the crowd, and we sat around and talked for a while. Finally one of the men, Frank James, said to me, "Young man, make your bed down over there," pointing to the corner furthest from the door. I asked him what business it was of his. Old Elisha Terrill said, "George make your bed over there." I didn't say anything more; I just took my blankets and threw them in the corner and lay down; but sort of kept my eyes a little open so I could see what was going on after these orders. After everybody had distributed themselves around, the last two men before they lay down shut the door, put their feet against it, cocked their rifles and laid them one on each side. Anybody touching the door would never have heard a sound; would have been shot dead. In the morning they said "You stay here for a quarter of an hour after we leave." I did. After they had gone old Elisha told me who they were, and warned me not to know them except by their first names, Jack and John, or whatever they happened to call each other. They frequently came past my place after that but never bothered me or troubled any of my stock. To protect themselves from trouble they laid a trap for Frank Grouard, a scout at Ft. McKinney, and a very able one. On Lake Desmet, which is about twelve miles out from Ft. McKinney, there is a little stream comes in from the west and makes a point in the lake where there are some box elder trees and other brush, bushy trees. The James Bros. got a man to report to Fort McKinney that they were camped on this point by Lake Desmet. They put up some shelter tents there that could be seen from the southwest and the place could be easily taken by surprise down this bushy creek. Frank Grouard and a lieutenant and about 20 soldiers, immediately left Fort McKinney to take this camp. They came over the ridge and from a distance saw these shelter tents and dropped into this creek valley, and coming down it they were ambushed by the James Brothers, ten of them then being in the James party. They were held up and not a shot was fired, though they were two to one. Frank Grouard and the force were notified that they had set this trap on purpose so that they could have a talk. They said they were doing no harm in Wyoming and wished to be let alone, and notified Frank and any of the men in the party that if they ever came out again to scout or look for them that they would be killed. Frank Grouard never went after them nor do I know of any expedition that was sent out to take them.

A query? "But when did you come to Cody?"

"There wasn't any Cody. We came out to survey and get Cody started. There was an old fellow, Laban Hillsberry, a great walker, and he had tramped all over this

country; had seen Cedar Mountain and been up the river. He was convinced that the river could be taken around that mountain, and if it could one could irrigate an enormous tract of country. Old Laban told me about this. Jerry Ryan, an old stone mason, uncle of Mrs. DeMaris, now owner of DeMaris Springs, had been over it with Hillsberry, and told me that he thought it could be done. So I concluded to make a survey and took Mr. Alger in with me as a partner. Then I hired Mr. Elwood Meade and party to come over and run some lines and make a survey of the Stinking Water, as we called the Shoshone River then. In this party of eighteen there were six guests, among them my friend, W. Hinkle Smith, Horton Boal, Colonel Cody's son-in-law, John Patrick, Captain George Stockwell and Andrew Stockwell. "Andy" Stockwell had lived with me for years at Beckton. The father of the Stockwells, Colonel Stockwell, was the man who led "The Charge of the Light Brigade" of 600 at Balaklava; their grandfather, their mother's father, was George Grote, the most celebrated of the Greek historians. Many Englishmen came here at that time. Englishmen follow each other. The Stockwells bought a part interest in my ranch. Captain Stockwell raised polo ponies (and "Ned").

We came across the mountains and struck the Big Horn River a little below the place where the town of Basin now is. Found the river was so high we could not cross it but would have to go down the east side to where Lovell had a ferry near the big canyon. As we camped in a bunch of timber the idea struck us to have a race down the river on rafts. So we made a pool in the evening, and at 7 o'clock in the morning the race was to start, and the two men who got under the rope at Lovell ferry first were to win the pool. At 7 o'clock in the morning Mr. Hinkle Smith and I were the only ones that had our raft ready and in the water. As we pushed off, Captain Stockwell, not to be left, ran and jumped into the water, swam to our raft and went with us. The other three rafts never got off. So we made a journey down the river through Sheep Canyon and after several adventures and a good many wrecks we reached the Lovell Ferry on our second raft at 10 o'clock the next morning, where we found Horton Boal waiting with our horses and refreshments. The wagons had all crossed safely. We went to Otto on the Greybull River and then West through the Oregon Basin country, and finally landed on Sage Creek. We camped about three miles below Frost ranch. From there we started running lines. We ran a line through the gap west of Cedar Mountain and around the Oregon Basin to the Meeteetse Rim. Then we moved to what was known as Buffalo Meadows on the Shoshone above Cedar Mountain on the river and from there we ran lines from the present headgate of the Shoshone Canal and also to headgates high up the river. We then made a survey of the north side of the river, covering what was then known as the Stinking Water Desert, which is now Powell Flat. After we found it was feasible to irrigate a

very large tract of land our party returned to Sheridan, going by way of Bonanza. The preliminary survey had been made and mapped. That was about 27 years ago.

Then at Sheridan we proposed to organize a company that fall. Colonel Cody, Mr. Alger and I started the organization. We elected Colonel Cody president of what we called the Shoshone Irrigation Co., the Cody Canal. We took in some gentlemen from the East: Mr. Nate Salisbury, Colonel Cody's partner, Mr. Bronson Rumsey, Henry Gerrans, and George Bleistein. We raised some funds to start operations, and I took an outfit of wagons and scrapers and about twenty men and teams and came over the mountains and started work. We camped near what is still the Marion Williams place. We had planned to take in the whole Oregon Basin and all the north side of the river. However, not enough money was forthcoming. To many of the eastern men the project was sport, and I was left to complete the work as best I might. I had to borrow money from Mrs. Hearst to finish the canal. This canal now furnishes the water supply to Cody and the surrounding country.

Electric light plant. When we finally made up our town site company, we closed up our commissary which we had run, selling it to Mr. Gerrans and Mr. Bleistein; it afterwards became the Cody Trading Company, of which ex-Senator J. M. Schwoob is now president. Colonel Cody proposed to build a hotel, which he finally did, and looking around for something to do, I concluded that I would develop water power on the river. I begged a lot of my friends to help me put in a power plant. They laughed at the enterprise and declined, but one of my old friends coming to my assistance helped me to float some bonds and I mortgaged what other property I had and put in the electric light plant on the river. The first year it didn't seem very hopeful, but since then it has carried on a fair business and I believe has given unusually good service for a town of this size.

#### The Gavel

Now I was shown the gavel which bore date 1890, 11th Legislature Assembly of Wyoming, "Presented to President George F. Beck by members of the Council." "This was our last territorial Legislature," said Mr. Beck. "We organized as a State right after that."

#### Order of the Cincinnatus

"Col. John Thornton was Lt.-Col. in Grayson's Regiment in Virginia during the Revolutionary War. As his descendant I hold membership in the Cincinnatus. This Society is made up of officers of the Revolutionary War and only one representative can follow—must be the oldest son of the most direct descendant, the whole number never to exceed the original number.

After these officers had formed the order of the Cincinnati, the soldiers and others began to think that these officers were rather trying to make a social distinction, and Tammany Hall was organized in New York in opposition to the Order of the Cincinnati, and from a social order they finally drifted

into a political machine and fell into the hands of the Democratic politicians of New York.

The order took its name from Cincinnatus, who was called by the Romans to suppress an uprising in Rome that came near sweeping all Italy. Cincinnatus was called from the plow to save the Republic, and the motto comes down: "Give up all to save the Republic." With the date "A. D. 1783," this motto in Latin is inscribed upon the badge now held by Hon. George T. Beck, Cody, Wyoming.

No story or early or present history of Cody is complete without mention of its gracious official hostess, Mrs. George T. Beck.

At fourteen years of age Mrs. Beck, then Miss Daisy Sorrenson, came to make her home with her sister, Mrs. D. A. Tinkcom. Neither of the girls previous to their western venture, had seen a lumber wagon nor a log house, which for a time were to be their substitutes for carriages and mansions. Heretofore trips from the city to ranches had been their education in "roughing it."

While there were no riding contests in the very early days, the young lady soon won recognition as a fine horsewoman, having acquired her "balance" riding the western horse "sidewise," with only blanket and surcingle. She later adopted the "astride" fashion, however, and used a saddle.

Mrs. Beck taught the first school in the Cody country, known as the Marquette school, on the South Fork of the Shoshone River. Later she took a business college course at Helena, Montana, and became secretary to the Cody Canal Company. Here our west-country romance developed, and, with the subject of our story, she now presides as mistress of Cody's stone mansion. Here have been entertained Secretaries of State Lane, Daniels, and Garrison, Governor Carey, Senator Kendrick, Mayor Mitchell, of New York; General Wood, Hon. Ed. T. Clark, Mr. A. A. Anderson, artist, and first supervisor of the oldest forest in the United States, the Shoshone; L. G. Phelps, leading millionaire cattleman of the Buffalo Bill country, now deceased; W. R. Coe, New York philanthropist, who has adopted Wyoming as his official residence, casting his vote in this state.

Indeed, the Beck home is always a social center. If there is but one member at home the lights of hospitality are shining.

Mrs. Beck contributes constantly to the musical life of the community, and is a lady of high spiritual attainment.

FINIS.

Cody, Wyo., Feb. 22, 1924.

#### DIARY OF A. B. OSTRANDER

Fly Leaf. S. C. Abbott & Company. News Dealers and Stationers  
Farnham Street, Omaha, Nebraska

Entries:

Capitol Building, Omaha, Nebraska Ter. October 1st, 1866. Smiths Ranch, 11 miles from Omaha, N. T. October 3rd, 1866.

October 6th, 1866—Passed through on U. P. R. R. Columbus, N. T. Shell Creek,

Grand Island Station, Silver Creek, Wood River and Kearney Station.

October 7th, 1866—Crossed Platte River in express wagon. Met Captain Freeman and Lieut. Arnold.

October 11th, 1866—In camp with 2nd U. S. Cavalry at Plum Creek, N. T.

October 14th, 1866—Arrived Fort McPherson, Cottonwood Springs, N. T.

October 15th, 1866—Saw my first wild Indian of the plains.

October 21st, 1866—Arrived Fort Sedgwick, Col. Ter.

October 22nd, 1866—Went over to Julesburg, C. T.

October 24th, 1866—In camp at Lodge Pole Creek Crossing.

October 25th, 1866—Mud Springs; out on the prairie looking at Court House Rock, 2 p. m., gazing at Chimney Rock; 5 p. m. Here are five of us cooking our supper in camp at the foot of Chimney Rock.

October 26th, 1866—2 a. m. Just relieved from guard at Camp Mitchell.

October 27th, 1866—Cold Springs ranch, 22 miles from Fort Laramie.

October 29th, 1866—In good quarters at Fort Laramie.

November 4th, 1866—Peters and I taking our first view of Laramie Peak and the Black Hills.

On the march from Fort Laramie, camped as follows:

November 19th, Big Bitter Cottonwood, D. T., 20 miles.

November 20th, Horse Shoe Creek, 18 miles.

November 21st, Bridgers Ferry, 16 miles.

November 22nd, camp on North Platte River, 20 miles.

November 23rd, mouth of Sage Creek, 14 miles.

November 24th, Sage Creek camp, 18 miles.

November 25th, Wind River camp, forgot to put down miles.

November 26th, Humphreys camp, 24 miles.

November 27th, Dry Fork of Powder river, 23 miles, stuck in big storm.

November 29th, Thanksgiving Day and stuck here by the storm but had a chicken dinner.

November 20th, arrived at Fort Reno about 2 p. m.

December 22nd, Jack Phillips went through; awful big fight at Phil Kearny.

January 10th, sick in hospital at Fort Reno, D. T., of mountain fever.

February 20th, 1867—Discharged from the United States Army.

February 21st, 1867—Started for Fort Phil Kearny with thermometer 20 degrees below zero. Camped at Crazy Woman's Fork.

February 22nd, 1867—Clear creek.

February 23rd, 1867—Fort Phil Kearny, D. T. Met Jim Bridger.

February 24th—Got a job as clerk in Quartermaster's office under Gen. G. B. Dandy.

March 24th—Hunting up Piney creek; got a big scare from one of the Crow Indians who are here for a big swap.

April 22nd—Got notice that I must go

east for examination for a commission in the Regular Army.

April 23rd—Left Fort Phil Kearny and camped at Buffalo Wallows, thirty-five miles from P. K.

April 24th—Arrived at Fort Reno. Had a little scrap with Indians between Clear creek and Crazy Woman's Fork.

April 25th—Found all that was left of Van Valzah's lost mail.

April 27th—Major Van Voast lost his two horses in camp.

May 1st—Arrived at Fort Laramie.

May 5th—At Fort Mitchell, en route for Julesburg and passed Chimney Rock; midnight at Mud Springs.

May 6th—Passed Lodge Pole creek and arrived at Fort Sedgwick. In camp of 30th U. S. Infantry.

May 10th—Visited Julesburg.

May 14th—Arrived at North Platte City, Neb. Ter.

May 15th—Omaha, Nebraska.

Copied by Major Ostrander from his original diary. The little memo book in which the entries were made was bought in Omaha just before the Major left Omaha for the Indian campaign.

#### Handling the Mail at Fort Reno, D. T., in 1866 and 1867

The arrival, overhauling and distribution of mail at Fort Reno, D. T., in those days was an important event. It was anxiously awaited and longingly looked for. Its arrival and "coming in" was an "episode." The day and date of its arrival was an "epoch," for incidents and circumstances were remembered among the men as happenings from and after that point of time.

The following "epitome" will give an account of methods used in handling it. We generally had from an hour and a half to three hours notice of its approach and arrival. About five miles by the trail to the south and across the Powder River valley, was high land, which at its western extremity ended a sharp point and a bluff. The trail from Fort Laramie wound around this point and watchful eyes were scrutinizing that point every second during daylight, hoping, longing or dreading to see who or what might appear.

After turning this point the trail descended gradually in a northeasterly direction until it struck the timber in the river bottom land and then turned sharply to the west until it reached a point between the fort proper and the lower corral.

According to conditions of the weather and of the trail itself, the time made between the point of first observation and arrival at the fort, would vary; but it was always long enough, when a mail party had been sighted to keep everybody on the anxious seat with longing anticipations.

On arrival at Post headquarters the mail carrier would bring in his bag and turn it over to the Post Adjutant, Lieutenant T. S. Kirtland. The only key to this bag was in the possession of the Lieutenant and he kept it under lock and key in a drawer of his table. The Lieutenant would unlock the pad

lock, remove it, and then place the lock and key back in the drawer. All this carefulness did seem ridiculous to me in view of the fact that, as two headquarters clerks (Clarke and myself) did all of the separating, sorting, and some of the final distributing of the mail matter.

A blanket was spread out on the floor, and after the lock and key had been provided with such proper protection, the bag was taken by Clarke who withdrew the leather strap from between its metal guards, and then turning it upside down, the contents were dumped in a pile on the blanket. The bag would then be placed so that its mouth would be open and in a position so that we could throw into it all matter destined to points beyond Fort Reno.

Then Clarke and myself began our duties. On our knees and opposite each other, with the pile between, with both hands we began operations. Every article addressed "Fort Reno" was thrown off in a pile by itself, and each one for points above was thrown back into the bag at once, so that when the last piece was handled the separating was completed. Clarke would restrap it; the Lieutenant would re-lock it and the mail carrier could proceed on his way. All this before our own mail could receive any attention.

The first time I tackled this work I had only been at the post less than one week and was green at it and guess I was inclined to talk too much in the way of criticism of the methods, modus operandi, etc., and it is a wonder to me now that I didn't get a more serious calling down than was given me in the way of explanation at the time.

On my knees, leaning forward, my back twisting from side to side, and both hands busy, I got tired and straightening up for a few seconds rest, I remarked "This is a nice thing for us to be doing; handling everybody else's private letters." Clarke merely gave a grunt and said "What's the matter wi' you?" "Well," I said, "this mail ought to be put up separate at Fort Laramie. They could make one big bundle for us and one for each post above, then all we'd have to do would be to take out our own bundle and let the rest go on."

Clarke gave another grunt and said "Shut up and go to work." Lieutenant Kirtland and Van Valzeh (the mail carrier) were seated near by watching us. The Lieutenant remarked in a pleasant tone of voice, "That would make four separate bundles to leave Laramie with; one for Bridgers Ferry and one for each of us, Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith, and as they would vary so much in bulk and weight Van Valzeh would find it hard work to balance the sack on the back of his horse."

I kept right on working and talking too, for I said "They could put 'em in separate sacks then; one sack labelled for each Post. There'd be no delay here then, only long enough to put our own "up-above" mail in its proper sack. The Lieutenant, still in a pleasant mood, said "I guess Van would find some trouble handling four sacks on one horse."

I still thought I had the best of the argument when I said "He always has three or four soldiers for an escort and I guess each one of them could carry one sack to help him out."

I looked up at Van and he was smiling, but the Lieutenant continued in a more sober tone, "The mail carrier is sworn in by the government and is responsible. He gets ten dollars a day for it while on the trip and no one else is allowed to handle the bags."

Clarke was growing impatient and let out a grunt, so I subsided but was not convinced. Then, as now, it was a mooted question in my mind, if a soldier could not carry or handle a locked bag of mail while en route how was it that us two enlisted men were allowed to handle every individual article of its contents. I give it up.

Just before the conversation described above, I had picked up two letters addressed to myself and in my delight I exclaimed "Glory" and started to put them in my pocket. A quick exclamation from Clarke caused me to look up. He said "Throw 'em out" and nodded in direction of our own mail pile. "But they are for me," I said, handing them to him so that he could read the addresses. He took them and without even looking at the address, threw them in the Reno pile, but looking me straight in the eyes, gave a wink and nodded toward the officer. I was afraid to enter into any discussion with him in presence of the officer but made up my mind to have it out with him later, but before the mail was finally disposed of I found it was unnecessary and that Clarke had really done me a kindly act.

Having disposed of the mail carrier, our own mail was all placed on the Adjutant's table. We put it there addresses up and the Lieutenant himself saw to its distribution. Mail for officers and their families was laid one side and delivered to them or their representatives at once. Mail for enlisted men was separated by companies and handed to the Orderly Sergeants who were always on hand and waiting for it, and lastly the headquarters mail was disposed of and I got mine.

When the Lieutenant handed me a bunch of six letters there was a smile on his face and I knew he must have got onto that by-play during the separating.

Once the mail arrived in the night, long after taps, and the procedure differed in a slight degree—the blanket was spread on the dirt floor of our bunk room in rear of the office. Candles were lit and stuck around in niches and blankets hung before the window. Upon completion of the separation by Posts and the mail carrier had received his sack and departed, our mail was, as usual, placed on the Adjutant's table, blankets being hung up before door and windows and the Lieutenant did his "Little Bit."

If there were any officers present they could of course get their mail at once, no matter what hour it was, but the enlisted men had to wait until after reveille the next morning.

Generally it would be sent over to company quarters at "Breakfast Call" and some-

times some poor devil would become so interested on his news from home or elsewhere that he forgot, and neglected to put in the time after breakfast in brushing up and polishing his accoutrements preparatory to inspection at guard mount, with the result that he was ordered to "Fall out" and received a reprimand and got "police" or some other unpleasant duty, instead of an assignment as "Orderly" for the day, to Commanding Officer and Post Headquarters; a job eagerly strove for by every soldier coming on guard.

(Signed) A. B. OSTRANDER.

#### From Fort Reno to Fort Phil Kearny

The next morning Curley gave me a good warm breakfast while it was still dark and I returned to the office, got my valise, box of grub and blankets and put them at the gate near by, to await for my transportation.

Very soon the wagon drove up and a mounted man was with it. I learned afterward that he was wagon-boss for the outfit and his name was Stanton.

He asked if I was the boy that was going up with them and on my answer "yes, sir," he said, "All right, I will fix you up." He dismounted, untied the cord which held the canvass cover at front of the wagon and climbed up inside. He pulled down a couple of sacks of corn and filled the space between them with empty gunny sacks, thus making a good seat. I handed him my box of grub and valise, which he piled up in back and as he got down I climbed in. He then handed me my blankets and told me to arrange them to suit myself.

He had fixed my seat about two feet or more from the front board and loose hay was packed in the front half way to the top of the box. On top of this was spread a couple of gunny sacks and he explained, that space was arranged for the dog and he rode off.

In a few minutes the Captain rode up, the dog jumping and barking around him. The officer himself dismounted and giving his pup a boost, landed him at my feet. Surveying the arrangements the officer remarked, "I guess you'll both be as comfortable as can be expected," and right here I will say, although the men did suffer awfully and frost bites and freezing were numerous, I was not even cold at any time during that ride to Phil Kearny. The dog was more protection than hot bricks or warming pan could have been.

By referring to my little memorandum book I find the following entry:

"February 21st, 1867.

"Started for Fort Phil Kearny with two companies 2nd U. S. Cavalry. Thermometer 20 degrees below zero."

After we got out on the prairie and away from the protection of the stockade the wind was awful cold, so I tied the canvass cover down in front to a ring, and pulled the cape of my overcoat over my head. My hair was quite long and came down over my ears and neck, so with all of this protection I was the luckiest one in the whole outfit so far as

protection against the elements was concerned.

We reached Crazy Woman Forks that night and a place for camp was selected well down in the underbrush and near a bluff on the south side and thus received some protection from the cold and bitter wind.

I remained in my snugery until camp fires were well under way and then, providing myself with some crackers and a can of chicken, I got out of the wagon, but was so stiff and cramped up from the long ride in such close quarters, with a dog to hold me down, that I had to jump around for quite a little while to get limbered up and the cramps out of my legs.

Finally I went to one of the fires and put my can of chicken among the coals to warm it up, of course cutting off the cover first. Just as I was beginning to eat, a soldier came over to me and said, "The Captain wants to know if you'd like a cup of hot coffee?" I was very quick to answer, "You bet I would," and he turned away, but in a very few minutes returned with a tin cup that held over a pint of hot coffee. I surely did enjoy that supper and then went over to return the cup.

As I was telling the soldier to thank the Captain for me a voice spoke up from a tent near by. "Come in here." The soldier nodded his head towards the tent saying, "Go in, he wants to speak to you," so I entered.

There was a small box heating stove, a couple of empty boxes, one of which was used as a candle stick by melting enough grease to hold the candle perpendicular, and his bedding arranged on the ground. He retained his seat on the other box and I stood by the warm stove.

"Captain Proctor told me that you had served under General Phillip St. George Cooke," said he. "Yes, sir; I was with him over two years," I answered. He smiled as he continued, "I served under him for over eight years before the war as a soldier in the 2nd Dragoons. He was our Colonel and it was he that recommended me for a commission."

This of course brought forth quite a conversation dealing with the idiosyncracies of the old General. I remember in particular he asked me if the General was still interested in trying to improve upon his "Tactics."

At the beginning of the civil war "Cooke's Cavalry Tactics" was the standard for cavalry, as "Hardee's" was for the infantry. I told him that very much of the work I had done for the General was copying materia referring to tactics. He laughed and said that more than once after the Colonel had drawn up a plan of formation or evolution they would go out and put it into practice and sometimes there would be an awful mix up.

The Colonel would grunt and swear, dismiss the drill and go back and work it all over again until he succeeded in making it nearer perfect.

He concluded the interview by saying "Proctor showed me a letter he had from General Cooke in which he gave you a fine

character and if there is anything I can do for you up here I will be glad to do it."

I thanked him, bid him good night, and returned to my wagon. When I got there I saw Stanton, the wagon-boss, standing near and I asked him what the Captain's name was as I had not even heard that yet. He replied, "Why, that's old Captain Patrick; he has been in the army over forty years, come up from a private soldier and I guess he must be sixty years old or older." My curiosity was satisfied and I went to bed.

I had a good night's sleep and was quite comfortable, but I did miss the dog; he had remained in the tent with his master.

We made camp the next night at Clear Creek and the Captain again sent me a big cup full of steaming hot coffee. Nothing further of interest occurred here.

We got an early start the next morning and some time in the afternoon we passed along by Lake DeSmet, crossed Piney Crook and coming around the point at base of Pilot Hill, Fort Phil Kearny was right before us.

The approaches were far different from those at Reno. There, our first view of the fort had been from a high elevation and its whole interior and surroundings were visible at a glance, but here, we were in a sort of bottom or low land, and the fort was on a high plateau and only the stockade and roofs of a few of the buildings could be seen. The flag on its high staff flew out glorious and it was a welcome sight.

Our appearance was quickly noticed and men appeared at different gates giving us a welcome similar to the one we had received on reaching Reno. Winding our way up the hill the wagon I was in went in at the water gate and passing by a sort of corral with hay stacks and forage piled up, we drove up to a very long and narrow building extending north and south and stopped at the floor about middle of the south side.

The teamster got down and commenced to unload things from back part of the wagon. The wagon-boss rode up and told me I could put my things in these for the present.

I went inside and found a large room with six or eight bunks built up; a big heating stove and some feed boxes.

He informed me the room was used by wagon-bosses only, but would fix it so that I could bunk in there until I could get located. Told me to put my traps in one of the empty feed boxes and then rode off.

And so I had arrived at Fort Phil Kearny.

### My First Day at Fort Phil Kearny

I had secured a lodging place and having several hours to spare before bedtime I concluded to do as I had done on all previous occasions where I first arrived at a new Post—go on a prospecting tour and get the lay of the land, location of buildings, etc.

About one hundred feet to the west of the building in which I was located, another stockade extended across from the north to the south with an open space of about fifteen feet not far from the south end. About the center of this stockade was a two story building, one-half of which was built up on

each side of the stockade, with a cupola or observatory on top.

Passing through the open space, or gateway, I found myself in the Fort proper. Along the south side, and at my left, was a long row of buildings, one of which I quickly discovered was the sutler's store, and beyond it was a row of stables.

Ahead of me, and not far from the center, was the Commanding Officer's house. Distributed around on three sides were barracks, and of course a flag pole in the center of the parade ground. Over on the north side, and close up to the stockade were several buildings used as officers' quarters and offices.

There was a gate on the north side, just to the left of which was a building which I soon learned was the district quartermaster's headquarters.

Of course I naturally drifted into the sutler's store the first thing, and the men I met there and the acquaintances I there formed will be left for another chapter.

Along after dark I returned to my bunk room and sat up until quite late listening to the conversation of those wagon bosses and packers, and right there and then I formed opinions which I have never had occasion to change. One was that they and their subordinates had not been fully appreciated, nor had public sentiment ever been expressed as to the dangerous nature of their services.

The military, both officers and men, performed deeds of valor and courage, and endured all manner of privations and sufferings, and they have received honor, both in song and story and many by personal mention.

The old-time scouts, guides, trappers, and mountain men made history, and writers have sought them out to preserve a record of their wonderful deeds and achievements, both as individuals and as a class; but who ever read of the work performed in those days by wagon bosses, teamsters and packers? I never have, and yet more than often they endured all that others did in addition to their regular duties.

In published accounts of depredations, or in Indian attacks, there has been sometimes occasional mention "a teamster was killed," but never have I seen either eulogy or public expression of credit to their service.

On the trail when there were indications of an actual attack or a genuine battle with Indians, the packers and teamsters, were the ones to make the corral and keep control of their stock. Under undue excitement one or two mules might stampe a whole outfit, and a stampe under such conditions was fully as disastrous as a successful charge of wild Indians.

A Sunday school teacher in a den of wild animals, in an endeavor to subdue or pacify them, would not meet with more danger or be placed in a more critical condition requiring a cool head and a steady hand. He would be about as successful as a weakening or an inexperienced person. These packers, teamsters and wagon bosses may have been

considered as tough characters. They had to be, for theirs was a tough job.

Many of them were hard drinkers, hard swearers and addicted to all the vices, but in their particular line they were a necessity and most valuable men—I might better say absolutely indispensable. In cases of necessity they always proved their efficiency and worth.

It was with such a body of men that I spent my first evening at Fort Phil Kearny. Stanton, as the latest wagon boss arrival, occupied the center of interest, and was kept quite busy answering questions from those who were liable to accompany the next outfit going down the trail over which we had just arrived.

His descriptions of the difficulties encountered were not only interesting to me, but seemed to impress his co-laborers as they might benefit from his information.

There were several men at the store that evening who had been in charge of wood trains and other work in the vicinity of the fort and their stories were both thrilling and exciting.

And yet, no public expression, giving them credit for their great and arduous work, has ever been made, to my knowledge. And so ended my first day at Fort Phil Kearny.

The above military history was taken from the original manuscript of Major Ostrander and is owned by the Wyoming Historical Department.

Headquarters, Fort Reno, D. T.

August 9th, 1867.

Rvt. Major H. B. Freeman, U. S. A.,

Captain B, 7th Infantry,

Commanding Escort.

Major:

Having been officially informed by Mr. Litchfield, Wells Fargo and Company's agent that there are on the road between this post and La Prele, eleven (11) ox trains, enroute for Fort Philip Kearney and Fort C. F. Smith; eight (8) of these trains being under one escort of 30 men from La Prele and the advance of these trains being expected to arrive tomorrow; you will remain at this post till the advance train arrives, when you will proceed with the train now here in such manner that you will afford partial protection to the trains following in your rear. Two trains as an advance. Can leave this post together, under your own personal charge—with the beef cattle belonging to Government and it is requested that you leave, say 15 men—to follow you with the next train. Escorts of ten men from this post will be given to each train that follows after and these trains will be hurried up, so that there will not be a greater distance between trains, than is necessary to obtain water.

It is believed that you might with propriety, let these trains close to a shorter distance after you reach Crazy Woman—or plenty of water. You will use your discretion, however, in the matter, doing what you think is best.

It being impossible on account of the want of water between this and Crazy Woman—

to send these trains together and it being impossible to furnish large escorts to each from this point, the undersigned assumes the responsibility of holding you here, in order to carry out, what he decides the best manner of getting these trains to Fort Philip Kearney.

I am Major. Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. VAN VOAST

Major 18th Infantry,  
Comdy Post.

### HISTORICAL SKETCH

#### St. Mary's Cathedral, Cheyenne, Wyoming

The history of the Church in Cheyenne in its early years is practically a history of the diocese; for after Fort Laramie it is one of the oldest settlements in the state. With the building of the Union Pacific Railroad in the fall of 1867, there was a great influx of settlers, and Cheyenne grew up, so to speak over night. The Rev. Wm. Kelly was sent by Bishop O'Gorman of Omaha, to whose jurisdiction this territory belonged, to organize the Catholics and build up a parish. As has been noted in the general history of the diocese, his territory extended from Sidney Nebraska, to Wasatch Canon, Utah, and to the north as far as Ft. Laramie. There were no settlements north of Ft. Laramie.

Fr. Kelly set to work with characteristic energy and in 1868 was able to dedicate a frame church (under the patronage of St. John Baptist) at 21st and O'Neil Streets, on the northwest corner, on four lots donated by the Union Pacific Railroad Company. A few rooms attached to the church served as the parochial residence, and the entire cost of the building was \$4000.00. Most of the congregation came from Camp Carlin, a government supply station situated half way between the present Cheyenne and Fort Russell. Fr. Kelly remained in charge until October 9th, 1869. After leaving Cheyenne he did general missionary work in Nebraska and in the early '80's retired to St. Philomena's Cathedral, Omaha, to pass his declining years. His death occurred in November 1907, within a month of the selling and demolition of the cathedral which was crowded out to make room for the rapidly extending commercial life of the city.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Phillip Erlach (from October 9th, 1869, to April 16th, 1871) who was afterwards pastor of an Irish colony at St. John's, Nebraska, (now Jackson) and there passed to his reward.

Rev. William Byrne took charge and remained until September, 1873. After Bishop O'Gorman's death, he acted as administrator of the Vicariate. He died of tuberculosis while serving as pastor at North Platte. At the present time (1918) a brother James Byrne resides in Omaha, and two cousins, Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald and Mrs. Ellen Murphy reside in Cheyenne.

Rev. John McGoldrick was then appointed and served the parish until October 18th, 1877. Considering the old church property inadequate to the needs of the growing congregation, he secured two lots at the northeast corner of 19th and Carey Avenue, as



site for the new church. He also secured a plot of ten acres to be used as a Catholic cemetery.

Through the good offices of Mr. Lawrence Bresnahan this ground was donated by the city. Mr. Bresnahan as Mayor gave a bond April 28th, 1876, to the church authorities, pledging the transfer of the property as soon as the city could secure a patent from Washington. Feeling that this plot was not sufficiently large for burial purposes Messrs. Lawrence Bresnahan and Tim Dyer later on persuaded the city through Mr. Heck Reel as Mayor to give another bond (September 25, 1885) whereby it pledged to convey ten acres more to Rev. F. J. Nugent as trustee.

On May 8th, 1888, the city deeded to Rt. Rev. Maurice F. Burke 18.32 acres for \$45.80. Presumably the city did not get the full 20 acres from the United States government. On November 23rd, 1903, Most Rev. John J. Keane and Rt. Rev. Henry Cosgrove, as administrators of the estate of Rt. Rev. Thomas Lenihan; transferred this property to the Church of St. Mary. These facts were secured from the records of the Court House. Father McGoldrick died in Cheyenne of tuberculosis but was buried in Omaha.

Rev. John Jennette next guided the destinies of the parish from December, 1877, to August 4th, 1878. He laid the foundation of the brick church on the property purchased by Father McGoldrick, and the second church like the first was dedicated under the patronage of the St. John the Baptist. The families of the congregation at this time numbered from 50 to 75, and the only railroad in Cheyenne besides the Union Pacific was a spur to Boulder and Denver known as the Colorado Central. All communication with the country to the north was by stage. During his incumbency at Cheyenne Father Jennette erected a church at Sidney, Nebraska, but was later on given charge of the newly created parish of St. Patrick, Omaha, which he served for a number of years, beloved by every one. For the past two decades he has been serving as Chaplain at St. Joseph's Hospital, Omaha, and has been Dean of the Omaha Deanery. He passed to his reward August 25th, 1918.

Rev. John Hayes succeeded Fr. Jennette as pastor and governed the parish up to November 18th, 1882. During the first year he was assisted by Rev. John T. Lee. The church begun by his predecessor was brought to completion and solemnly dedicated in May, 1879, by Very Rev. D. I. McDermott, G. G., the Bishop at the time being present at the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The other clergymen in attendance were Revs. Hugh Cumminsky, M. F. Cassidy, Daniel Hayes and the pastor. Father McDermott preached in the morning on Faith and in the evening on the Blessed Sacrament. Father Hayes died November 18th, 1882, and was buried in Cheyenne. During Fr. Hayes' pastorate a substantial brick parochial residence was built adjoining the church.

Rev. Francis J. Nugent was in charge from November 25th, 1882, to June 20th, 1886. He started a parochial school which was

temporarily located in the old frame church, and placed it under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. It was shortly moved to the new brick building erected for that purpose at the rear of the church. He also secured the splendid school property adjoining the state Capitol and superintended the construction of the present academy. A man of boundless energy he founded and conducted, with the help of Mr. Joseph McGill, (at present lives near Cody, Wyoming) a weekly paper known as the Catholic Mirror, which however was foredoomed to failure owing to the smallness of the Catholic population. After leaving Cheyenne Father Nugent served as pastor at Rawlins for a year and half, but was again brought back to Cheyenne where he remained from January, 1888, to March, 1891. A very successful mission was conducted in the parish in October, 1888, by Rev. Arnold Damen, the famous Jesuit Missionary. Father Nugent went from Cheyenne to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he was rector of the Cathedral. He joined the Benedictine monks at Birmingham, England, where he was professed September 8th, 1902, and died in London, March 15, 1920 (he was born in county Tyrone, Ireland, in 1859, and ordained at Baltimore, Md., by Cardinal Gibbons in 1882). Father Nugent was an indefatigable worker, but a poor financial manager. The Bishop on his return from a prolonged sojourn in Rome, was compelled to borrow money to pay various debts contracted by Father Nugent.

Rev. John T. Smith was pastor from July 9th, 1886, to November 23rd, 1887. It was in this latter year that Cheyenne was created a diocese, and on the arrival of the first Bishop, Rt. Rev. Maurice F. Burke, D. D., Father Smith returned to his own diocese, and was stationed at Hubbard, Nebraska, for a short time, then at Sacred Heart Parish, Omaha, and finally at St. Patrick's Church, Omaha. He cleared that parish of a large debt and erected a beautiful new brick church and died there February, 1915. At the advent of Bishop Burke a \$6000.00 addition was made to the parochial residence for the accommodation of the bishop.

Rev. M. J. Carmody was in charge from May, 1891, to March, 1892.

Rev. Edward Fitzgerald from July, 1892, to November, 1893. He followed the Bishop, on the latter's transfer to St. Joseph, and later was appointed Chaplain in the United States Army and retired with the rank of Major, residing in southern California until the outbreak of the present war when he was recalled to duty and is now serving at Ft. Douglas, Salt Lake City.

Rev. Thomas Conway assumed charge in December, 1893, and remained until November, 1897, leaving for Colorado after the arrival of Bishop Lenihan. He is now doing effective work in Grand Junction, Colorado, where he has built a brick church and school.

Rev. P. U. Sasse was in charge from November, 1897, to December, 1900. From Cheyenne he was sent to Sheridan where he built a brick church; then to Rawlins and is now pastor at Golden, Colorado.

Rev. George J. Bryant served as pastor from December, 1900, to January, 1902; he was then sent to Casper, where he built a frame parochial residence. He is now assistant at St. Augustine's church, Oakland, California.

Rev. Michael A. Kennedy served the parish from May, 1903, to December, 1903. He held other charges in the diocese, and died in 1911, pastor of Rock Springs.

Rev. James A. Duffy was in charge from November, 1904, to April, 1913. He was of invaluable assistance to Bishop Keane, during whose administration the new cathedral and Bishop's house were erected. After the opening of the new cathedral a mission was conducted by the Paulist Fathers of New York City. Father Duffy's splendid work was recognized by his ecclesiastical superiors, and he was appointed bishop of the newly erected see of Kearney, Nebraska, January, 1913.

Bishop McGovern took personal charge until May 1st, 1915, when he appointed Rev. James A. Hartmann rector. It was during the latter's able administration that the small debt remaining on the cathedral was liquidated, three houses and lots on 21st street joining the church property purchased, and Cathedral Hall erected as a social center for the people of the parish. This last mentioned institution, with the ground on which it stands, represents an outlay of \$120,000.00 and has no rival between the Mississippi river and the Pacific coast. Fr. Hartmann also improved Olivet cemetery by the addition of beautiful and substantial gates, by placing the monuments in straight and parallel lines, and by getting most of the lots under perpetual care. The beautiful Celtic Cross of Barre Granite in the center of the cemetery, erected in 1923 at an expense of \$3000.00 was the gift of Bishop McGovern.

A two-weeks' mission was conducted by Rev. P. B. Donnelly, D. D., an Oblate Father from London, England, from November 11th to 25th, and another two-weeks' mission by Revs. J. Cunningham and J. McGuire, both of the society of Jesus, from September 24th to October 8th, 1922.

The following legacies have been left to St. Mary's cathedral since 1908:

From James Duffy, property valued at from \$2000.00 to \$3000.00; from William Moffatt \$500.00; from Nora Van Dyke \$1000.00; and from Ellen Conroy \$2728.00, half of which, however, was voluntarily turned over to her niece, Ellen Welch.

Among prominent members of the parish may be mentioned: Messrs. John F. Crowley, John Martin, P. Jacob Gauff, Dennis J. O'Connell, Joseph Cahill, Charles McGarvey, Dr. J. H. Conway, Thomas McInerney, Frank Bon, William Mullen, Dr. T. J. Henneberry, John T. Bell, William Dinneen, John H. Smith, John McDonald, Joseph O'Mahoney, Walter Phelan; and Mesdames A. E. Roedel and Mary Schmidt.

(Signed) PATRICK A. McGOVERN.

1924

## COUTANT NOTES Sheridan County

Organized in 1888, named for General Phi Sheridan, 90 miles east and west, 30 miles north and south making 2700 square miles.

Organized in May, 1888, under the county organization act of territory legislature passed March 9, 1888.

Sheridan County was created from the northern portion of Johnson County. April 12, 1888, Governor Moonlight appointed the following as commissioners to organize Sheridan County: Henry Baker, Dayton; Cornelius Bulware, Big Horn; and Marion C. Harris, Sheridan. The election resulted in choosing the following officials:

Sheriff—Thomas J. Keesee.

Clerk—Frank McCoy.

Treasurer—James P. Robinson.

Attorney—William J. Stover.

Commissioners—M. C. Harris.

Commissioners—W. E. Jackson.

Commissioners—Peter Reynolds.

Superintendent Schools — Richard McGrath.

Assessor—Pulaski Calvert.

Surveyor—Jack Dow.

Coroner—Dr. Wilbur F. Green.

Road Superintendent—James T. Glasgow.

Total vote footed up 958.

County seat vote was as follows: Sheridan 486, Big Horn 248 and Dayton 224.

The Commissioners appointed three qualified electors in each voting precinct to act as Judges.

Pass Creek—T. R. Dana, Samuel Church and Wesley Brittain.

Ohlman—D. A. Ditz, Emanuel Achenbach and John W. Bill.

Dayton—Ed. R. Dinwiddie, Joseph D. Thom and Dennie G. Frisbie.

Bingham—Wm. Garrard, George W. Abbe, J. W. Patterson.

Tongue River—Samuel H. Early, William E. Wagner, J. M. Barnett.

Sheridan—Oliver P. Hardee, Marcellers E. Sawin, Henry Held.

Beckton—R. W. Moline, James R. Robinson, Harry Fulmer.

Big Horn—Richard D. Darlington, Charles W. Skinner, Alfonso Lambrugger.

Banner—James Terrill, John W. Price, Wm. W. Hazen.

Lower Prairie Dog—Arthur P. Dow, John C. Patterson, Oscar T. Smith.

Piney—John H. Dunlay, Barnes Burris, Frank Sturdevant.

Bear Creek—J. Smith, J. J. Davis, William H. Hunt.

Notice in Post calling election April 25, 1888.

(SEAL)

Seal adopted on the organization of Sheridan County May 9, 1888.

Sheridan, Wyoming, May 9th, 1888, 1:30 p. m.

The commissioners met, there being present Henry Baker, Chairman Cornelius Boulaure and M. C. Harris.

Sheridan having received the highest number of votes cast for the county seat is declared the county seat of Sheridan County.

First county officers elected in Sheridan county.

Sheriff, Franke Keesee; County Clerk, rank McCoy; Probate Judge and County Treasurer, James P. Robinson; Prosecuting Attorney, Wm. J. Stover; county commissioners, Marion C. Harris, Wm. E. Jackson, Peter Reynolds.

County Supt. of Schools — Richard McGrath.

Coroner—Wilbur T. Green.

County Surveyor—Jack Dow.

Assessor—Pulaski Calvert.

Road Supervisor—James T. Glasco.

Justice of Peace—John T. Yeakey (Tongue River District).

Constable—W. H. Wilerson (Sheridan District).

### County After It Was Organized History

In the spring of 1880 in company with M. Works, we left Bedford, Iowa, with a mule team bound overland for Bozeman, Montana. We proceeded on our journey without any mishaps and crossed Big Goose at the present site of the town of Sheridan about the twentieth of June, was favorably impressed with the locality and fertility of the country, but wishing to see more we pushed on and camped June 26th, on Custer's battlefield on the Little Horn, just four years after the fight. Saw where the men fell, as there had been no effort made to bury them in a grave but had just thrown dirt over them, leaving some of their feet with their boots sticking out. Their lines was in the shape of a V as they came down a ridge towards the river, one line on each side coming about one and a half miles from the river with Custer at the point.

We arrived at the end of our destination, Bozeman, on the 11th day of July. Here we stayed a couple of months and seeing nothing that suited us as well as the Goose Creek country. Mr. Works took the team and in company with Judd Dunham returned to that place, where he arrived the first of October and built a cabin on unsurveyed Government land, about three miles above the present location of Sheridan. I bought a pony outfit and took a trip through the Yellowstone Park, returned to Bozeman and took the stage in October for Red Rock, Montana, then the terminus of the U. and N. Railroad, spent some little time at Virginia City and intermediate points, and at Ogden took the overland R. R. for home in Iowa. In the spring of 1881 packed up our goods and started back to this country "via" St. Paul and Bismarck, then the terminus of the N. P. R. R. Here we took a small steamer bound for Miles City. On our way, at old Fort Berthold we visited the Indian camp of 700 of Sitting Bull's surrendered Indians. We arrived at Miles City in June, 1881. On the opposite side of Tongue river from Miles City and below Fort Keogh was "Rain in the Face's" band of 1600 Indians waiting transportation to Standing Rock Agency on the Missouri in the Dakotas. The steamboats soon arrived and the landing commenced. It was an impressive scene, the Indians were

camped on the Yellowstone, which was very high at that time of the year, above them Fort Keogh, below them Tongue river and in their rear soldiers with cannon at commanding places. For two days and nights while getting everything in readiness, the Indians and more especially the squaws kept up their dismal howlings on taking their farewell to their beloved homes and hunting grounds. On the morning of the third day they were forced, at the point of the bayonet and the cannon, on board of the several steamers, and were soon wending their way down the stream. Thus departed Sitting Bull, Rain in the Face, their brave warriors, squaws and papooses, with all their glory, to take up the degrading life to them, of an agency Indian. Their country, once theirs, was now open for settlement by the whites. I remained in Miles City, that summer and winter, when the N. P. R. R. was completed to that place. On the first day of March, 1882, in company with Hon. John McCormick (leaving my family in Miles City) we started with teams for the Goose Creek country, arriving there about the 20th of March, having camped out the bigger part of the way. Sackett & Skinner had settled on, and built a small store on the new present site of Big Horn. Hon. George T. Beck had located and was living on a ranch on Big Goose, now called Beckton, Richard McGrath was keeping stage station on Wolf Creek. R. F. Mock kept the post office called Bingham on Tongue River and John Rhodes, (J. M. Work's son-in-law) was keeping the Mondell post office at the Big Goose crossing. I found my old friend J. M. Works comfortably situated on a ranch three miles above the crossing. I took up a claim (which we now own) two miles farther up. This was in March, 1882, the land had been surveyed during my absence in the fall of 1881. Mr. Rhodes wishing to leave for a more promising country. I bought his outfit and took charge of the post-office about April the 10th. I walked about ten miles to be sworn in and walked back the same day and on this walk I conceived the idea that at the crossing and at the junction of the two streams, was a natural location for a small town or trading post. And forthwith I invited what few settlers I could find, J. Walter Scott, M. L. Sawin, J. G. Hunter, Ken M. Burkitt, Alex. Gould, who met at my place on the first of May, talked the matter over and agreed it was worth attempting. We met again in a few days, organized a company of which I was elected President, J. Walter Scott Sec. and Ken M. Burkitt Treas. We talked over the prospect of building up a town and came to the conclusion that forty acres was more than enough for years to come. As President I advanced three dollars, the registering fee, sent to Cheyenne, presented it as town-site and had it withdrawn as such, from the market, and on May the 10th, 1882, with Jack Dow for surveyor we commenced to stake out the town. At a subsequent meeting we named our staked out town Sheridan, and in order to raise funds to pay expenses, we required every one who took a lot to pay the sum of \$2.50 for the first and fifty cents

for each additional lot. Besides the building which I occupied, (which was built by George Mondel) at the crossing, was a small log house used for a dwelling, and quite a large log building used for a stable, both buildings were said to have been built by horse thieves and used for their purpose.

The mails were carried through this part of the country on buckboards, and when the streams were high they could not cross, but would stretch a rope across and pull the mail over on it, and sometimes passengers when they would visit it the drivers would then turn round and go back to the next stream or station. Big Goose, being one of the uncrossable streams, the driver quite often had to wait here and sometimes stay all night. There was at this time a big six footer by the name of Foster driving on this run, who was stopping with me one night, when at about dusk five big buck Indians came marching in, asked for something to eat, (I was just getting supper) and stay all night. As it was raining I did not like to turn them out, and did not like the looks of them-either, they were big ugly looking fellows and well armed. I knew they were not Crows, they seemed sullen and would not talk much, Foster said they were Cheyennes and were out on mischief and for me not to let them stay, as they would certainly rob and maybe murder both of us. I thought I could better control them inside than out, at least I did not want to let them know I was afraid of them. I told them yes, and went on cooking supper, paying no more attention to them until supper was ready. I then filled full tinplates for four of them, then set supper on the table for Foster and I then addressing the one I took for leader, told him, Foster my friend. You my friend, sit down and eat with him, he looked at me and then at the others. I said again, you my friend, and motioned to him to sit up in my place, at that the others said "How" then he said "How" and took the seat, then I knew all was right. And when we came to go to bed, they spread their blankets on the floor (ground floor), they gave me their guns and belts to keep until morning, and to show them that I trusted them, I stood their guns up at their heads when they said "How" again. Foster took his blankets and crawled through a hole we had for a window and took for the brush, saying that he was not going to trust his scalp in the hands of no treacherous Indians. I laid down and slept as soundly as ever knowing that an Indian never went back on friendship. Next morning at daylight all were up and they seemed pleased to find everything as we had left them. I gave them their breakfast, some tobacco, bacon and flour and started them on their way with a hearty "How." Foster didn't show up until after they were gone, seemed surprised to find everything all right, said he did not have very pleasant time of it, laid awake all night expecting every moment to see the shack afire. On the next morning one lone Indian came riding up, said "How" and then proceeded to stretch and nail upon one end of the cabin, two freshly caught beaver hides with the remark "you keep," then I recog-

nized one of my friends of the day before and with a "How" he was off. Henry Hel built and operated a blacksmith shop, the first permanent building on the townsite, R Cornwell built the first residence, and his family was the first to live in the town, the next building was a saloon. This was about the first of July. I sent for my family about that time, cost me \$150.00 to bring them from Miles City a distance of 150 miles, were fifteen days making the trip, no bridges at the time and had to ford streams quite often which at times were dangerous, I had at this time increased my stock of goods. Hon Robert Foote of Buffalo, kindly and materially aided me, for such unselfish deeds to the early settlers, he is entitled to the gratitude of the country. And among my first customers, after I received my first load of goods, was "White Horse" and his band of about one hundred Indians, squaws and papooses, of the Crow tribe. They camped on the opposite side of the creek for about three days. The first day was spent with them in looking over things, pricing, etc. towards evening a small band of bucks came marching in, headed by an ugly and ill-tempered looking fellow, who demanded "Whiskey." I told him I did not keep it, he did not seem satisfied but proceeded to hunt for it, he come around behind the counter, stepped before him, and asked him again what he wanted, he said "Whiskey." I told him again I did not keep it, at that he came close up to me and said in my face "you lie."

I grabbed him by the shoulders, turned him around and pushed and kicked him out of the door, the others stood looking on, grinning and grunting their approval, and followed him out and hissed him back to camp, after that I had no more trouble. They cleaned me out of sugar, bacon, flour, red and blue calico and went their way rejoicing, and I cleaned them out of buffalo robes, beaver hides and what silver dollars they had and ever after we were good friends. During the summer and fall several families moved in and took up claims in the near vicinity. That fall a general election, we had a voting precinct established and as I was one of the Judges we used my kitchen for a voting place. At this election, I saw for the first time women at the polls voting, and let it be said to the credit of the "Wild and Wooley West," cow boys, hunters, trappers and ranchers, who were assembled there, that I never saw more orderly, or well conducted election in my life, when the ladies came up to vote (there were seven of them), loud talking ceased, the crowd opened ranks, hats off and nose to any one who would have dared to utter an oath or slurring remark in their presence. We polled somewhere near one hundred votes. At this election party lines were not drawn, each one voting for, as we thought, the best man for the place. During this fall we made application to be represented in the Big Horn school district, which was done. The man that had taken the claim that the little log house was on concluded that he did not want it, so he moved it over for us a kitchen, and in this we ha-

first school of fifteen scholars. Miss ara Works (now Mrs. Moehler of Buffalo) was our first teacher, wages \$75.00 per month. I had made application and was appointed Justice of the Peace Public, was then the only officer who could administer oaths, take acknowledgements, etc., within a large scope of country. Winter set in early and cold, snow was deep, and I saw the thermometer go down to 46 below zero the first of February. A great many cattle died that winter for several cattlemen companies had located in the numerous valleys, and had brought in vast herds. Among these were the Grinnell Live Stock Company, Hardin & Campbell, Patrick Brothers, Conrad and Company, Ferguson Brothers, Cross & Dunnick and a few others. The winter set in early spring opened early. Crops were put in and a big harvest returned, settlers came in thick and fast and the first of December, 1883, nearly every town was occupied by some one with every conceivable kind of a lodging place. J. H. Conrad & Company had built a large store in the spring and had filled it with a stock of general merchandise. I had also built quite a large building (now occupied by the First National Bank) and filled it with goods. The school district had built a \$1,000 school house and other buildings such as hotels, livery barns, saloons, blacksmith shops and dwelling houses showed the prosperity of the town. We had built a bridge across Big Goose and settlers still continued to come, ditches were being taken out of the several streams and the soil responded bountifully to the industry of the pioneer settler. The first marriage took place in Sheridan this summer, the bride was a Miss Cole, and rather funny or to them serious mishap or break occurred right here, as I was a Justice Public the groom (being ignorant of the duties of that officer) took for granted that I could perform the marriage ceremony as well as to administer oaths, etc., supper was ready and everything else including the bride. When the groom came over to inform me that my presence was needed in an official capacity to solemnize the marriage ceremony but I (Oh how I hated to do it) had to inform him that the law did not permit me to perform that pleasing ceremony, and that he would have to look elsewhere, with the western grit he saddled up a bronco, started out on a 12 mile trip to the home of Elder Benton above Big Horn, arrived back at 2 a. m., found the bride and supper still waiting and was soon joined in the bonds of matrimony by the Elder in true orthodox style. In the fall and winter of 1883 we thought ourselves of enough importance to incorporate. So R. M. Cotton, an attorney from Colorado, who had opened up an office in Sheridan and myself drew up the necessary bill which passed the Legislature in January. We held our first election on the 2nd Tuesday in March, when the following officers were elected. Mayor, J. D. Loucks, Justices, M. C. Harris, Robert J. Mills and Thos. M. Cotton. Thus we became an incorporated town in the midst of a prosperous community. To show the peaceable character and disposition of the early settlers I

will mention this incident. In the fall of '84 we elected George Brundage, Justice of the Peace and during the two years he served he had but one case before him which took place in this primitive style, the constable arrested a man for some offense and started with him for the home of Mr. Brundage, which was then too high to cross, so standing on the bank with the prisoner, he yelled over to Mr. Brundage, who was working in sight. He came to the bank and wanted to know what was wanted, the constable told him who he had, the nature of the crime, etc., the justice then asked the prisoner if the charge was true, to which he answered yes. "Men the verdict of this court is that you pay in the hands of the constable five dollars, and when it is paid you are at liberty," the prisoner paid the fine, started up the creek, the constable back to town and the Justice to his work.

During all this time there had not been a single sermon of any kind preached here, although a Sunday school had been successfully carried on. In the spring of '84 there got off the stage one morning quite a young man by the name of Probert right from Wales, England, who said that he had been sent to Sheridan by the Congregational Mission Society, and on the following Sunday he preached the first sermon in Sheridan. He stayed one year and was then transferred to Africa. Rev. Jennings took his place and remained two years. In the summer of '87 Rev. Rader, superintendent of Wyoming of the M. E. Church arrived and organized the Methodist Church. Rev. Vosselter the first M. E. minister. Then came Rev. T. T. Howd and organized the Baptist Church. The first newspaper, "The Sheridan Post," put out its first edition in May, 1887. J. D. Loucks and Thomas M. Cotton publishers. Thos. M. Cotton editor. In the fall T. T. Tynan & Fay Sommers launched forth the Enterprise.

At the election in the fall of 1886 the Republicans put forth their first party ticket with J. D. Loucks at the head for Councilman, who was elected as was the bigger part of the ticket. During the year of '87 we of the northern part of Johnson County, not liking the treatment we were receiving at the hands of the southern part concluded we would be better off if we had a county of our own. With this feeling and wish of the northern part, in conjunction with Mr. Guernsey of Lusk we introduced in the Council of the Legislature of 1888 a bill creating four new counties. I was chairman of the committee on Counties in the Council, took the bill up promptly and had it passed 11 to 1. But in the house it met opposition and was amended to three counties. A conference committee was then appointed and the council agreed to the amendment, but before it was completed in the house, some one stole the bill in the evening of the last day of the session, and as there was only one more bill to pass, the appropriation bill, it looked as if that was the end of the three new counties. Nothing daunted, we called our forces together, engaged four good clerks, and while the house was putting the finishing touches to the appropriation bill, we drew up another

County Bill. I had anticipated some trouble of some kind, so had the engrossing clerk to make me a copy of our part of the bill, the part pertaining to Sheridan County, some few days previous, so I could be prepared for any emergency and could tack it on some other bill, and in order to gain time, when the appropriation bill was brought in the council. I moved that it be sent back for (some imaginary) correction, and it was so done and as it was nearing the hour of midnight I, the President, asked to have the Sergeant at Arms to stop the clock which was done at 11:45, we then voted to have lunch and by 1 A. M. the clerks had the county bill prepared, was then called to order, the appropriation bill was then read the first time, referred to proper committee, reported favorable, read the second time before the committee of the whole, when I moved to amend by annexing the county bill which was done and passed the council at about 4 a. m., then sent to the house for concurrence, passed and sent to Governor Moonlight by 5 a. m. when he vetoed the whole thing, and the funny part of it was, he dated his veto the day before, as he had been up all night signing bills and sending to the council for concurrence, appointment to office, he had forgotten another day had commenced. When Johnson County brought suit to enjoin Sheridan County from organizing on the account of the illegality of the act as they claimed it was passed the day after the date fixed by law for the legislature to have adjourned this was the important factor in our favor.

The bill was returned to the council by 6 a. m., passed over the veto by both houses, sent to the secretary of the Territory and returned to the council with his certificate of filing by 8 a. m. when we adjourned sine die. Hon. J. A. Riner President of the council. I immediately wired to Sheridan via Fort McKinney the results when they immediately started for Cheyenne the necessary petition, which the Governor refused to recognize, because he said the bill said a petition and this was in two sections.

So the work had to be done over again which was accomplished in a few days, and upon this petition the Governor appointed the required commissioners to organize the new county of Sheridan. Said Commissioners M. C. Harris of Sheridan, W. E. Jackson of Big Horn, Henry Baker of Dayton, who called an election, and some time in May, 1888, the county was fully organized by electing the regular officers and swearing them in office.

Sheridan was chosen County Seat, and thus out of difficulty the northern star of Wyoming arose and blazed forth never to set, and may its light never be dimmed by infamy or dishonesty.

By J. D. LOUCKS.

Rawlins, Wyoming,  
May 21st, '9

Col. Coutant,

Dear Sir:—

Mr. Tom Sun tells me that in 1880 William Daley and others selected a route from Rawlins to Lander. They were accompanied by guards by some soldiers, one of whom wandered away from camp on what is now Lost Soldier Creek and losing himself wandered east to Tom Sun's ranch. The latch string was out but the soldier removed two panes of glass and unbuttoned the hinged sash, entering the cabin in this way found victual to satisfy his hunger and a place to sleep. From this came the name Lost Soldier. Tom Sun says a man who has not sense enough to go into a man's home by the door when was left open would get lost anywhere. I see Jim Baker died last Tuesday, the 17th 81 years old. This makes Washakie 84 years old. Best regards and best wishes from yours,

(Signed) THOMAS G. MAGHEE.

#### AMONG THE BOOKS

Dr. Grace R. Hebard has brought out eight counties of her Place Names Series. They have been published in the newspaper of the counties she writes about. She is also working on her Biography of "Sacajawea."

"The Bullwhacker," by Wm. F. Hooker is just from the press. Turning the pages a random the eye catches the familiar name "Tim Dyer's Tin Restaurant," Cheyenne Trail, Fort Fetterman, La Bonte Creek, John Hunton, Charley Clay, Ben Nash,—but why go on—the book is replete with Frontier History. The Wyoming State Historical Department has purchased one copy.

"Uinta County, Its Place in History," is the title chosen by Elizabeth Arnold Stone for her history which is now on the press.

Mrs. Stone has traveled extensively and supplemented her college training with two years in Europe. She was a member of the first faculty of the University of Wyoming where she taught French and German. She has inherited literary talent, has published a small volume of verse, and is a frequent contributor to newspapers and periodicals. She was born in Ohio, but has lived in Wyoming most of her life, and in the county of which she writes since the year 1875. In scope her book covers the natural wonders and beauties of the region, early discoveries and history, and the development of this important original county into the divisions of Teton, Sublette, Lincoln and Uinta Counties, as well as the Yellowstone National Park. The book will be well illustrated and will carry maps. It will be of such value as source material that it should be in every library in the state. It will be on the market the middle of November. Published by The Laramie Printing Company. Price, regular cloth bound copies, \$3.50. Special Autograph Edition bound in pantasote and limited to 200 numbered volumes, \$5.00.

## ACCESSIONS

July 1, 1924—October 1, 1924

All accessions are gifts, unless otherwise stated

<b>Museum</b>	
ford, Miss .....	Picture of "Calamity Jane."
askell, P. L. ....	Powder horn. Buckshot mold. Caps of muzzle loading gun.
allagher, Mr. ....	Two pictures of "Hell's Half Acre." Fragments from bottom of "Hell's Half Acre."
atts, Mr. A. E. ....	Old gun. Stage coach whip (Black Hills route). Mounted eagle. A. T. Douglas, spurs.
ebard, Dr. G. R. ....	Campaign 1899 Statehood badge. Statehood celebration badge. Frontier badge.
ickey, Mr. Samuel.....	Sash and medallion for Grand Marshall Staff, McKinley, 1897.
urgis, Mr. Wm. ....	Six maps. G. B. Goodell chaps, 1873. Muzzle loading fowling piece. Powder horn. Shot pouch. Civil war rifle. Haversack, 1863. Model hay rick, Sturgis. Badge, Governor Warren's Inauguration 1899. Card to Inaugural Ball, April 9, 1889.
asper Chamber of Commerce	Picture of "Unthank" grave (1850) on Oregon Trail.
esse Brown and Bill Hooker..	Piece of post planted by the Gordon party December, 1874.
essey, Mrs. Henrietta.....	Piece of head-light from ship sunk at Battle of Manila.
<b>Historical Library</b>	
Original Manuscripts—	
Mr. Thomas Maghee.	
Mr. Fin Burnett.	
Mr. Ed. Farlow.	
Mrs. Jennie Boland.	
Mr. T. J. Bryant.	
Major A. B. Ostrander.	
Rev. Patrick McGovern.	
Mr. T. S. Garrett.	
Mrs. Leisberg.	
Mrs. Charles E. Ellis.	
Mr. Chester Baldwin.....	Lander records.
Mr. C. B. Stafford .....	"Unthank" correspondence.
Mr. J. C. Coble .....	Copies of manuscripts, letters and five copies "Tom Horn" Vindication.
Cheyenne Chamber of Com-	
merce .....	Letter.
Mrs. Nannie Steele .....	Original legal document.
Mr. Wm. Sturgis .....	Original legal documents. 24 newspapers. Cheyenne Club Year Book, Vol. 1, Nos. 6 and 9. A collection of pamphlets, receipts, etc., total 190.
Miss Burrill.....	Manual of General Court of Massachusetts. State House, Boston.
Edwin M. Smith.....	Bound newspaper. "The Cottontail," edited and published by Edwin M. Smith (12 years old).
Gillette Woman's Club.....	Year Book for 1924-25.
Purchased by the Wyoming Historical Department .....	Two copies "Seventy Years on the Frontier," by Majors (Paper). One copy "The Bullwhacker," by William F. Hooker.
Newspaper clippings and magazine articles containing Wyoming history have been contributed by Mrs. J. C. Coble, Mrs. A. H. Beach, Mr. R. S. Ellison, Mr. Burke Sinclair, Mr. C. B. Stafford, Mr. Greenburg and Colonel Stokes.	
<b>War History</b>	
Mrs. H. B. Henderson.....	Historical Records of World War Soldiers, Series of month- ly bulletins issued by Department of A. L. A., collec- tion of newspaper clippings, correspondence, annual reports and programs by counties.
Mrs. J. C. VanDyke.....	Letter.

IN MEMORIAM

**WILLIAM BRADFORD ROSS**

GOVERNOR OF WYOMING

OBITUARY OCTOBER 2, 1924

---

HONEST IN CONVICTION.  
COURAGEOUS IN CONFLICT.  
LOYAL IN FRIENDSHIP.  
A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.



Mrs. Cyrus Beard.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

# QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Vol. 2

Cheyenne, January 15, 1925

No. 3

## THE FUR TRADERS

The history of the settlement of Wyoming begins with those venturesome explorers who were in search of furs to supply the urgent demand in European capitals. While they seldom settled permanently in one place, they nevertheless paved the way for the march of civilization that followed in their wake. As fur-bearing animals decreased in numbers it became ever more important that new sources of fur supply be discovered. In the search for new trapping fields first came Sieur de la Verendrye and his three sons, assisted by Pierre Gauthier de Varennes, pushing out from the head waters of the Missouri in search of a gateway through the mountains. (1)

Perhaps it was fortunate that De la Verendrye failed in his object and returned home after eleven years without discovering a way across the mountains. Before France could make another attempt the Seven Years War with England left the trading posts in the hands of the English, who left exploring altogether to the fur companies. Following the American Revolution the posts became possessions of the United States and in 1804 the government sent out Lewis and Clark to explore the country to the Northwest, including that which lay in the new Louisiana Purchase from France. (2)

Lewis and Clark encountered trappers of the Missouri Fur Company from the south and of the Hudson Bay Company from the north but at no time did the expedition travel over any of the country now occupied by Wyoming though they came within fifty-six miles of the northwest corner of the state and heard of the wonders of the Yellowstone Park. They opened a new country and blazed a path for western progress and it is due to this step in the march of civilization that we find in Wyoming a lake named for Lewis and a town and stream named for Clark. From this time on there is more or less authentic information as to the settlers and traders of Wyoming. There are many unsubstantiated reports of the expeditions made into the state across the southern border by early Spaniards but there are no written records of these explorers. Probably the country was visited by daring adventurers before the time of Lewis and Clark but history has not yet proved how they came nor when they left. (3)

There is a record of a body of twenty trappers under the leadership of Ezekial Williams who came into the region now known as Wyoming but they accomplished nothing of importance in producing furs because they

were not used to fighting their way through a hostile country. They encountered some friendly Crow Indians who treated them so royally that one of their number, an Edward Rose, decided to remain with the tribe. He afterwards became a chief and is known in history as the first American to take up a permanent residence in the Big Horn country and as near as can be determined was the first permanent American resident in Wyoming. (4)

Among the early trail breakers in this untraveled country were Wilson Price Hunt and Robert Stuart. In 1810, Hunt, as a member of Astor's Pacific Fur Company started westward on his way to the Pacific coast intending to develop a fur trade in the Rocky mountain country. Because of Indian hostility he had to go far to the south of the Lewis and Clark road and in so doing established the first trail across the state. This trail, though not the easy road across the mountains, opened the way for the great American fur trade. The soldier followed and stilled the country to the point where permanent settlement took place. (5)

The following year, a return party under Robert Stuart started to St. Louis from Fort Astor, Oregon. Upon reaching the western boundary of Wyoming a well beaten Indian path was found leading to the southeast. The trail was not difficult to follow and the party headed toward the rift in the mountains later known as South Pass. The exact place of crossing the mountains is not known but they went as far south as the trail which soon became famous as the Oregon Trail. They reached the mouth of Poison Spider creek where it empties into the North Platte somewhat southwest of the present city of Casper. Here an early snow storm overtook them and they went into winter camp. They intended to stay until spring and built a warm log cabin, the first building to be erected in Wyoming by known white men. They were soon discovered by Indians and fearing an attack they moved on down the Platte and reached St. Louis in the spring of 1813. (6)

It should be remembered that Stuart led his men through a wilderness during the most severe season of the year. His was the first party of Americans to traverse the valley of the Sweetwater and some authors think it a great oversight that the stream does not bear the name of Stuart. The wanderings and explorations of these men are closely associated with the settlement of Wyoming. The first explorers of the North Platte had opened a way which led to the settling of Oregon and California and eventually to the settle-

# QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published by the Wyoming State Historical Department

## State Historical Board

Governor—Mrs. William B. Ross.  
Secretary of State—F. E. Lucas  
State Librarian—Flo La Chapelle

State Historian—Mrs. Cyrus Beard  
Secretary of the Board

## Advisory Board

Rt. Rev. P. A. McGovern, Cheyenne  
Dr. Grace R. Hebard, Laramie  
Mr. P. W. Jenkins, Cora  
Mrs. Willis M. Spear, Sheridan  
Mr. R. D. Hawley, Douglas  
Miss Margery Ross, Cody  
Mrs. E. T. Raymond, Newcastle  
Mr. E. H. Fourt, Lander

## Contents

The Fur Traders.....	Owen
St. Peter's Church (Sheridan).....	Bell
Notes.....	Surveyor General
Ames Monument.....	Coutant
Wm. Trufant.....	Coutant
James Talbot.....	Coutant
The Natural Fort.....	Coutant
Letters.....	Coutant
Told at the Camp Fire.....	Ordway
Necrology.....	Historian
Accessions.....	Historian

ment of Wyoming though the latter did not take place on a very large scale till nearly a century later. (7)

After the trail through the mountains had made new trapping fields available men became interested in gathering furs. St. Louis as the frontier town on the border of civilization became the chief outfitting post of the fur trade. Men with small capital as well as large organizations like Astor's made excursions into the new west and pursued the perilous task of fur trapping. (8)

The most important of these fur trading expeditions that concerns this state was the one made by Wm. Ashley of St. Louis, who saw an opportunity to enter the fur business while the Missouri Fur Co. under Manuel Lisa and the Hudson Bay Co. were competing against each other. Ashley's plan was to make friends with the Indians and employ them to trap in his service. In 1822, he started with a small company of men for the mountains. He established a post on the Yellowstone as a base for operations and covered the country far to the southward in a region not yet touched by the great fur companies. Following up the Big Horn as far as the Wind River Valley, he trapped on the

Big and Little Wind rivers, Big Popo Agie, Little Popo Agie, North Fork and Beaver creek. He returned to St. Louis for the winter and came back the next spring with a much larger force. (9)

Ashley found the business so profitable in the Sweetwater country that he sent back for men to join him. Meanwhile he reached the Spanish river, the name of which he changed to Green river in honor of one of his St. Louis partners. Along the Green river they found beavers so tame that they could shoot them with a rifle. On one of the tributaries they saw many horses grazing in the meadows and for this reason named the stream Horse creek. (10)

Among other members of Ashley's organization were Andrew Henry, Jediah S. Smith, Wm. Sublette, Milton Sublette, David E. Jackson, Robert Campbell, James Bridger, Etienne Provost, Fitzpatrick and many men whose names became famous in the history of the west. One of these men led a party through a rift in the mountains later known as South Pass. Although easy of passage, its ascent and descent being so gradual as to be hardly perceptible, the significance of this gateway on a road to the west was one of vital importance because it unlocked the mountains that had been an arresting barrier until that time. From South Pass the little band journeyed down the Big Sandy to its junction with the Green river, a site that was soon to become famous as the Green river rendezvous. (11)

General Ashley completely revolutionized the methods of trapping. Before his time the trappers had journeyed in canoes and the trapping fields lay along streams that could carry furs by boat to St. Louis. Ashley had to mount his men on horseback and he selected only good riders and expert rifle shots. "These trappers soon became as expert in horsemanship as the redman, and being better armed, could outfight the Indian, yet in spite of the advantage the Indian found means to wage a war almost to extermination on the trappers. The savage learned to know the routes as well as the resorts of the white man on horseback and they made war by waylaying them on their journey. They hovered about their camps and made life with them a perpetual warfare. This in time resulted in greatly decimating the ranks of the trappers." It is thought that three-fifths of the trappers in Wyoming were killed by Indians, and the most of them were cut off while examining their traps. Yet the fascination of the mountain life kept the ranks recruited until the streams were depleted of fur bearing animals. (12)

In 1826, Ashley sold out his interests in the fur business to Captain Sublette who was head of an organization soon to become known as the Rocky Mountain Fur Co. Under this new organization the fur business continued to grow by leaps and bounds and the following year four hundred trappers had entered Wyoming to gather furs. Their supplies were hauled in by wagon and distributed at the rendezvous which took place every summer. These wagons were drawn by mules and the load for each vehicle was 1,800

pounds. These were the first wagons brought into Wyoming and they followed the North Platte and the Sweetwater but did not cross the continental divide. The Indians looked upon this wagon train as quite beyond their comprehension and feared they would eventually be forced to vacate. The Blackfeet, Sioux and Cheyennes became less friendly and Sublette was forced to unite for protection with the American Fur Co. whose activities had brought them into the field. These two companies were united only for their own safety and they competed against each other for furs. (13)

The Rocky Mountain fur trappers obtained \$175,000 worth of furs in one year, 1832. A large part of them was taken from the country now known as Wyoming but the fur business was on the decline. It was now realized that the immense fortunes of the business were a thing of the past. The Rocky Mountain Fur Co. sold out to their old rivals and the trapping henceforth was carried on by the American Fur Co. and a few free trappers. (14)

To the trappers belong the credit of having first made homes in Wyoming. Many of the men who came out with Ashley, Sublette and later under Bonneville conceived the idea of making the mountains their abiding place. These pioneers first broke the way through a wilderness where everything was against them. They traveled desolate mountains and barren prairies that showed no signs of habitation except that of the savages. They beheld ranges of mountains in front of them but knew nothing of their defiles or how to cross them. Those who settled down to make homes in the wilderness far from civilization were the brave and adventurous ones. Many of them took Indian wives which protected them from that particular tribe to which their wives belonged. For the most part they lived honorably with their native women. The surroundings prohibited any chance of education but education was not the common thing even in the states. (15)

Following in the tracks of the fur traders came other persons into the west. Captain Bonneville had long been fascinated by the work of fur trapping and decided to visit the new regions with the double purpose of gathering furs and of mapping the country through which he went. On May 1, 1832, he started from Fort Osage on the Missouri and led a band of 110 experienced hunters and trappers into the region now known as Wyoming. Because the fur business was on the wane and because the American Fur Co. was too powerful and experienced an organization to compete with, he did not make any money from furs. He gained much information, augmenting our store of geographical knowledge that in the end helped to push settlement further westward. The data he collected is considered fairly accurate for the means employed in those days; his maps were the first to give even the roughest approximation of the principal geographical features of this region. (16)

Bonneville proved that a wagon train could reach to the crest of the Rockies and started a procession of settlement wagons into the

west. The fort he built in Wyoming, Fort Nonsense, was not a permanent settlement but it proved a guide beacon for other adventurers, some of whom tarried by the way and became the markers of the Oregon Trail. (17)

In 1843, John Fremont, a man whose past training particularly adapted him for the job of exploring the west, set out westward to prepare maps for the government. Five times he made a journey into the new country and came back with much needed information. He possessed the genius of an explorer and gave to the world a comprehensive knowledge of things as they were at that time. By means of his written reports, which were published by the government, the masses of the people were greatly interested by the messages, the cloud of mystery which had covered mountain and plain of Wyoming was cleared away and the locality was given its proper place on the map of the west. As a direct result of these printed pamphlets which the government distributed, many immigrants sought homes near and beyond the Rockies. Into the hands of Brigham Young came this information which was largely responsible for his consequent selection of Utah for a home for his adherents. These followers soon spread back into western Wyoming and a settlement was begun in the neighborhood of Fort Bridger. (18)

Ashley had made a tortune on the headwaters of the Platte river and those streams just beyond. The American Fur Co. then drew the attention of eastern adventurers who started westward. Bonneville, following along the Platte with his creeking wagons, helped to cut a deeper print in the road that the sands could not soon efface. The numerous passages including those made by the missionaries and by Fremont, plainly marked a highway between east and west. When Santa Anna prohibited commercial relations with our country and the Mexican government became very hostile, the Santa Fe road could no longer serve its purpose. The northern trail became a necessity. By the middle of the century so many people had travelled the trail that the Indians called it "The Great Medicine Road of the Whites." Because it was the most direct way to Oregon the road is usually called the Oregon Trail. (19)

Since the trail was a long one and traversed a barren country for great distances it was essential that posts be established at certain intervals along the way as had been recommended by Whitman, the missionary, and by Fremont, the soldier. Already there had grown up an old fur trading post at Fort Laramie and this old fort eventually became the most famous fort in the history of Wyoming settlement. Long before the white men had attempted colonization in this locality the whole section was a grand hunting ground for several tribes of Indians. In the year, 1834, two men, Wm. Sublette and Robert Campbell, trapping in that locality, found it necessary to build some kind of protection against roaming bands of vagabond Indians that stole everything in sight along the Platte river. They therefore erected in that year upon the site of Fort Laramie a square stock-

ade, fifteen feet high with a number of small houses inside for themselves and employees. In 1835 these two men sold out to Milton Sublette, James Bridger and three other trappers who a short time afterwards went into partnership with the American Fur Co. (20)

The American Fur Co., in 1832, in order to extend their business and make it as profitable as possible decided to organize the Indians to work for furs and chose the fort for a central post. They accordingly sent Keplin and Sabille to Bear Butte and the Black Hills of Dakota to persuade the Sioux Indians to come over and hunt their game and live in the vicinity of the fort. The ambassadors returned with one hundred lodges of the Ogallala Sioux under the Chief, Bull Bear. This was the first appearance of the Sioux nation in that portion of the country. These Indians were well impressed with the hunting ground and sent back for more of their tribe. After becoming established near Fort Laramie they expanded northwest into that fertile hunting ground in northern Wyoming and into the Big Horn Basin. They soon overran the country and drove away the Cheyennes, Pawnees and Crows and later were the most hostile Indians with whom the soldiers had to deal. (21)

The people who lived inside the fort called it Fort John but the name was never popular. The original fort began to rot in 1836 and the American Fur Co. reconstructed it at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The descriptions of the old fort are based on the reconstructed buildings made by the Fur Co. In many ways it was similar to the old English medieval castles, being built for defense as well as for a store house. It was a quadrangular structure of large, heavy, sundried bricks or adobes built after the fashion of the Mexicans. The walls, about fifteen feet high, were surmounted by a wooden palisade forming portions of outer walls of houses which faced and entirely surrounded a yard one hundred and fifty feet square. The doors and windows of each apartment opened on the inside. Directly opposite each other and midway of the wall were two entrances, one of which was a large public entrance; the other a smaller and more private one, a sort of postern gate. Over the great entrance was a square tower with loop holes built of adobe. At two corners directly opposite each other were built large square bastions so arranged that riflemen inside could cover the four walls of the enclosure. (2)

In 1849 the American Fur Co. sold this old fort to the government for \$5,000. After this there was a garrison continually at the fort for the Indian danger was drawing ever nearer and the government wished to protect the emigrants along the Oregon Trail. Soon a large number of additions were made to the buildings of the post. One was a two story structure known as "Bedlam," constructed in the early days for officers' quarters. It cost the government the very neat sum of \$60,000. Every stick of timber in it was hauled by wagon from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a distance of eight hundred miles. (23)

The second permanent settlement made in

Wyoming was at Fort Bridger where a fur trading post had been established by James Bridger in 1842. Colonel Brackett writes of this old fort as follows: "Here the old mountaineer lived in a sort of barbaric pomp, surrounded by the dusky children of the mountains, owning considerable flocks and herds, and being in fact a frontier baron. Here he lived until long after the advent of the Mormons and in 1854 sold his Mexican grant of thirty miles of land including cabins to them for \$8,000. The deeds of this property are now in the possession of the dignitaries at Salt Lake City." The Mormons then made improvements to the sum of another \$8,000 and made it the county seat of Green River Utah of which it was then a part. When Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston arrived in 1857 to invade Salt Lake Valley the Mormons destroyed the fort as they retreated before him. In 1858 the fort was rebuilt, this time made of logs and neatly whitewashed. It was near Fort Bridger that Uncle Jack Robinson resided; it was he who rendered such assistance to the emigrants on the way to California, helping them to repair their worn equipment. He was a personal friend of Bridger and is known in Wyoming history as the oldest settler in the territory, having lived there since 1832. (24)

The history of Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger deals with the first permanent colonization in the country now known as Wyoming. Stuart had built a cabin for protection from the winter, years before, but had immediately passed on. Many fur traders spent a large part of their lives in the country and a few took up their permanent abode with the Indians but these two forts were landmarks on the old Oregon Trail and play an important part in the development of the west for they remained as guarding posts for the emigrants along the road, the only means of armed protection within many miles. (25)

It may be wondered why Wyoming so long remained a wilderness while the road of emigration led directly through the region. The few who idled along the way did not greatly add to the population. It will be noticed that the easy way across the mountains was the most desolate part of the west but had nature made the region a little further north ease of access, Wyoming would have proved worthy of attention long before it did. (26)

The Indian liked the country north of the Oregon Trail and for it was willing to sacrifice anything. The discovery of gold in Montana was the cause of a big movement in that direction and by 1865 the population had reached 120,000. This large number of people had to be furnished with supplies from outside the territory and the Bozeman Trail marked the quickest way to get there. But the magnitude of the caravans crossing Wyoming enraged the Indians to hostile activity, for penetration of their land meant destruction of the wild game and control by the whites. (27)

Without getting the Indians' consent to cross the territory, the United States government proceeded to establish three forts along the Bozeman road. While Fort Reno was being enlarged, Red Cloud gave notice that

any one would be killed who went further north, as building of forts in the Powder River country was in violation of an agreement existing between the government and the Indians. However, the army went on and built an unusually fine post, Fort Phil Kearney, on the Piney, northwest of Buffalo, in Johnson county. From the time of the first survey of the land, the fortification was in a constant state of siege, the Indians looking upon the structure as a sign of usurpation. The Fetterman massacre followed and the government awoke to the fact that the army was fighting a brave and desperate enemy, formidable beyond numbers, who was trying to outdo by cunning all the advantages the white man possessed by intelligence and better arms. (28)

The treaty of Fort Laramie followed wherein the United States government agreed to withdraw from the three forts along the Bozeman road and set apart the great Sioux reservation of 22,000,000 acres. The government agreed that the country north of the North Platte and east of the summits of the Big Horns should be unceded territory and that no white person should be allowed to settle without the consent of the Indians. (29)

The Indians were the main cause of the tardy development of that part of Wyoming lying north of the North Platte river. For years after the Fetterman massacre the emigrants sought a more safe route to Montana, though it was a much longer road. After the summer of 1868 there was no travel over the Bozeman trail between the Platte and the Big Horn river until Crook's expedition in 1876, except by one or two small mining expeditions going to and from the Black Hills in Montana. From 1868 to 1876, no traffic was carried on north of the Platte. By the treaty no white man was allowed to enter the territory north of the river. (30)

Neither the Indians nor the white men rigidly enforced the terms of the treaty. The red man instead of sticking to the reservation meandered at will to the south, stealing the white man's cattle and milch cows. By 1874 seekers of gold and a home pushed out into the forbidden country and started that larger movement which resulted in Custer's last battle. (31)

Thus we see certain forces at work which led to the beginning of settlement in Wyoming. After the map-makers had advertised the country, the Oregon trail brought the emigrants who mostly passed on through the state but it also brought the army forts which became the first permanent settlements. The first settlement was at the eastern end of the territory and the second one at the opposite end with practically none in between. Dry farming was not then developed to the point where crops could be raised on fifteen inches of rainfall and irrigation had not developed extensively. The country around the Bozeman road was adapted to settlement but the Indian's hold on the region could not be broken and Wyoming had to wait several decades before the vast resources could be brought to the attention of the public. (32)

(Signed) CLYDE MEEHAN OWENS.

#### Bibliography.

- (1) Coutant, History of Wyoming, Vol. I, pages 35 and 36.
- (2) *Ibid.*, page 40. See also Bancroft, History of Wyoming, page 678.
- (3) G. A. Dorsey, An Aboriginal Quartzite Quarry in Eastern Wyoming. Anthropological series, Publication 51, Vol. II, No. 4, page 237.
- (4) Coutant, History of Wyoming, Vol. I, pages 70-72.
- (5) Hebard, Marking the Oregon Trail; page 6; a pamphlet in Archives. Hebard, History of Wyoming, page 36.
- (6) *Ibid.*, page 7; Oregon Trail.
- (7) Coutant, History of Wyoming, Vol. I, page 118.
- (8) *Ibid.*, page 119.
- (9) Col. A. G. Brackett, First Settlements; found in Wyoming Historical Collections of 1897, page 65.
- (10) Coutant, History of Wyoming, Vol. I, page 123-124.
- (11) A. G. Brackett, First Settlements; found in Wyoming Historical Collections of 1897, page 66.
- (12) Coutant, History of Wyoming, Vol. I, page 128.
- (13) *Ibid.*, page 130-132. See also A. G. Brackett, First Settlements; found in Wyoming Historical Collections of 1897, page 26.
- (14) *Ibid.*, page 147.
- (15) *Ibid.*, page 188. See also Irving, Bonneville, page 34.
- (16) A. C. Veatch, Coal and Oil; found in U. S. Geol. Survey, Professional paper No. 56, page 9; a booklet. See also Coutant, Vol. I, page 153.
- (17) Brackett, First Settlements; found in Historical Collections of 1897, page 67. See also Hebard, Oregon Trail, page 23; pamphlet.
- (18) Hebard, Marking the Oregon Trail, page 5; a pamphlet issued by the D. A. R. See also Hebard and Brininstool, The Bozeman Trail, Vol. I, page 43, 44.
- (19) Hebard and Brininstool, The Bozeman Trail, Vol. I, page 33.
- (20) W. H. Powell, Fort Laramie; found in Wyoming Historical Collections of 1897, page 176.
- (21) *Ibid.*, page 177.
- (22) A. G. Brackett, Fort Laramie; found in Wyoming Historical Collections of 1897, page 67.
- (23) W. H. Powell, Fort Laramie; found in Wyoming Historical Collections of 1897, page 177.
- (24) Brackett, First Settlements; found in Wyo. Hist. Coll. of 1897, page 68.
- (25) *Ibid.*, page 68, 69.
- (26) Parrish, The Great Plains, page 299.
- (27) Hebard and Brininstool, The Bozeman Trail, Vol. I, page 220. See also Bartlett, History of Wyoming, Vol. I, page 282.
- (28) Hebard, Marking the Bozeman Trail, pages 39 and 40; a pamphlet in archives, Wyoming Material, Vol. III.
- (29) Doane Robinson, History of the Sioux Indians; found in Dept. of Hist., Coll. of South Dakota, Vol. II, pages 386 and 387.
- (30) John Huntoon, a letter dated Aug.

6, 1920; in Hebard and Brininstool, The Bozeman Trail, Vol. II, page 258.

(31) Thayer, Governor's Message to Fourth Legislative Assembly, 1875, page 22.

(32) Hebard, Marking the Bozeman Trail, page 39. Brackett, First Settlements; found in Wyo. Hist., Coll. of 1897, page 72.

### ST. PETER'S CHURCH

Rev. A. W. Bell, Rector

The first service of the Episcopal Church was held in Sheridan by the Rev. John E. Sulger, then archdeacon of Wyoming and Idaho, on April 22nd, 1891. After several visits of the Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D. D., Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho, and Archdeacon Sulger, lots were bought on Loucks street and the present building began. The money was collected by Rev. John Sulger with the following gentlemen as an advisory committee who helped him in every way. Messrs. Horace Alger, M. A. Upton, and George L. Smith. The foundation stone was laid by Bishop Talbot in 1894, before the building was completed the Rev. Arnold Luton was appointed by the Bishop as missionary in charge. He remained till 1896 when he was succeeded by Rev. Thos. H. Johnston. At the beginning of 1898 the General convention of the Episcopal Church, altered the boundaries of the jurisdiction by creating a new diocese which included half the diocese of Wyoming and the whole of the diocese of the Platte (extending from Sheridan, Wyoming, to Kearney, Nebraska) and placing all under the administration of the former Bishop of the Platte, the Right Rev. Anson R. Graves, D. D., naming this new jurisdiction, the Diocese of Laramie. Bishop Talbot was transferred to the east and made Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, under whom eventually the Rev. Mr. Johnston got appointment. The Church remained vacant for some time, when at the end of April, 1899, the Rev. A. W. Bell was appointed by Bishop Graves as priest-in-charge. The church had been closed for some time, a heavy debt rested on the building, interest in church affairs was at a low ebb and a somewhat discouraging outlook confronted him, but by dint of perseverance and the noble help of the women of the Ladies Guild, seconded by the Bishop as well as the men of the Church and others the debt has been totally wiped out, almost enough has been raised to entirely pay for the present part of the neat Rectory which has been built. A Rector's study has been built on to the church and paid for. The children of the Sunday school made a handsome offering at Easter to entirely pay for the coat of paint which has lately enhanced the beauty of the church building. The whole of the valuable property has been surrounded by a neat fence and when the remainder of the Rectory is built it will be one of the best in the city.

The spiritual life of the church has been growing side by side with the material. The Sunday School has trebled its numbers. Many members have been added to the church by baptism.

On November 12th, 1901, the Rector pre-

sented to the Bishop for confirmation a class of 11 adult candidates, men and women of high intelligence and respectability. Easter, 1902, Rev. Mr. Bell completes his third year as Rector of this comparatively new and growing parish and on that day the small remaining debt on the Rectory will be wiped out. Thus leaving the entire property free from all incumbrance.

### SURVEYOR GENERAL'S NOTES

The following records are furnished from the manuscripts of the Surveyor General's office by the courtesy of Clyde W. Atherly, Surveyor General:

Surveyor General's Office,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming,  
September 29th, 1870.

Major General C. S. Augur,  
Commanding Department, Platte,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

Sir:—

I have the honor to state that I have contracted with N. P. Cook, Department Surveyor to run a Standard Line from the Western face of the Medicine Bow Mountains, West to the Western boundary of Wyoming Territory, near to Evanston. The line commences 12 or 15 miles south of Elk Mountain and will cross the Platte and the mountains south of Rawlins and continue south of the railroad until it reaches Carter on Bridger Station.

It is an important line and will serve as a base for my surveyors along the Union Pacific Railroad and I wish to finish it this fall.

Mr. Cook is unwilling to enter the field without military protection—at least as far as Green River fearing the strolling bands of Arapahoes which are said to infest the mountains along this line, he prefers infantry and about 20 men, if it be practicable I hope it will meet with approbation to furnish this escort from either Fort Sanders or Fort Steele.

I am sir,  
Your Obedient Servant,  
SILAS REED,  
Surveyor General.

### Forts 1870

There are seven of these in this Territory: Fort Russell, Laramie, Fetterman, Sanders, Steele, Bridger and Brown, the last being located near the Sweetwater Mines, for the better protection of that valuable mining district.

Fort Laramie was founded by Mr. Robert Campbell (now Indian Commissioner) and Mr. Sublette, both of St. Louis, and who were among the most enterprising fur-traders of early days.

### Indians

The Utes on our southern border and the Shoshones (or Snakes) on our western border are supposed to be friendly and receive yearly presents. The Snakes are supposed to be rightful occupants of the Wind River Valley, but they are about as unsafe there as the miners would be; roving bands of

Chyennes and Arapahoes drive them off and were the ones who committed the massacre near the mines early this summer. These Indians are more warlike and troublesome than the Sioux but it is hoped the present policy of the Government may restrain them better than heretofore.

Red Cloud and his bands claim all North-east Wyoming—north of the Platte and east of the Big Horn Rivers. Red Cloud himself is believed to desire peace, but some of his young braves are not easily restrained and pant for war. The presents handed over to Red Cloud at this time by Messrs. Campbell and Brunot have pleased them (except in receiving ammunition) and may keep them quiet until next spring.

If they obtain a better reservation (say near the Black Hills of Cheyenne River) and are allowed traders in whom they have confidence they may possibly be reformed into peaceable Indians. But the treachery of wild Indians is almost past finding out and the pioneers put about same trust in them that they do in rattlesnakes.

### Chinese

September 3rd, 1870.

The Department of Immigration has brought some of these to Wyoming and they appear to thrive as well as if indigenous. They have done their part in opening the great American thoroughfare to their native country, and will aid in building many more railroads in the Rocky Mountain regions. The Union Pacific Railroad has placed them along the western divisions to keep up track repairs and they do the work well.

More will follow in time and relieve other men, who are needed in the mines and wherever else brain has claim over muscle. This element will continue to come as the demand requires. It does so in accordance with the same laws that govern trade, finances and commerce and should not be recklessly restrained. The western part of the continent cannot do without them, or at least will do better with them.

### Game. Wild Animals

The buffalos are rapidly disappearing in this territory what remain are principally to be found in the northern part, along the Powder, Tongue, Big Horn and Yellowstone rivers.

The anxiety that Red Cloud and his people manifested lately at Fort Laramie for ammunition to kill small game they explained by affirming that buffalos are becoming quite scarce in their hunting grounds. Dr. Hayden's party found and killed some along the Sweetwater this summer but they were not plenty there.

Elk are quite numerous in the northern part of the Territory but not as plentiful in the southern part. It is more particularly in the vicinity of the railroad that scarcity of game is becoming apparent, which is of course to be expected. In the remoter parts of the Territory it is apt to remain plentiful for many years. In the timber portion of the mountains bears abound to a considerable extent.

Antelopes are abundant; the plains in some places seem alive with them and they are frequently seen from the cars in passing along. Hunters kill them in great numbers, supplying our markets with a very cheap and most delicious meat.

Wolves are not as plenty as would be expected and do not annoy the shepherds to any great extent.

Beaver and other fur-animals are quite plentiful in and about the streams that come down from the mountains, and considerable trapping is carried on with good profit to the trappers.

You make inquiry in reference to tea and silk culture. These have not been tried here but it is probable that the higher altitude would be unfavorable for them.

Experiments will be made next season with the maple, elm, etc., shade trees, also with grapes, currants and raspberries, blackberries, etc. Apples can be raised in well protected localities, though frosts are sometimes heavy in August as severe as in October and November.

Surveyor General's Office,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming,  
October 4th, 1870.

Captain Coats,  
Fort Sanders,  
Wyoming Territory.  
Sir:—

Mr. Cook informs me that you have reported to him a reduction of the Ft. Sanders reservation. General Augur promised me plat of the late survey but I have received none. Can you furnish me a copy of the one lately made? Also please inform me what reduction has been made in the reservation and at what point it is made.

Very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

SILAS REED,

Surveyor General of Wyo. Territory.

### General Description:

The initial point for the survey of the northern boundary of Wyoming Territory is the Northwest corner of Wyoming as established by A. V. Richard, U. S. Surveyor and Astronomer in the year 1873. The spot is reasonably well perpetuated from materials found immediately surrounding the point. It is in dense fir timber on the northern slope of a mountain but very near its summit. The post and its witness correspond with the description furnished. The boundary line begins in a high mountain region, a portion of the real Rocky Mountains and continues in these mountains during the entire distance surveyed this season, on by over sixty miles. With the first 10 miles of the line the surveys are almost entirely covered with dense fir, pine and cedar timber of rather small size; though in small areas the trees grow to be seventy or eighty feet high and three feet in diameter. On the banks of the streams one finds willows and poplar; but no cottonwood. Between the 9th and 14th mile the line crosses the approaches to and Electric Peak. It crosses this mountain about one-eighth of a mile south of its extreme highest

point and in the latitude and longitude corresponds tolerably close with those represented by Dr. Hayden's survey. Between these mile stations (the 9th and 14th) great difficulty was experienced in prolonging the tangent. It is impossible to carry a transit clear to the divide on the tangent. Having placed the head flagman on the line east of us and on the narrow edge of the summit of the divide we all went around the mountains and then got (in line) on the east side of Reese's Creek, as nearly as we could by using the magnetic needle and sighting back West to the flagman. As soon afterwards as practicable latitude observations were made and our exact location was determined. This was near the 17th mile Station. Electric Peak was so named on account of the great amount of minerals on and surrounding it. In crossing this barrier our hardships were peculiarly severe. On the evening of September 6th, after quitting work on the line our party started down the mountain to find camp. We divided into five smaller companies. The camp was not found until noon of the next day, all hands having lain out without shelter or food, since morning of the 6th. I walked fully 20 miles in trying to find the pack train, and I think others traveled as far. We had no guide and the country was strange to all of us. On the 8th we got on the tangent, on mountains as above noted. Reese's Creek heads on the east side of Electric Peak, soon found it impossible to chain on the tangent over at the range just west of Gardiner's River. We traversed around it, getting "into line" by latitude determinations near the Mammoth Hot Springs. From the 9th to the 17th mile stations the country consists of a series of rocky points and ridges, the entire way. The valley of Gardiner's River is about two miles wide on the west side of the river, but the mountains come clear to the water on the east side. The walls are nearly perpendicular and are some 2000 feet high. After getting on top by a triangulation, the line crosses a table land surface of which is somewhat less rugged, but still more uneven than a broken or rolling prairie. It is the divide between the Gardiner's and the Yellowstone rivers. About the beginning of the 24th mile the line strikes a steep bluff on the south side of the Yellowstone river, descending at the 24th mile corner following near the river on its southwest side. The descending to the Yellowstone was an old Indian trail very stony, steep, dim and dangerous. The crossing causes some solicitude on account of the huge boulders scattered over the bed of the river. Altho made with safety by us at this season of the year (September) the crossing in high water must be exceedingly perilous if it can be crossed at all. The line keeps in the valley of the Yellowstone for three or four miles and then begins to gradually work away from it getting towards the north and climbing ridge after ridge and cliff after cliff of the most rugged and difficult breaks or foot-hills of the mountains, which are still higher further north. By the time the trail on Soda Butte Creek, near the smelter was reached the rocky perpendicular and stony

sided peaks becomes so numerous and close together on the lines it was found impossible to chain further any continuous long distance (one mile or even one-half mile) on the line. A series of triangles was made from where connecting with each other close to where we abandoned the survey. The mile and witness monuments were established wherever we determine our exact distance on the parallel and could reach it with tools. Most of the worst peaks have been crossed and from now (60th line) eastward the line maybe chained most of the way. Although the last five miles were measured by triangulation almost entirely several corners were established on the parallel. These triangles are given in detail in the foregoing notes; and a diagram showing their continuous connections also accompanies these notes. The whole of this distance on the boundary line (60 miles) is for a great elevation, averaging probably 8000 feet above the sea. It is about 10,000 feet near the beginning and quitting points. It never descended below 6000 feet and the bed of Gardiner's and Yellowstone river and 6100 feet and 6750 feet respectively, while the summits of Electric and Inded Peaks are 11 to 12,000 feet above sea level. Clarks Fork Mines are about 9500 and the Mammoth Hot Springs between 7 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea. The whole distances with the exception of about five mile in crossing the comparatively level divide between Gardiner's and Yellowstone river, is continuously in the roughest kind of a mountain region. It had been predicted by men who had visited at Yellowstone Park and the Clarks Fork Mines that we could not survey this line by chaining and could not establish the line corners. Several of Dr. Hayden's assistants had so expressed themselves to me. It will be observed however, that 46 out of 60 mile stations have been located including the witness corners (set as near the true place improvements near it; and the Clarks Fork Mines and the surrounding improvements. Volumes have already been written describing the Yellowstone Natural Park and many surveys and reports of its wonder have been published. I shall note only a few recent changes. Block House strongly and carefully built during the summer (1879) by Colonel P. W. Norris, the Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park used as the headquarters for the Superintendent and employees. It stands on a hill about one-fourth of a mile northeast of the great Hot Basin, in a commanding position and is in strength, fineness and design, one of the best block houses I ever saw. It is two stories high, contains six large rooms, cupola and flagstaff. It is about 50 feet by 30 feet in external measurements and probably 30 feet high. A good wagon road has been built to the upper geyser basin about 60 miles south of the house and to Bozeman, Montana, about 70 miles north of the house. Numerous excellent trails also lead from the house in various directions. A man named McCartney keeps a hotel on the reservation near the house supplies. He sells bad whisky, encourages gambling and charges exorbitant prices. He has no permission nor authority



to live on the reservation and should be put off although it would require physical force to do it. The wagon roads are good and were much used by tourists last summer. I described these buildings because they are within one and one-half miles of the boundary. There are about a dozen cabins built and occupied along the Yellowstone river between the boundary line and 40 miles below. The nearest one is about five miles north of the line or one mile below the mouth of the Gardiners river. Then comes Reese's ranch, a store and a ferry at that point. About 30 miles from the boundary on the route to Bozeman is Boeltler's ranch, the best one on the river. A toll gate is stationed about 15 miles north of the boundary on the road to Bozeman.

The mineral locality is known as the "Clarks Fork Mines" and is at the head of the "Clarks Fork" of the Yellowstone river about one-half mile north of the boundary opposite the 56th to 57th miles. These mines were discovered in 1870 and were worked only with a view of obtaining title until in 1877, a smelter was built by a Bozeman Company. After taking out a large quantity of ore, the smelter was worked only one season. Then it was found that it did not pay to freight the ore 500 miles to the railroad and the mines are now worked only to preserve rights under the mining laws. "The Great Republic" was the first mine discovered. He owns a fractional interest; and still expects to realize handsomely from his mine when they get a railroad. Silver, Galena and Gold and their products. A large boarding house and some one-half dozen cabins have been built at the mines but all were abandoned when we were there. It is dreadfully cold in winter, and no one has ever tried to remain the year round. The entire distances surveyed are watered by numerous mountain rivulets, springs, rivers and lakes. It is exceptionally well provided with clear cold mountain streams. Many of the streams and lakes abound in fine trout. Those caught in Slough Creek and Soda Butte Creek and Lake Abundance were also delicious and many of them weighed four or five pounds. Our party averaging in number 16 men; and the company of cavalry and escort averaging 50 men. We were kept constantly supplied with fish and game from the time we left until we returned to Ft. Washakie, nearly three months. Elk, deer, antelope and rabbits were as numerous over the entire region as dogs in an Indian camp. There were hunters with us who were especially skilled; one man in particular never going out and returning without game, as far as I ever heard. We saw but one buffalo while engaged in work on the survey but on our march home we saw hundreds and killed a few; seven in one afternoon. The personnel of the surveying companies have been reorganized, soon after finishing the Colorado-Utah boundary line, also carefully selected. It was made up mainly from the mountaineers; who were adapted to the life and work and the surveying was cheerfully and well done. It had been several years since I have been associated in the field with as efficient,

faithful and agreeable a company of assistants as this one proved to be; and we were all sorry when the work had to be abandoned, so early in the season. The formation on Gardiners and Yellowstone rivers and west of there is of limestone east of the mountains across the divide between Yellowstone rivers and Clarks Fork which is of quartz and basalt. There is no prairie of any consequence on this march of the boundary the mile or two east of Gardiners river, and the five miles east of it being about the only stretches of open country worth mentioning.

The soil was rocky and unfit for cultivation except in the narrow boundary of Gardiner's and Yellowstone rivers and possibly on the rolling divide between the two rivers and there it should have been irrigated. We had an abundance of good water and wholesome food. The weather was perfect delightful most of the time. It snowed hard for an hour or two on September 10th; then cleared off and it did not snow again until in October 6th, when we had a severe storm referred to in the preceding field notes. This long continued snow storm drove us from our work. We started home on the 9th of October and arrived at Fort Washakie on the 23rd, two weeks afterwards. The military company lost several of their animals from exhaustion but we saved ours. Since returning to Washington I heard that two of my own had died. I append a list of locations and distances furnished me by Mr. A. D. Wilson, before starting away last year. He was chief topographer in Dr. Hayden's survey and is now under Mr. Clarence King in United States Geological and General Survey. These locations were determined from a series of triangulations made in 1878 by Mr. Wilson. It may be observed our locations correspond close in latitude but not longitude, I can not account for the apparent difference as our line was carefully measured and his locations are usually accurate. There are also other mines in Bear and Crevice gulches; some are placer gold. Altho the last 36 miles of our survey was the establishment of part of the southern boundary of the Crow Indian Reservation we saw no Indians, nor did we see any at any time while making this survey. They were on the east side of the mountains on their reservation and we may expect to see many of them in continuing the line eastward next summer (1880). In going to and returning from the field of operations we met a few but not many Indians.

Quartermaster, General Office,  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 16, 1866.

Hon. Edwin M. Staunton,  
Secretary of War.

Sir:—

I have the honor to submit herewith a plan of the proposed military reservation. Ft. John Buford on the main fork of Big Laramie River, Dakota Territory, and also a general map of the adjacent country. The following description of the boundary line of the proposed reservation has been furnished by Bt. Brig. Gen'l L. C. Eaton, first quarter-





tisement of the patent medicine had been written across the face of the monument, this would be the same as if it were there in reality, so he did not employ the services of the sign writer, but boldly made the assertion to a sympathizing world. The newspapers of the country denounced in severe terms the so-called outrage and thus the patent medicine got the full benefit of the advertisement.

Later a justice of the peace at Laramie named Murphy, learned that the monument by mistake had been located on government land and not on a railroad quarter; so he hastened to the United States Land Office at Cheyenne and entered the land as a homestead. Returning home he wrote to the Union Pacific Company that he would be greatly obliged to them if they would take the pile of stone off of his farm. The humor of the thing will be apparent when it is noted that the whole landscape thereabout is covered with large boulders and being high up on the mountain top there is not a drop of water to moisten the thirsty stones, but the railroad officials saw in spite of Murphy's grim humor a most serious state of affairs. An investigation of matters was at once made and the monument found to be on the land Murphy had entered.

But pardon a little digression while we get acquainted with Murphy and his family. That man Murphy was in his way a real character and like most of the Celtic race he was fond of office. At the time of which I write he had after an exciting election contest been chosen to fill the office of Justice of the Peace. His friends had congratulated him and the friends of Mrs. Murphy had not been sparing of good words on her husband's account. Her female associates were kind enough to say that it was no nice to have such a smart man for a husband and this went on until the fond and happy wife felt considerably puffed up.

The treasures of the Murphy household were three children, two girls and a boy. It is related that the children looked on in wonder when they heard the father and mother showered with congratulations and the oldest girl one day made the interesting inquiry: "Mother are we all Justices of Peace?" To which the mother instantly replied, "No, dearie, only me and your pa."

The railroad attorney from Omaha visited Laramie and consulted with his local associates there in regard to the very serious difficulties in which the judge had placed the company. The monument had cost \$80,000 and as it could not be moved title must in some way be secured to the ground upon which it stood. Judge Murphy was not easy to approach, as he had been persuaded that there was a fortune within his grasp. Finally the two lawyers called upon him and after due exchange of courtesies the matter in hand was mentioned. Murphy would not listen to any argument that would go to prove that his farm was not a valuable one. He did not refuse to sell it however, but mentioned a price which was way up into the thousands. The lawyers saw that there was no use to continue the negotiations on that line, so

they called his attention to what they declared was the serious aspect of the case. They assured him that for a judge to enter into a conspiracy and take advantage of his neighbor was a very grave offence, and while they were his friends, and wanted to help him out of the scrape into which he had gotten himself through listening to bad advice, they informed him that he could be impeached and that meant that he would not only be deprived of his office but would be fined no inconsiderable amount, and more than this impeachment carried with it a sentence from the court which would forever prevent him from holding office or even voting. Murphy was horrified at this view of the case. Visions of impeachment, his fall from greatness, and social wreck of his family all stared him in the face.

Great drops of sweat rolled down the judicial brow; he tried to think but the very effort made his head swim. Finally one of the lawyers came to his relief and soothed his troubled mind by proposing to give him several city lots which he was assured had a prospective value of several hundreds of dollars, if he would release to the United States his farm on Sherman Hill. Murphy was glad to fix it up that way and the lawyers at once drew up the papers and laid script on the land and thus it became the property of the Union Pacific.

—From the Coutant Notes.

#### WILLIAM B. TRUFANT, DICTATION, TAKEN AT DENVER, COLORADO, FEBRUARY 1, 1886. ROOM 27.

Born, January 9th, 1839, at Bath, Maine, on the Kennebeck river. Lived in Bath until fourteen (14) years of age. Then went to sea, on Merchant Ship "Sarah Boyd," father's name Gilbert C. Trufant, mother's name Sarah Boyd after whom the ship in which I sailed was named. First voyage from New York, 1853 to Panama. In 1856 sailed around the world in the ship "Rock Light" a merchant ship. On this ship was chief officer. In December 1862 left the merchant service went to New York by order of the Navy Department, was here examined for the service and in 1863 was admitted to the naval service as acting ensign. Remained in the service until September 19th, 1865. Was wounded in the service by the explosion of a torpedo at Wilmington, N. C. February 20th, 1865 about 10 p. m. Was out as a volunteer to pick up torpedoes to save the fleet from destruction. When wounded was unconscious for more than a week. Five naval surveyors consulting gave me up to die, but I said "I shall not die I am going to live." When sent to the guard ship after being wounded the surgeon said, "What in H—1 did they send this man here for, for me to make out a certificate of death for him?"

Was honorably discharged from the service September 19th, 1865 with the thanks of the department. After being discharged from the service stayed at home in Bath, Maine, for eighteen (18) months. Then went to California around Cape Bre ox-trainrured across the Isthmus of Transportation. In

1869 started from Bath for the visit. In 1869 was employed by Union Pacific Railroad. On July 1st, 1870 went to Cheyenne to take charge of the baggage Department of the Union Pacific Railroad for that town, where I remained until 1881.

On the 28th of April 1881, was appointed Superintendent of the New Union Depot at Denver, which office I now hold.

Was enrolling clerk of the House of Wyoming Legislature in 1878 also, chief enrolling and engrossing clerk of the 7th Legislative Assembly for 1880.

In 1877 was High Priest of Wyoming Chapter Number 1, of Masons. Was deputized the same year by the Grand Chapter of the United States, through the General Grand High Priest of the same, to institute two other Chapters in the Territory. One of these Chapters instituted was Evanston, Chapter Number 2, instituted October 10th, 1877 with Hon. F. M. Foot as High Priest. The next chapter instituted was Lebanon Chapter No 3 at Laramie City, October 12th, 1877, with Hon. S. S. Mills as High Priest. I was the first Knight Templar initiated in Wyoming Territory. Was afterwards Eminent Commander of the K. T. for two terms and in 1880 as Eminent Commander took the Wyoming Commandery to Chicago in a body to attend the Grand Encampment of the Knights Templars of the United States. From this fact, Wyoming holds the honor of being the first Territory ever represented as a body in that memorable Encampment. In 1870 Cheyenne was connected by rail to Denver by the D. P. R. R. and I counted the rails which were used in laying the track from Evans to Denver the last connecting links in the iron chain which now binds the two towns, together.

Married Martha F. Gannette of Bath, Maine in 1875, June 10th. Have three children.

—From Coutant Notes.

## JAMES TALBOT

### Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory

Born in County Tiberany Ireland November 1st, 1838 spent childhood at home on farm. At 21 years sailed for America choosing to weather an ocean voyage rather than stand a game law trial. A few days after arriving in New York, found employment in the Leigh Valley Pineries. In April '66 left for Fort Kerney, Nebraska via St. Joseph boat to Omaha and stage to the fort. Worked about a year for the Western Union Telegraph Company on repairs from Fort Kerney to Wood River east and Plum Creek West. At this time the Indians were very war-like and made numerous raids on Ranches and R. R. Men. Mr. Talbot's duty took him over the road at all hours often without escort or companion and he remarks that it was only good luck that saved his head for men were killed almost daily along the route.

In July was sent to Plum Creek to repair the line when on arrival found the Indians so numerous that he decided it too dangerous to work alone and so returned which was none to soon for that night they wrecked and

plundered a Union Pacific train just across the river when the engineer and fireman were killed also two section men and one man scalped who in crawling away found his own scalp which the Indians had dropped. Afterward went to Omaha where he tried to have his scalp regrown—which failed. Mr. Talbot spent much time hunting wild game, Buffaloes, Elk, Deer and antelope which were very plentiful at that time on the Republican River. Mr. Talbot says that at two different times he saw with others of his party, two of their horses walk up and eat freely of the fresh buffalo meat that they had killed and hung up. September 27th, '67 he arrived in Cheyenne at that date the railroad was within 35 miles of Cheyenne at Pine Bluffs east of the city.

Began laying the Sun dried brick which at that time was selling at \$65.00 per M. These dobie brick were displaced by the burnt brick on arrival of R. R. On arriving in Cheyenne pitched tent on ground between 19th and 20th streets on O'Neil. The party amused themselves by playing cards and the outfit consisted of a cracker box for a table and boxes and saddles for seats. This night the party were startled by a sudden volley of fire-arms and upon investigation found some fifty armed men not more than twenty yards from their tent on inquiry found they had shot and killed two of the men, since that time every old settler records from that night. In '68 the first building of any consequence was finished being the old Catholic Church built by Father Kelley. Mr. Talbot plastered the same. The first brick block of any note was erected by Joslin and Parks, the same being now occupied by Kahmer, Beuchman and Jackson, Jan. 11, '70 the city was visited by a big fire on 16th and Eddy Streets. Mr. Talbot has engaged in the building of and owns several houses in the city. Is a good substantial citizen.

—From Coutant Notes.

## THE NATURAL FORT

### Twelve Miles Southwest of Cheyenne, Wyo.

One of the noted places in the early history of the Rocky Mountains is the Natural Fort, located twelve miles southwest of Cheyenne. In 1831 buffaloes were scarce in the Crow country and that tribe came down to the south side of the North Platte and hunted over the ground east and south of the Laramie range. A band of Blackfeet Indians, the hereditary foes of the Crows, for the same reason came south and hunted buffalo on the Laramie plains and finally crossed over Sherman Hill and ran onto the Crow hunters.

The Blackfeet took refuge in the Natural Fort and defied the Crows to attack them. The latter tribe had no desire to risk a fight for the possession of the stronghold but it chanced that there were twenty white trappers with the Crows and this class of men never lost an opportunity to engage the Blackfeet in battle. Jim Beckworth, the noted mulatto trapper and Indian fighter was

at that time chief of the Crows and the trappers prevailed upon him to join them in an attack on the Blackfeet. The assault was made upon two sides of the fort. The Crows were led by Beckworth and the white men by Robert Mildrum, a young Kentuckian, and it turned out to be one of the most sanguinary affairs that ever took place in the Rocky Mountains. There were 160 Blackfeet within the fort and these were killed and scalped to a man. The Crows lost 40 killed and more than double that number were wounded. Of the white men Robert Mildrum was the only man wounded.

The Natural Fort which is located 12 miles southwest of Cheyenne is an old landmark and has a history dating back to fur trading days. From the advance sheets of the second volume of Coutant's History of Wyoming we are enabled to glean the story of a Great Battle which was fought at the Natural Fort during the fall of 1831. A village of the Crow tribe of Indians came south on a buffalo hunt, crossing the North Platte at the mouth of the Laramie and followed up this stream until they reached the Box Elder then going south. The hunters killed a large number of buffalo on the plains east of the Laramie range and finally followed an immense herd down Crow Creek, covering the ground where Cheyenne now stands. In that neighborhood they ran into a band of Blackfeet warriors who had headed the big buffalo herd which the Crows were driving. The Crows greatly outnumbered the Blackfeet but the first named tribe had with them twenty trappers and among these was Robert Mildrum a noted man of the Mountains. Jim Beckworth was the War Chief of the Crows. As soon as the Blackfeet were discovered, the Crows attacked them, driving them southwest. They soon reached the Natural Fort, and here the Blackfeet took refuge, the Crows did not care to make an assault on the almost impregnable position; but the white trappers taunted them with being cowards and finally Jim Beckworth raised a party and the attack was made.

—From Coutant Notes.

Cheyenne, Wyoming, June 8, 1903.

Mrs. Ida K. Galbreath,  
State Librarian,  
Columbus, O.  
Dear Mrs. Galbreath:

I wrote you on Friday last that I would later tell you the story of the origin and significance of the Wyoming Coat of Arms.

The First State Legislature, which convened on November 12th, 1890, passed the law creating the Seal of the State. The wording of the law was as follows:

A circle two and one-fourth inches in diameter, upon the lower half of which is emblazoned a landscape, representing in the centre, a valley, through which flows a stream, upon the banks of which cattle are grazing and a man plowing; to the right of said valley, a range of mountains, upon the slope of which said mountains is represented mining works. Said landscape is surround-

ed by a ribbon scroll reaching from both sides of said landscape up to the top centre of said landscape, upon which rests a platform upon the outer edge of which is engraved the words, "Equal Rights." Upon said platform stands the figure of a woman, with right arm uplifted, pointing to a five pointed star, within which are engraved the figures '44. From the said uplifted arm hangs a broken chain. To the left of said platform are engraved the figures 1869. To the right of said platform are engraved the figures, 1890. Entirely surrounding the said circle is a plain band three-eighths of an inch in breadth, upon the upper half of which are engraved the words, "Great Seal," and upon the lower half, the words, "State of Wyoming," in letters three-sixteenths of an inch high."

After the adjournment of the Legislature some one called the attention of the Secretary of State, Dr. A. W. Barber, who was then Acting Governor of the State, to the fact that the woman spoken of was a nude figure, and he, in consequence of this, refused to have the seal made.

There was quite a talk in the newspapers about the matter and State Senator Chatterton, (now Acting Governor) who was the author of the bill explained its meaning. He had been a great admirer of Power's "Greek Slave" and the woman on the seal of the State was an exact copy of it, with the exception that the chain on this woman was broken, signifying the enfranchisement of the women of Wyoming.

The next legislature took up the matter and repassed the law but draped the figure after the style of the Goddess of Liberty.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) C. G. COUTANT,  
State Librarian.

Bordeaux, Wyoming,  
August 22, 1897.

Mr. D. Houghton,  
Dear Sir:—

I have been up in the Reeshaw hills today, and sixteen years have made quite a change on the rocks the month, and day of the month is entirely gone but the names and the year can still be traced, the first is E. R. Lee.....1841, the second is C. W. Lacy.....1841.

I have no doubt myself by the looks of the writing today and what I wrote beside it sixteen years ago but that the first writing had been done forty years before I saw it.

About a year ago my oldest son was up there, and by hearing me talking about this writing he looked it up and cut in the rock with his knife, both their names under the old bleached ones, also the year but no month and from that I suppose he could not see it then, the outlines of the horse is still there, but no more, the month that once could be seen between the above names and the year is February but the day I could not be sure.

Yours very truly,  
COLIN MacDougall.

—From Coutant Notes.

## TOLD AT THE CAMPFIRE

I have before me Captain Nickerson's history of that part of Wyoming now called Fremont County. Misnamed, I believe would be a fair criticism, that honor should have been bestowed on Captain Bonneville; who was the first explorer to give to the world, by the graphic pen of the immortal Irving, the first and most vivid picture of its grand beauty.

It was perhaps on account of its scenic charms as well as its natural advantages, as a hunting country, that the tribes occupying it made such strenuous resistance against being driven out. The prospectors and settlers in that section of the country, that the Captain writes of, had the hot end of the warfare; as they had the Arapahoe to deal with and they were the most persistent fighters of all the Indian tribes, though the others were bad enough to suit any one, who believed himself gorged with a combative propensity which caused him to love fighting or fighting's sake.

"Camping on ones trail" was a saying often used, meaning that an enemy was following with his soul filled with an unfriendly feeling. Speaking of Arapahoes, I once heard the old trapper, James Baker, say—"and no man knew them better—"one of the cursed varments might die on your trail; but he would never camp."

Relentless and cruel, that was their manner of warfare; they supposed it would strike terror into the hearts of their enemies. It was the same with the aborigines of all Countries, they could not comprehend the white man's theory that savagery must give away to civilization. After many years of fighting our Government concluded that it was cheaper to support than to fight them; but how much sense, of what was strictly just, influenced our egotistical law makers yet remains a wild guess.

However that might be—unto all who rode the hills and plains, there came a welcome feeling of relief; when we could leave our guns in camp and follow a trail to the top of a hill without being skewed with arrows—then by a lance, spitted, like the proverbial fowl for the roasting.

The Indians did not have the same feeling of animosity against the trappers, although they often fought them, as they have always felt against the prospectors and settlers. The trappers were more of their way of living, mingled with them and were friendly to some of the various tribes; they also were transient. As to the other classes, though, the Indians had the perspicacity to see were coming to stay and would eventually deprive them of all that made their lives worth living.

An old time writer, wrote a book, the moral of which was: "Before you judge whether the other fellow is right or wrong, put yourself in his place." Would the white man have submitted without a struggle?

Generals All! They were taking every possible advantage of their enemies, superstitious fears often contributed to their defeat; but they never lost a fight from lack

of physical courage or by shirking any manner of hardships.

The story that follows happened in the year of 1864, if memory serves me rightly, in the country North of Fort Laramie which was at that time the Indian undisputed territory.

Told at a camp fire at old Fort Halleck, Dakota, by Robert Foot on his thirty-fourth birthday, 1868.

In relating this story I will try to write it as nearly in his own words as I remember them.

"I, a Scotchman born, came when a very young man to this Country; enlisted in a cavalry regiment and after serving the three years term, was discharged at Fort Laramie."

"During that time I had saved a small sum of money; had learned the tailors trade and was thereby enabled to gather in something more than what my soldiers pay amounted to."

"After I was discharged I had accumulated quite a valuable band of horses, by buying from immigrants—stock that had been worn down poor on the trail from the States. "The grass was very good and the horses soon got in good condition, so that I could trade them for more thin stock with outfits coming later."

"I had employed a half-breed, whom we all considered very reliable, to herd them just outside the Government Reservation and had every reason to believe that I had a fair chance to rake in a horse stake in the next three or four years." But, Alas! As Bobbie Burns so aptly tells it—"The best laid schemes of mice and men aft gang astray"—"So went mine."

"There had been a crowd of Coffee Coolers camping down on the Rawhide and you all know what they are, generally harmless beggars." "Unfortunately, a band of young bucks had joined them and they are always the sour dough that raises the disturbance; the result was, that one fine evening my horses failed to come in." "The half-breed had crossed the river with all my property and he, together with the whole Indian camp, had faded away; their trail pointing North."

"By the time I could get an outfit together to follow they had two days start, John Hunter and Tom Maxwell volunteering to accompany me." "The commander of the Fort sending a squad of cavalry, under Sergeant Herman Hass, with orders to go as far as the Cheyenne River Valley."

"We reached the breaks without any trouble or adventure, worth the telling, and by the appearance of the trail, we judged that we were as far behind as when we started; as the soldiers could go no farther—orders must be obeyed—it looked like a hopeless task for three men to undertake." "Equipt as we were, a great many would have called it a fool hardy job—I have no doubt."

"An Indian's wealth is counted by the horses he owns: he will go through hellfire to get or keep them and we all know, that in this Country, they are almost a necessity to a white man's existence—that was the reason that I did not wish to give up the chase at this stage of the game." "So it was with

my companions: they were not the kind of men to quit as our friend Athorp speaks it—If Hell howled before them."

"With many good wishes for our success and sincere regrets that they could not accompany us and be in at the fight, if battle it had to be, Herman and his troop turned back while we went on." I suppose there are many old residents in Cheyenne who remember him.

"Two days and a half travel, before we sighted their camp—about a mile away." The commotion, the sight of us created in their camp, was proof that they did not expect to be followed.

"Half a mile farther on the half-breed came out to meet us; his tale of woe was that the young men had taken the horses and himself with them. When asked would the Indians give the horses up—he replied by asking—how many soldiers behind? "We asked, why you think we got soldiers with us? He said—you no carry guns, only big pistols." We did not give him any satisfaction on that point; but told him that the old men had been about the Fort many seasons; had always been well treated and if they made any trouble, could not come there again. They would have to give back my property and make no more trouble. He only shook his head and said—too many young men. They want horses, then added, nie go back—make talk— If give back, I make sign, come on—if no make sign. Go back, too many for you to fight."

"Hunter thought it possible that the half-breed had told the Indians that he owned the horses; if that was the case the old men would be inclined to be friendly and if he could get in among them, he could induce them to give the stock up; but it would mostly depend on how many young bucks were in the camp."

"Hunter had an Indian wife and family and had been a long time among them. The whole Sioux tribe knew him to be a man who always spoke the truth and neither feared man, beast nor evil spirit. They also fully and faithfully believed that neither gun, spear, arrow, nor any weapon they possessed could harm him. All this, we banked as a great deal in our favor."

"However, in about an hour an Indian rode out and gave the sign to come in. Hunter suggested, as we rode in, that we keep our hand on a gun and if they mean treachery—to charge straight through, shooting as we went. Getting through, we could find shelter where we could stand them off."

"And that was just what happened. We all got through alive and must have done them some damage, in return for what they did to us—which surely was enough. Tom and I each got two arrows—Hunters with his usual luck, untouched, though one young buck took a shot at him with a rifle at a distance of not more than thirty feet. The failure of the shot stopped the attack for the time being, otherwise—I think—we would have been as full of arrows as an old sagehen is of feathers."

"Near a quarter of a mile away, we dove into a patch of willows; across a shallow

chalky stream that bent around under the lee of a clay butte, which was near enough perpendicular that it could not be climbed. It would have been a perfect place for defence, only for a pass through the middle of the butte made by the water at flood times and the wash from the Platte, beyond, had made an open space in front."

"We got rid of the arrows and dressed our wounds as best we could. The one I got in my neck came within a small fraction of an inch of being fatal, but the other did not do much damage. I had learned something of surgery, while in the army, and it came in handy, otherwise our wounds might have been dangerous. But they soon became sore enough to suit the fiendish expectation of our enemies, whom we had to prepare to fight."

"The gap, through where the draw emptied into our retreat, was narrow. We joined three logs and laid them across it, not much of a fortification, but we thought it might help."

"One piece of good luck we had our pack horses—packs came through without a scratch and by the time we had eaten our cold bread and meat, Hunter had figured out what would happen. First they would do some scouting to see if there were any soldiers coming—and satisfied on that score, if they did make an attack, it would be about an hour before sun down. Then if they found us all able to fight, it would be mostly a bluff; but to get our four horses, they would consider it worth an attempt. It would probably be, by the old men in front making a wild demonstration to draw our attention, while the young bucks slipped in on us through the pass. But if they did not succeed in killing one of us, which they might accidentally do with their old rifle, it would all end in a few minutes."

"They could not get an arrow through the willows at short range, if they got that close and our old dragoon pistols are much longer range than their bows. Our only danger will be from that young buck's rifle and if one of us should be unlucky enough to get his last call, he must hold his breath until he gets out of their sight, before he drops. I think either of us has nerve enough to do that. I once shot an antelope through the heart and he ran a hundred yards before he fell."

"If they have no success on their first attack, they will let us alone and after dark we can ride away, just as if there was not an Indian within a hundred miles."

"The attack began as Hunter had predicted, like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Dashing around the front, sending their arrows from under their horses necks. None reached the willows, over which Tom and I responded, doing damage to their ponies with some careful shots. Although we had twenty four in our guns, we did not care to waste any. Hunter was guarding the gap in the butte. Suddenly the Indians in front made a dash as if they were intending to charge the works, shooting arrows into the willows. We got in some good work and stopped them by dropping six ponies."

"While that was going on in front, a party



of young bucks came in at the head of the pass. Hunter opened on them with a shot from each of his guns, while they thought they were almost out of range, which caused them to stop and dodge around. Then he jumped on the logs and began shooting with first one hand and then the other. Just as I got there to help, the buck with a rifle sent a bullet through his heart. He stood there and fired the two last shots from his guns, jumped backward off the log and walked behind the brush, where he fell dead. The Indians believing that the shot had missed, gave up the game and we saw no more of them."

"After darkness had kindly spread its mantle over all, we packed Hunter's body on his horse. Then rode out, up the gulch and onto the plain. Keeping as direct a course as possible toward the South, till we judged we had put eight or ten miles between us and the scene of our discomfiture."

"The moon was up high enough to give us light. With our small camp shovel, we made a grave and laid the remains of our friend down into the bosom of Mother Earth. Covered and obliterated every trace of a grave and when the weary task was done, looked down upon it for a time. Tom repeated from the burial of Sir John Moore:

No useless coffin enclosed his breast  
Not in robe or shroud we wound him,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.

"As we silently rode away I thought of the one we had left behind and how his many friends would miss him. I wondered if death is the end of all that is? If we live again, over in the Great Beyond, then our heroic friend is there, with all the great that have gone before. Where no king can claim the right to wear brighter jewels in his crown than he."

"It was a toilsome journey back to the Fort, but we got in about as near dead as two men could, and still live. We were conigned to the hospital for six long, weary weeks and after we got out neither Tom nor myself, seemed to feel ourselves of much account."

"Some time after, I was lying down on a bunk in my cabin, when my half-breed walked in. He had no weapon, but a knife in his belt and as he stood in the middle of the room, he smote on his breast and said, "Me good Indian!"

"An old horse pistol lay on the stand beside me. I grabbed it up and let him have the contents. Then I said, you are a good Indian now."

"The Post-commander said, that is a little too rough and locked me up in the guard house. I stayed there till Colonel Moonlight came with a Kansas regiment and took command of the Fort. He turned me out and indorsed my claim against the Government of indemnity, for the loss of my property, which was paid by making me post-rider here. It was better, perhaps, for me than a cash payment, as claims against the Government, if paid at all, are delayed many years."

"And now, boys, allow me to thank you

for being what every story teller admires—good listeners, I will end the story here."

(Signed) EDWARD ORDWAY, SR.,  
Castroville, California,  
10-29-24.

## NECROLOGY

Outstanding in the annals of the year 1924 is the passing into the larger fuller life of two of our most distinguished citizens, the Honorable Joseph Maul Carey and William Bradford Ross.

Early on the morning of October the second the sorrowful message was flashed over the wires that William Bradford Ross, Governor of the State of Wyoming, had answered the call. The entire State was plunged into grief. On Tuesday, September the twenty-third, Governor Ross addressed a large audience in Laramie and made a vigorous plea for what he believed would be for the best commercial interests of the State. This was his last appearance in public. A few hours later he returned to the Executive Mansion in Cheyenne and on Thursday was removed to Memorial Hospital and an operation was performed for acute appendicitis. He survived the ordeal but a week. He entered into rest surrounded by his loved ones. Of the beauty and sanctity of his home life we need not speak.

Mr. Ross had served in the capacity of Governor but twenty-one months but his short administration was characterized by honor and zeal in the faithful discharge of his duties. He met the problems of his exalted station with buoyancy and optimism. He was deeply interested in the issues of the day and above all else was intensely human; he forgot no friend and no station in life was too lowly to commend his sympathy. These qualities endeared him to the people and caused them to think of him more perhaps, as a friend, but without any lack of esteem for him as their Chief Executive.

Governor Ross was a communicant in the Episcopal Church; a member of the Masonic fraternity and a charter member of the Young Men's Literary Club. He was a lawyer by profession and in politics he was a Democrat. He was born, reared and educated in Tennessee but when a young man cast his lot in Wyoming, where by force of character and personality he won his way to the distinguished position he was occupying when his career was so lamentably and so suddenly ended. It is hard for the finite mind to comprehend that one so filled with the joy of living a clean, wholesome life, in the full vigor of manhood and his sun still high in the heavens, should have finished his earthly work. With faith that life is a continuity,

"I cannot say, and I will not say,  
That he is dead. He is just away."

"With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Think of him still as the same I say:  
He is not dead; he is just away."

—State Historian.

**In Memoriam**  
**Joseph Maull Carey**

LL. D.

"Joseph Maull Carey was born at Milton, Delaware, on January 19, 1845, and died at his residence in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on February 5, 1924. After pursuing a course of study at Union College, he graduated in 1864 from the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of LL. B., and in 1894 received the degree of LL. D. from Union College. He was admitted to the bar in 1867, practiced for two years in Philadelphia, and in 1869 removed to the newly created territory of Wyoming, having been appointed the first United States Attorney for that Territory. In 1872 he was appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory, and served as such until early in 1876. Having in the meantime become interested in the cattle growing industry and in the real estate business, he did not thereafter continue the practice of law. He was Mayor of Cheyenne four years, from January, 1881, until 1885; represented said Territory as a delegate in the 49th to the 51st Congresses, and was the author of and introduced the bill which admitted Wyoming to statehood, and of the act for the reclamation of arid lands in the West known as "The Carey Act;" was elected United States Senator by the first State Legislature and served until the expiration of his term in March, 1895; was elected Governor of Wyoming at the general election of 1910 and served out the term of four years. From 1876 until 1896, he was the Wyoming member of the Republican National Committee. From 1872 until 1876, he was a member of the United States Centennial Commission. After retiring from the office of Governor, he became the Vice-President of the Federal Land Bank of Omaha, and also served a term as Trustee of the University of Wyoming."

At a meeting of the Supreme Court Chief Justice Potter said:

"This court was honored by the service of Judge Carey as one of its justices. He gave to the people in that office able and faithful service. He is remembered more, however, for his contribution to the later life and history of Wyoming and the nation. It can have come into the life of but few men to have served a community and a commonwealth in as many different official capacities and during so long and continuous a period as has distinguished the life of Judge Carey; and then finally to spend the remaining and declining years of his life in that community and commonwealth as its most distinguished private citizen. It was the distinction of Judge Carey not only to have served in official capacities, first as United States Attorney for the district of Wyoming, commencing with its organization as a territory, then as Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory, and successively thereafter as Mayor of his city, Territorial delegate in Congress, and United States Senator from the State upon its admission, and then, after the intermission of a few years, as Governor of the State for a term of four years; but he

was also a pioneer and leader in the development of the productive resources of the Territory and State. He was among the first to envisage the capabilities of the natural grasses of the State for the growing of cattle and other live stock, and the productivity of the soil through intensive irrigation. And through the greater part of his life he remained interested in such development, through the investment of his own means and encouragement through the efforts of his public service, as evidenced by the act of Congress known as the 'Carey Act.' But I desire to emphasize on this occasion the fact that he was distinguished and brought distinction to the State also by the high type of his character as a man and citizen. The unimpeachable uprightness of his character has always and everywhere been recognized. He was the soul of honor to as full an extent as that can be said of any one. It was my good fortune to have known him for nearly forty-eight years, having arrived here within a very short time after he had vacated his judicial office. He was then an unmarried man; and then and ever since the purity of his life, the honesty of his purpose, and his fine conception of the higher and better standards of human life necessary to a high quality of manhood and citizenship were notable and brought to him the high esteem and profound respect of the public. Unlike many who have achieved success in a western community, he determined not to seek the supposedly fairer climes in which to spend the declining years of his life, but to remain in the commonwealth and the city with the upbuilding of which he had given so much of his time and thought, and where, though without recognition on his part, his character and the record of his life continued to be a shining example. And that, we may be sure, will not be dimmed so long as the record of his life and achievements shall remain to be read or known to men in this growing commonwealth."

On January 28th, Wyoming lost one of her best known pioneers, Mr. Michael Henry. Mr. Henry came to Wyoming in 1855. He had led a very active life; had been bugler in the army, an Indian fighter, cowboy, pioneer ranchman, coal operator, bank president and closely identified with the upbuilding of Wyoming. He passed away at his home in Douglas at the age of eighty-three.

Mr. Skovgard of Basin passed away in May. Mr. Skovgard came to Wyoming in 1909 and rose rapidly to the ranks of prominent men in Wyoming. Mr. Skovgard served in the State Senate for twelve years.

Hiram B. Kelly crossed Wyoming in '49 by way of Oregon Trail. Miner, freighter, bullwhacker, Indian fighter, mail carrier, stage driver and stockman. One of the most resourceful, successful, highly respected men that ever helped to develop this western country. Came to Wyoming in 1857.

On June 10th, Mrs. Mentzer, wife of former District Judge W. C. Mentzer, died suddenly at her home after a short illness from heart trouble. Mrs. Mentzer was prominent in religious, civic and social circles. She had

been actively identified with all activities that bear their basic principles in the betterment of human conditions.

Mr. W. C. Irvine, affectionately known as "Billy Irvine," passed away in California, after a lingering illness from diabetes. Mr. Irvine came to Wyoming in 1873, from that time until his death on July 27th, 1924, his heart and his interests were in Wyoming. His body reposes in the family plot in Lakeview Cemetery, Cheyenne. United States Senator John B. Kendrick commenting on the passing of Mr. Irvine said, "He was unexcelled in many ways. In courage, both physical and moral, in devotion and loyalty to his friends, he was beyond compare." "Buck" Taylor, Indian fighter, scout and cowboy and a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, died in Pennsylvania of pneumonia.

Ezra L. Emery was one of the most popular and widely known men in the State. He was an early advocate for good roads. He died suddenly while on a motor trip with his wife.

The following early settlers came to Wyoming previous to 1886, and died in 1924:

Cunningham, Agnes. Came to Rock Springs in 1878.

Middlewood. Came to Saratoga in 1882.

Sweet, Thomas P. Pioneer of Weston County. Came to Newcastle 1880.

Beneway, George C., Sheridan. Guard at killing of President Lincoln.

Wolfe, William W., Lusk, 1850. Early trapper and fur trader. Pioneer in three states. Age, ninety-three.

Bloom, Mrs. A. M., Laramie, 1869.

Stotts, Judge J. L. Pioneer Judge of Sheridan Judicial District.

Bryan, Ted. Pioneer cowboy, Rock River.

Bryan, Zach. Pioneer freighter, Casper.

King, Frank, Buffalo. Freightier.

Morganson, James. Pioneer of Evanston.

Street, George B. One of the last Pony Express riders, Arvada.

Bernard, H. H. Pioneer since 1879, Rock Springs.

Zane, Lou A. Pioneer since 1880, Basin.

Peak, Mrs. Wilson. Pioneer woman of Big Horn County.

Ellis, Mrs. Helen Foote. Arrived at Fort Halleck in 1873, interesting pioneer life, Elk Mountain.

Lavergne, Felix. Much to do with the upbuilding of Weston County.

Whaley, W. T. One of the first settlers in the Shell Creek Valley.

Taylor, R. E. Pioneer since 1865, Kemmerer.

McGibbon, James. Oldest engineer in the service of the Union Pacific, Laramie.

Murphy, Wm. H. Operated first threshing machine in this part of the country, Guernsey.

Keating, Patrick J. Pioneer of Black Hills days, Casper.

Higgins, Mrs. J. E. Pioneer resident of Glenrock.

Biever, Jacob. Veteran railroader of Sheridan.

China Joe. Survivor of Chinese riots; his-

torical figure of Sweetwater County, Rock Springs.

Jones, Jack, who recalls Sheridan's earliest days.

Neville, J. H. Pioneer of Big Horn County, Basin. Served in Legislatures.

Mayden, John E. Resident of Platte Valley since 1886, Rawlins.

Nelson, Judge A. M. Pioneer citizen of Weston County.

Bertolette, Mrs. Sylvia. Pioneer of Douglas since 1880.

Shippen, John N., Manville.

Rex, Alfred George, Evanston, 1872.

Jacobson, Mary, Laramie.

Cooper, Mrs. Mary, Cheyenne, 1867.

McFarland, John, ranking pioneer of Platte county, arrived in 1866.

MacFarlane, Peter, Wheatland, 1882. Served in Legislature; active in creating Platte County.

Baldwin, M. N. First white child on Wind River; lived in Wyoming 61 years.

Muir, Matt., Sr., Rock Springs, 1876.

Blake, J. A., Sheridan.

Blair, Thomas H., Manville.

Porter, Lewis J. Native in Wyoming, born July 2, 1852, at Fort Halleck.

Naismith, W. J. Oldest employee of the Union Pacific on the Wyoming Division, Laramie.

Trollope, Mrs. Mary C. Married by Bill Nye in Laramie store 1877; dies at home in Casper.

Tinkham, Frank, Douglas.

Solomon, Mrs. Sophia, Cheyenne.

Cahill, Patrick, Cheyenne.

Farr, J. H., Laramie.

Arnold, Mrs. Mary S., Wheatland.

Bartlett, Mr. Lige, Kemmerer.

Love, Mrs. John, Rock Springs.

Rogers, Mrs. Philinda, Hudson.

Mahoney, Mrs., Cheyenne.

Campbell, A. D., Rawlins.

Long, Mr. James, Sr., Rock Springs.

Dougherty, Mary, was a Civil War nurse, came to Wyoming in 1876, Laramie.

Woods, William, engineer for the Union Pacific nearly fifty years, Laramie.

Redman, Mrs. M. T., pioneer of Buffalo since 1882.

Baker, Charles S. Pioneer of Uinta County, Evanston, 1878.

Johnson, Mrs. Bertha. Pioneer of Laramie City since 1884.

Thompson, Joseph, Rock Springs, 1882.

Johnson, Mrs. J. S. E., Kemmerer; came to Wyoming in 1881.

Younts, Harry. Came to Wyoming 1866, Wheatland.

Burnett, Mrs. F. G. Came to South Pass 1865.

Steers, Mrs. Razalia, Wind River. Came to Wyoming 1863 over Oregon Trail to Green River.

Spearing, Mr. John. Freightier into Buffalo in 1878.

James, Joseph Paul. Trapper, cowboy, 1879; died at Bar C Ranch.

Powell, George, Douglas. Bullwhacker,

Indian fighter, 1865; one of the best known and highly respected men in the State.

Argesheimer, Mrs. Harriet L. Passed away in California at the age of 87; she had been a resident of Wyoming for 35 years. She came to Fort Russell in 1875, her husband, Captain Argesheimer, being at that time attached to the Third Cavalry.

Howard, Jennie. Comparatively few of those in Cheyenne not of the "old time" element knew Jennie Howard save by sight. She was worth knowing. In adversity, in-

digence, she was cheerful, optimistic.—Cheyenne Tribune.

Conway, Mrs. Emma J. Came to Cheyenne in 1872. Hers was the gracious dignity of highbred womanhood of a period that ended ere those of the now dominant generation were born.—Cheyenne Tribune.

Shepperson, Mrs. J. L. Died suddenly at her home in Casper in September. Mrs. Shepperson was a native daughter and was an active member of the State Historical Society.

## ACCESSIONS FROM OCTOBER 1st TO DECEMBER 31st, 1924

### Documents

Received from

Moore, Mr. Lee.....Order to Denver Marble & Granite Co., for George W. Pike Monument.

Bonser, Mr. W. A.....Three receipts.

### Historical Books

Hooker, Mr. W. F....."The Bull Whacker," by Mr. Hooker.

Dale, Mr. E. E....."The Ranchman's Last Frontier," E. E. Dale.

"The Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association," E. E. Dale.

"Outline and References for Oklahoman History," Dale and Wardell.

Farthing, Mr. Charles .....Mitchell's School Geography, 1850, contains one 1849 map of U. S. (Loaned).

Watson, Mr. Elmo Scott....."Famous Forts in United States History."

### Letters

Wagner, Henry, Sr.....

Chaplin, W. E.....

### Original Manuscript

Bonser, W. A.....One original manuscript.

Two letters.

Ordway, Edward, Sr.....One original manuscript.

### Museum

Watts, Mr. A. E.....Two Tandem whips used in 1880 by Mr. and Mrs. Paul O. Brewster.

One Tandem whip used in 1880 by John D. Gill.

One pocketbook made from old fashioned boottop and given to A. R. Converse by Buffalo Bill about 1882, shows much wear.

Myers, Mr. Ed.....One French road map.

Mathes, Mr.....One Friedman brace.

Bonser, Mr. W. A.....One prospector's scales used by Smith Bonser for weighing gold dust during the Black Hills gold excitement.

One picture of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Bonser.

One framed commencement Program of Cheyenne High School, June, 1880.

One Republican ticket.

One Roosevelt badge.

Hebard, Dr. G. R.....One Muslim Laramie County Republican Ticket, date 1888

Farthing, Mr. Charles.....Collection from south of Iron Mountain of flint arrows and one-half ox shoes.

Gordon, Mr. Peter, Jr.....One gun found on Ham's Fork River at crossing of Old Lander Trail, in August, 1893; one Indian mortar; one Indian war club; three knives; one bayonet; two spear heads; one old cornet; collection of sixteen guns; one human finger petrified.

Preiss Murchand, Mrs. V. E.....Butterflies, insects and flowers. (Loaned.)

Moore, Mr. Lee.....Picture of George W. Pike monument in Douglas cemetery

Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. A.....Large picture of Senator F. E. Warren.

### War History

Beach, Mrs. Cora M.....Bulletin No. 4, A. L. A. Proceedings of Annual Convention of the A. L. A., vols. 1, 2, 3.

### Purchased

Scribner's Monthly Magazine, May-October, 1875.

Wyoming State Business Director, Volume 21.

Autographed, Illustrated Copy of "Uinta County; Its Place in History," by Elizabeth Arnold Stone.

### Newspapers

Wyoming State Labor Journal..Bound Volumes, 1919-20-21-22-23.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Vol. 2

Cheyenne, April 15, 1925

No. 4

ARMY CHAPLAINS

Prior to the Civil war but little was known about the work and place of Army Chaplains in this country. Our regular army was little more than a skeleton organization. A regiment was rarely all in one place. Small battalions were doing garrison duty or were on outpost service. There were post chaplains at a very few stations where military needs required the gathering of a goodly number of soldiers. A standard military dictionary of that time defined a chaplain as "a commissioned officer or clergyman who performs divine service." According to army regulations a chaplain was entitled to the pay and rations of a captain of cavalry; but that provision did not indicate his rank, his sphere or his duties. The only specific utterance on this point in the articles of war was, that a chaplain could be court-martialed "like any other officer" in case of a misdemeanor.

With the formation of the great volunteer army of the United States, the regimental chaplaincy was provided for and very quickly sprang into prominence. H. Clay Trumbull, who was Chaplain of the Tenth Conn. Volunteers, tells us in a little volume he has prepared of personal recollections, that many new chaplains adopted the uniform of a captain of cavalry, with the shoulder straps, sash and cord included. In a number of instances the position was given to irreligious laymen as a mere matter of favor to the commanding officer. Soon, however Congress enacted laws measurably righting these inconsistencies. It was and still is required that a chaplain be a duly authorized clergyman of a religious denomination, that he be vouched for by at least five fellow clergymen of his denomination or by some recognized council of same.

In a volume, "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," compiled by Col. Wm. F. Fox from the official records at Washington, there is a chapter showing the loss of officers in action from army and corps commanders to officers of the regimental staff. Chaplains receive honorable mention in this chapter. "It will doubtless be a surprise to many," says Col. Fox, "to note the number of Chaplains killed in battle. These gallant members of the church militant were wont to take a more active part in the fighting than has been generally credited to them." He mentions eleven "among the chaplains killed in action" and says that in addition here were several who lost their lives by the diseases and hardships incident to a sol-

dier's life. Nor were those who died during the war the only chaplains who won honor or who deserve it. Many a chaplain who did good service then has shown in other prominent spheres since then that he was the sort to serve faithfully his fellows, his country, and his God, wherever his lot was cast. I have already mentioned H. Clay Trumbull, editor of the S. S. Times. Let me include Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, General John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, Bishop Lawrence McMahon of Hartford, Bishop C. C. McCabe, Dr. Samuel J. Nichols of St. Louis, Dr. Arthur Edwards of Chicago, editor of the North Western Christian Advocate.

At the close of the war the office of regimental chaplain was abolished and post chaplains were again appointed and this condition obtained until the reorganization of the army February 2, 1901, when provision was again made for chaplains for each regiment of infantry, thirty, each regiment of cavalry, fifteen, and twelve for the artillery corps. A total of fifty-seven. There are now several vacancies, five I think. The law provided that a chaplain shall have the rank, pay, privileges, and allowances, of a captain and shall be upon the same footing as other officers in the matters of tenure of office, retirement and pensions. A proper uniform is provided for dress, full dress and service.

Chaplains are appointed by the President. He usually designates a number of men for examination, they must be under forty years of age, pass a rigid physical examination and certain educational tests.

The position of regimental chaplain is unique. He is a commissioned officer yet without command. No question of relative rank brings him into rivalry with any other officer. He may be welcomed alike by general or second lieutenant without the fear of any seeming inconsistency of association, if only he has the power of making himself personally or socially agreeable or useful. Yet he can be among the enlisted men as one entirely in sympathy with them, without any thought on the part of either that he is stepping out of his sphere or crossing the line which divides commissioned officers as a class from enlisted men as a class. In this a chaplain has a position utterly unlike any other person in the army; and it is his own fault if he does not avail himself of it and improve its advantages. Officers and men alike respect the office of chaplain and seem to relish having in their army life one person to whom they can speak in entire freedom, that is if

# QUARTERLY BULLETIN

Published by the Wyoming State Historical Department

## State Historical Board

Governor—Mrs. William B. Ross.  
Secretary of State—F. E. Lucas  
State Librarian—Flo La Chapelle

State Historian—Mrs. Cyrus Beard  
Secretary of the Board

## Advisory Board

Rt. Rev. P. A. McGovern, Cheyenne  
Dr. Grace R. Hebard, Laramie  
Mr. P. W. Jenkins, Cora  
Mrs. Willis M. Spear, Sheridan  
Mr. R. D. Hawley, Douglas  
Miss Margery Ross, Cody  
Mrs. E. T. Raymond, Newcastle  
Mr. E. H. Fourt, Lander

## Contents

Army Chaplains.....	Coutant
Green River Early History.....	Coutant
Reminiscences of Early Days of Douglas .....	Bert Wagner
Reminiscences of Early Days in Wyoming .....	Mrs. Kate Lisberg
Letter.....	John Hunton
" .....	F. V. Hayden
A Tragic Death in the Early Days of Wyoming.....	Elizabeth Speath
An Appreciation .....	Contributed
Carbon County Copper.....	J. C. Kennedy
Cheyenne Weather Station .....	Emma J. Dobbins
Notes and Comments.....	State Historian
Accessions .....	State Historian

the chaplain has the qualities and experience to fit him for such confidence.

Our older soldiers—commissioned officers and enlisted men—especially those who have been through the recent war are as a class more reverent than people on the outside judge them to be. They support all services splendidly, the average attendance at army posts being far in excess of that in civil life. The Chicago-Record Herald recently made a canvas of the churches of Chicago and stated that the attendance of men at the services of the various churches on Sunday was less than 15 per cent of the male population. At army posts even where the facilities for attending city churches are the best, and the conveniences for services at the post are meager, a better average than this is maintained. The soldier is human and because he is human he welcomes human sympathy. Away from home and friends he is usually glad to have the chaplain show an interest in him and his dear ones and to invite his confidence concerning matters that most deeply concern him personally.

•An old time officer recently told me that the presence and services of the Chaplain on the eve of a battle or in the engagement itself was always inspiring alike to officers and men. He said that after they came to know him in the Phillipines, before which time the men had dubbed him Holy Jim the Sky Pilot, they counted his influence upon the men as the equal of a dozen additional men in the conflict.

On the other hand some men who are natural cowards become chaplains. Two soldiers were overheard discussing their chaplains and comparing them. "He's always on picket with his regiment," they said, "and he is always ready to go with it into a fight. You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there."

"You don't mean that our chaplain is a coward, do you?" in a scornful tone.

"Oh, no! I don't say he is a coward; but whenever there is any firing ahead he has to go for the mail."

"Well, but he has got to go for the mail, you know?"

"Yes; but if the firing is sudden he can't stop to get his saddle on."

And the soldiers laughed heartily over this picture of their frightened Chaplain. That Chaplain could not preach the soldiers duty of courage to men who saw that he gave way to unsoldierly cowardice.

The regulations specify that the chaplain shall conduct one service each Sunday, and that he may be detailed by the commanding officer to conduct the post school for enlisted men. So that it is evident that the chaplain may do little or much according to his own inclination. An active man finds plenty to do in hospital, guard house, Sunday school, preaching services, mid-week service, literary society, etc. At many posts suitable chapels are provided. The one at Fort Reilly is of stone and cost about \$12,000. Regulations already provide for heating, lighting, janitor service and seating but no provision is made for desk, bibles, hymn books, or communion service. The following from 1901 regulations, section 341, explains how such items are to be secured. "Books for post chapel services are not furnished by the Government; the chaplain is expected to secure them through the voluntary contributions of those interested." While the chaplain has no authority in the matter he is expected to have a fatherly oversight of the post library. At most posts good libraries are provided, a small government appropriation being available to keep them up. Each company also has its reading room, usually supplied with choice current literature and papers from the locality from which any considerable number of the men come.

It costs the Government approximately \$200,000 annually to maintain its corps of army chaplains and it would be very natural for you to ask if as a result of this outlay and the effort of the men employed there are conversions in the army. From my short experience I can answer in the affirmative and could give several good illustrations. A man at Fort Douglas, where I was stationed for three months, was spoken of as the great

est drunkard in the post. The chaplain had talked with him and found him to be a man of some attainments and decided to try to win him to better things. He invited him to learn to play golf with him and furnished the clubs for both. The man showed great aptitude for the game and had soon won the post championship. A great friendship sprung up between chaplain and soldier, he was won to Christ and today is teaching in the post school at Douglas, an honored and respected man. One such case is compensation for many days of earnest work.

You might ask does the religious zeal of the average young man lessen when he enters the army, and I would say from my observation, not more than that of the average young man in any profession or occupation who is removed from home influences. Remember that absolutely none of the restraining influences of the home are thrown about the soldier. One man told me recently that he had not eaten a meal in a home for fourteen years. You find some such in civil life who live in boarding houses and Christian ministers know the problem such cases present.

In connection with the work of the chaplain mention must be made of the splendid work that is done by Christian workers from the cities that are located near army posts. The W. C. T. U., the various young people societies, the Young Men's Christian Association, pastors and laymen have contributed largely of their time for work among soldiers. Such effort is always appreciated and is encouraged by commanding officers as a rule. It is often the case that the only services conducted at a fort for years have been under the direction of volunteer workers and chaplains have come upon the field to find well organized Young People's Societies doing efficient work. The direct advantage of this outside co-operation, even with a chaplain on the field, lies in the fact that if he is removed the religious work is not entirely abandoned.

(The above article is from an unsigned and undated manuscript in the Coutant Collection of notes in the State Archives. Mr. Coutant died in 1913. Reference in the manuscript to a book written in 1901 places the date approximately.

State Historian.

### GREEN RIVER EARLY HISTORY

Green River is the county seat of Sweetwater County 845 miles west of Omaha, the end of the Laramie and the commencement of the Western Division of the Union Pacific.

The place is a regular eating station, where passenger trains stop thirty minutes, those from the East for breakfast, those from the West for supper. Much taste is displayed at this station in the decorating the dining room and office with mountain curiosities, mineral specimens, moss agate and horns of game.

The city has a good court house—costing \$35,000; several dry goods, grocery, clothing and other stores; two hotels, and about 400 population; also, a daily newspaper, the

Evening Press. The Railroad Company has a roundhouse of 15 stalls, and machine shops and repair shops, located here, that in the early years of the road were at Bryan.

It is claimed that the surrounding country is rich in mines but one thing is certain it is rich in cattle; it has cattle on more than a thousand hills."

The bluffs near this station present a peculiar formation called, by Professor Hayden, the "Green River Shales."

The walls of these bluffs rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, are of grayish bluff color, and are composed of layers, apparently sedimentary deposits of all the thicknesses is from that of a knife blade to two feet, at the base of the bluffs the layers are thin and composed of arenaceous clay, with laminated sandstone, mud marking sand other indications of shallow water or mud flats; color for 100 feet, ashen brown; next above are lighter colored layers, alternate with greenish layers and fine white sand. Passing up, clay and lime predominates then comes layers of boulders, pebbles, and small nodules.

"There are also seams of very fine black limestone, saturated with petroleum near the summit, under the shallow calcareous sandstone, there are over fifty feet of shales that contain more or less of oily material. The hills all around are capped with a deep, rusty yellow sandstone which presents the peculiar castellated forms which with the handed appearance, have given so much celebrity to the scenery about the station.

The point where our photographer stood to take the picture, was about one half mile below the bridge and immediately opposite the mouth of the noted Bitter Creek, down which, in years past, rolled the wagons of the pioneer—emigrants of the far west, on their weary way seeking new El Doradres towards the setting sun.

OLD TOWN—a short distance from the station to the southward is the site of the old deserted city of Green River, near the old emigrant crossing, and thereby hangs a tale. This city was laid out in July, 1868, and in the September following contained 2,000 inhabitants and many substantial wood and adobe buildings, and presented a permanent appearance. At that time it was thought by the citizens that the Railroad Company would certainly erect their division building near the town, and it would become an important station in consequence. But the Railroad Company opposed the Town company, bridged the river, and as the road stretched away to the westward, the town declined as rapidly as it arose, the people moving on to Bryan, at which place the Railroad Company located their city—and sold lots.

Twenty years ago an important trading station was located near this station just below on the opposite side of the river. In early days the Mormons had a ferry here, and as the river was seldom fordable—except late in the fall—they reaped a rich harvest of from \$5.00 to \$20.00 a team for crossing them over the river, according as the owners were found able to pay. These times were

comparatively only yesterday and we might stay with the juggler "Presto!" and we have the "river house" and the big trains of magnificent palace cars, crossing the substantial railroad bridge, conveying their hundreds of passengers daily from every land and clime—whirling them across the continent from ocean to ocean, on schedule time. Do these passengers while partaking of a princely meal, lying at ease sipping their wine (or possibly ice water) and smoking quietly their cigar, ever think of the hardy pioneers who toiled along on foot, and alone many times over seven months traveling the same distance that can now be made in five days? These pioneers suffered every kind of hardship, many unto death and those that remain are fast passing away. Yet, the fruits of their adventurous and daring intrepidity can be seen no every hand.

**GREEN RIVER.** This stream rises in the northwest portion of the Wind River Mountains at the base of Fremont's Peak. The source of the river is found in innumerable little streams about 200 miles from the railroad crossing, about 150 miles below the station the river empties into the Colorado River. The name "Green River" implies the color of the water, but one would hardly expect to behold a large rapid river, whose waters possess so deep a hue. The river for some distances up the streams runs through a soil composed of decomposed rock, slate, etc., which is very green and easily washed and worn away which accounts for the color of the water. At all seasons of the year the water is very good—the best by far of any found in this country. The tributaries abound in trout of fine flavor, and the main river is well stocked with the finny tribe. Game of all kinds abound along the river and in the adjacent mountains.

Fontenelle Creek comes into Green River forty miles north and is especially noted for game, trout, etc.

The lower stream presents a very marked feature, aside from the high bluffs of worn sandstone besides sedimentary deposits. These features are strongly marked, above the bridge for several miles.

From Green River station the first exploratory expedition of Major Powell started on the 24th of May, 1869. The party consisted of about a dozen well armed, intrepid men, mostly western hunters. They had four well built boats, with which to explore the mysterious and terrible canyons of Green River and the Colorado. These gorges were comparatively unknown, the abrupt mountain walls having turned the travel far from their sterile shores. Science and commerce demanded a solution of the question, and Major Powell undertook to solve the problem. The party encountered hardships, discovered beautiful scenery, and in their report have thrown much light on the mysteries of this heretofore not much traveled country. The result of the expedition afforded the Major materials for a course of lectures and demonstrated the important fact that the Colorado canyon is not navigable.

We hear the Major has since the above made an expedition to the river, but are not informed as to the results. A wagon road leads north up the east side of the river, on which a stage runs regularly to the

**SWEETWATER COUNTRY.** The principal cities are South Pass, Atlantic and Hamilton. They are situated four miles apart. The principal occupation of the citizens is quartz gold mining. Many of the mines are said to be very rich, but for some reasons are very unprofitable to work. The principal mines are on the Sweetwater river, a tributary of Wind River, which passes through very rich mineral and agricultural country.

Wind River is a tributary of the Big Horn River which empties into the Yellowstone. The streams abound in fish including trout of excellent flavor. The mountains and valley furnish game in abundance, deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo, brown, black and grizzly bears. Indians difficulties have retarded mining, agricultural and business operations very much in the past.

Leaving the station we cross Green River on a fine bridge, the cars passing along through heavy cut almost over the river in places affording a fine view of the cliffs on the east side of the river. Twenty miles to the northwest is a large barren butte, stands in isolated loneliness. Soon we turn to the left leaving the river and pass along a dreary waste for 13.4 miles and arrive at Bryan.

—From Coutant Notes.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF DOUGLES

In the spring of 1886 the Fremont Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad (now known as the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad) was built from Chadron through Eastern part of Wyoming to Douglas which was the terminus of the Railroad for several years. The first lots were sold in September 1886 and a town sprung up in three months with a population of about two thousand five hundred and it was the liveliest and busiest town in the State until the railroad was extended to Casper several years later. Before the railroad reached Douglas and the town lots were sold, a village of Tents and Shacks was built on Antelope Creek about a half mile from the Douglas townsite and I was one of the first merchants to open up a Clothing and Mens Furnishing store in the town of Antelope. I had most of my merchandise shipped from Chicago and Omaha to the end of the railroad and freighted from there in wagons drawn by fourteen to sixteen horses or mules, and it took about 6 days to make the trip to Douglas, the roads being very rough especially in the spring of the year. I also had some merchandise consigned to me from Omaha via the Union Pacific R. R. to Rock Creek (now called Rock River, Wyoming) and freighted from there to Douglas. A man by the name of William Taylor who owned a large Mercantile establishment at Rock Creek, took charge of all freight shipments at that point and forwarded same to Douglas merchants by Freight Teams. It



took from seven to ten days to haul freight from Rock Creek to Douglas at that time, cost from three to five cents per pound for hauling. Among the freighters who had outfits were George Powell, Al Ayres, Jim Smith, Abe Daniels and Barney Gunning. There were many others whom I cannot recall at this time. All of these men settled in Douglas later on and were very prosperous, in fact two of them (Abe Daniels and Jim Smith) became rich. The former died several years ago and left quite a large estate but Jim Smith is still living and resides in Casper now and owns more real estate than any other man in Casper. He is also proprietor of the Natrona Hotel in Casper which is a money making proposition. When I reached the town of Antelope on Antelope Creek near the townsite where Douglas now stands, I could not find any lumber or other material for erecting a store building so I wired to Chicago for a large Tent, thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. By the time it had arrived I had secured a few rough boards and two by fours, and with these I built a frame thirty by fifty feet to stretch the tent over. I also built a temporary floor and some shelving and counters out of the rough lumber so as to have a suitable place to open a temporary store. After I had unpacked all of my merchandise, found that I had ordered too large a tent so I rented half of it to Charles Clay of Rock Creek, Wyoming, who opened up a Grocery Store and we were the leading merchants in the town of Antelope, Wyoming, until the fall of 1885 when the town of Douglas was built and everyone in the vicinity moved over to Douglas. The first lot was sold to DeForrest Richards Sr., for twelve hundred and fifty dollars (\$1,250.00) and he immediately began the erection of the First National Bank Building of Douglas which was completed in about three months. He also bought another lot on the opposite corner for which he paid one thousand dollars and on this corner he erected a large one story brick building which was first occupied by the C. H. King Mercantile Company, of which DeForrest Richards, Sr., was a half owner. This was the largest mercantile establishment in Central Wyoming for a number of years, and when the railroad was extended to Casper, this firm moved to Casper and also established the Casper National Bank. A few years later Mr. A. J. Cunningham bought the interests of C. H. King and the firm name was changed to Richards and Cunningham Company, who now operate one of the largest Department Stores in the State and also own the Casper National Bank. Two prominent citizens of Casper, viz. Patrick Sullivan and P. C. Nicolayson are associated with them in the bank and store. I am ahead of my story gain and must write a few more reminiscences of the early days of Douglas where I was located for about ten years.

I bought a lot in Douglas on the first day of the lot sale in September in 1886 and paid five hundred dollars for it in the middle of the block where the Yellowstone Garage is now located. It took me two days to get the

sagebrush off of this lot which was about three feet high; I then began the construction of a one story frame store building which cost me about twenty-five hundred dollars and before moving in my new store I gave a big dance free to everybody, the music being furnished by Abe Daniels and myself, he being an expert on the fiddle and I played the piano. The refreshments consisted of a Dutch Lunch with all the beer they wanted to drink and all free. This made a great hit and was a good advertisement for me. It was certainly a mixed crowd, mostly cowboys, Railroad men, and Surveyors, but all had a good time.

After I had removed my stock of merchandise from the big Tent of Antelope Creek to the new store in Douglas, some cowboys cut out the entire north side of the tent for tarpaulins and the tent was ruined so I cut the balance of it into strips and sold them for tarpaulins. There were a lot of shacks and tents erected in the old town of Antelope Creek and most of them were moved later on to the new town of Douglas, Wyoming. I remember that the "Budget Office" (an old shack building of rough boards and tar paper, etc.) was erected right across the street from my tent store, and next to my store was another tent owned by A. R. Merritt, it being used for a Drug Store. Mr. Merritt now owns one of the largest Department Stores in Douglas. He came from Nebraska (Fremont) and I from Laramie, Wyoming. There was also a large Hardware Store in a tent and it was owned by Peavy and Ralston, who later on moved to the town of Douglas but did not remain there long. Just across the street from store on Antelope Creek was another shack built of rough boards and tar paper, etc., occupied by C. R. Maurer as a law office and next to that a building that looked like a barn also built of rough lumber and tar paper, etc., and it was occupied by the "Rowdy West" news paper, which by the way was always printed on pink paper similar to the Police Gazette but minus the pictures. It was owned and operated by W. S. Kimball, Sr. and W. S. Kimball, Jr, who came there from Audobau, Iowa in the spring of 1886 and both have been good friends of mine ever since although their politics were not the same as mine. W. S. Kimball, Sr., is now about eighty-four years of age and lives in Glenrock, Wyo., while his son W. S. Kimball, Jr., is now a resident of Casper, and owns two large Drug Stores. He was at one time Mayor of Casper, and is now a highly respected resident of the community.

There were several other pioneers or "Old Timers" (as I call them) who were in business in the little town of Antelope before Douglas was built, but I cannot recall them at this time. After the town lots were sold in Douglas nearly every business man in the town of Antelope began to erect buildings and within three months there were several blocks of business houses erected and numerous residences. The First National Bank Building was the largest building in Douglas for several years, and the C. H. King Mer-

cantile Co. also erected a very large one story brick building. The Maverick Bank Building was erected by a Mr. Garver who was a large coal mining operator of Des Moines, Iowa, and he started his son (Carl Garver, who by the way is now the Mayor of Des Moines, Iowa) in the banking business. But this bank only lasted a few years, as Carl Garver was too liberal, and loaned money freely especially to the Cowboys who were all his friends, and he would take almost anything for security, such as a saddle, revolver, or a pair of spurs and their notes. While the bank building was being erected, they decided to name it the "Maverick Bank" as the name "Maverick" was very popular in those days, meaning an unbranded steer, and many cattlemen or ranchmen became rich by rounding up Mavericks and branding them.

There were many funny incidents happened in Douglas during the Early Days and one of them I can vividly recall.

A Jewish merchant by the name of Fuhrman located in Douglas during the first year at its existence, and I believe he was the only Jew in Douglas at that time. Although he was very popular the boys were always playing tricks on him. One day a party of young men took him out hunting, and they traveled quite a distance and had to camp out over night. One day one of the party killed a Coyote and that night while Mr. Fuhrman was asleep they put the Coyote in bed with him, and when he woke up and felt the animal rubbing against his face he was almost frightened to death, he first thought it was alive. Another funny incident happened at about the same time. A young lawyer by the name of Beemis who came out from Iowa to visit Carl Garver, Robert Green and Mr. Blackburn and he was a real "Tenderfoot" as they called any green fellow in those days. So they had him go out Snipe Hunting and made him carry a gunnysack with a barrel hoop in it to keep it open. They told him to sit down and hold the sack while they all went to drive in the Snipe and he did so but fell asleep holding the sack, and when he woke up all had gone home and there were no snipe in the sack, in fact I guess there were none in the country so the joke was on him.

After Douglas became an incorporated town there were many nice refined people settled there and all were prosperous until the railroad was extended to Casper. After that over half of the population followed the railroad to Casper which is the largest town in Wyoming. Many of the pioneers or old timers of Douglas are still living and many of them make their home in Casper. Nearly all of them have been prosperous and are enjoying their old days in a nice modern city. Well I think that I have written enough about the early days of Laramie and Douglas so will close but later on I may write some interesting events which have not yet been published about the early days of Casper.

Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) BERT WAGNER,  
631 East 2nd Street,  
Casper, Wyoming.

## REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS IN WYOMING

By Mrs. August Kate Leisberg  
Age 70 years

Arriving November 23rd, 1889 from Ell Horn, Nebraska I found Green River, Wyoming a most barren town; only a few families very busy but kindly disposed.

In a few days I left for Miners Delight where my sister Mrs. E. J. Morris resided. At this place two hundred men mining for gold were working day and night. Prospecting for gold was the daily topic of conversation, amusements were not much varied sleigh riding, coasting over high snow drifts and dancing were all at that time.

Health seeking was a great question, answered by some wonderful demonstrations. Wealth sought it as the prospector did for gold. Not all the tents dotting the South Pass hills to Father Washakies Peaks were the abode of Indians. Father Washakie was a thoughtful old man; while he sanctioned the Sun-dance it has often been quoted that he advised young heroes "to live peacefully with all brethren for the Great Spirit made us all. We are many like leaves on the trees and he will not let it rain or the grass grow your families will all starve to death if you go on the war path and white man's sickness will come upon you."

First, if not most disappointing was when I went to live on the Reservation, near Fort Washakie. I looked and looked in vain for the Hiawathas and heroes of the beautiful Indian maidens, the Pocahontas type I used to read about when I was a small girl in Mexico, Missouri, which was my native home.

My first occupation as teaching school in South Pass; a school which had been previously taught by Dr. Kate Nelson, a sister of Mrs. Captain Nickerson (Mrs. N. G.). I had to ride horse back over a rough, unbroken, snowlined road two and one-half miles with two of my pupils behind me. Fifty dollars per month and twenty for board, while this experience was a hardship I broke in and conquered. Teachers now could hardly believe how trying such things were then, as we have good roads to walk or ride on now, much better salaries and more comfortable places to board. All due to intelligent progressiveness. Many people were as up to date in general information then as they are today, only they had to adapt themselves to surroundings and conditions of the country. Educational opinions were in unison. People wanted schools to prosper and develop for the betterment of their children.

Mrs. Esther Morris was the first woman to advocate Women Suffrage in Wyoming.

She served for a time as Justice of the Peace in Atlantic City. She is still represented in Cheyenne by near relatives in prominent families.

Religion and politics did not seem to take up time and thought as at present although there could be named many good Christians and politicians who did try to do some good.

Editing of newspapers was well conducted, as their statements of Wyoming's resources was heralded in every direction.

The Wind River Mountaineer, edited by Sr. Winn could be compared to a light in the window of the wilderness.

There were some very fine principled boys among the cowboy class, some from New York drawing rooms who received letters from mothers and sisters which were equal to any Bible sermons of the present day. Society after a time improved. Some were as diamonds in a rubbish pile; some helpless through ignorance; some helplessly poor but the most marked feature was sympathy for all who were in sickness or distress.

The Murphy Oil Wells were very small cavities. They are known now as the Dallas Oil Wells, and are considered the best in all the Lander country. They are well worked and developed by an English Company at present. The railroad and oil boom was talked of twenty years before they reached the Lander country but great good came at last.

Poapogic Canyon Valley was very cold, young people cannot imagine how the climate has changed. Even Westerners never expected to see strawberries and asparagus grow in a Lander garden. Mr. Ed Young of Red Cannon commenced early to cultivate an apple orchard and succeeded after years of hard work. After the fruit experiment was successful other varieties of food products were tried, some were very good and were adapted to the variations of climate.

The freighting of provisions into the inhabited districts would make as good a moving picture now as the Covered Wagon but there was not much romance about freighting then, as storms delayed the traffic and many persons had to live for a time on carrots, beans, rice and sagebrush tea.

Agriculture was in a very backward condition. There was not much machinery and very poor market. Stock raising was best and while many suffered hardships, as we all did, some made money and money made better times for all. But for a new country there was considerable activity in real estate, churches were built, Sunday Schools started. The country was progressive but in crude ways for a time. Some of our best citizens of that time live here today. Farmers were talking land. The man with land is the coming man but many took on more than they could handle profitably. "Farmers Alliance" proved a failure. Irrigating ditches were the cause of much controversy.

Honorable Mr. James Patton conducted and read funeral services when called upon and was a very popular citizen. Mr. H. G. Nickerson (Captain) and family were among the residents. Mr. James Kime kept a store and a saloon.

Mr. W. T. Shane, Mr. Mart McGrath and Mr. Enderly, were the first three men who laid out the town site of Thermopolis. Mr. W. T. Shane is living with his family at present in Thermopolis. Many others could be mentioned who proved good public ser-

vants—people showed their appreciation by keeping them to handle business affairs. Mrs. Smith-Sherlock kept the store and Post-office; Mrs. H. Sherman the boarding house and occasionally held Bible meetings. People seemed to appreciate them as an Oasis in the Desert of Western Life. Dr. T. Maghee, Sr., was Dentist, Doctor and almost nurse in cases. Archie Slack, eldest son of Mrs. Esther Morris, edited the leading paper known as the South Pass News.

Many changes in every way continued for the uplifting standard. Only two contagions tried to mar Mother Earth's material happiness, snobbery and chicken pox. One depended on the flourish of the crops, the other on not heeding, prevention cures. My own air castles, were far away. But the people who attached their interests, and no difference where they wandered came back, built nice residences and paid many a worthy

TRIBUTE TO DEAR OLD WYOMING.

## LETTERS

From letters to Mrs. Beard.

January 29, 1925.

In answer to your question "when was the lime kiln west of the Fort built" I will try to give you such information as I can on the subject. Boulders of lime rock are promiscuously scattered over the Fort Laramie section of country for many miles around and in the early occupation of the country by the Military some lime was made in a crude way by piling lime boulders and wood together and burning the lime rock. It was also known that large deposits of lime stone existed in what is now known as the Guernsey neighborhood.

Sometime during the early construction of Fort Laramie the Military authority—commanding officer or Quartermaster—employed a few citizens (I heard their names and personally knew one of them) to burn a kiln of lime at Warm Springs about 2½ miles south and west of the town of Guernsey and located on the Oregon Trail. There was considerable lime burnt at this place for several years but in the meantime another ledge or deposit of a better quality of lime stone had been discovered at Cold Springs about 1½ miles north and west of Warm Springs which I think, is the location your question refers to, as it was the place the Government got lime from for many years for both Fort Laramie and Fort Fetterman. In 1874 a good quality of lime stone was discovered on La Parelle Creek near the Natural Bridge. Fetterman was then supplied from that locality. Fort Laramie continued to get lime from Cold Springs until the Cheyenne and Northern R. R. was constructed, after which time it had its lime shipped to Bordeaux by train. During 1877 and '78 and '79 and the early eighties some small kiln of lime was burnt each year, of boulder lime rock along the Laramie river some nine or ten miles west of Fort Laramie. During 1867 several thousand bushels of lime was burnt at Cold Springs for Forts Laramie and Fetterman by Dan McUlvan and much of it hauled by Mahlon Dickerson, both of whose names you

can find in the "Old Ledger." I think I have given about all the history of lime there is worth giving.

Most respectfully,  
(Signed) JOHN HUNTON.

Fort Saunders, W. T.  
August 24, 1868.

Dr. Hiram Latham,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Sir:

I take great pleasure in communicating to you some of the results of my examination of the iron districts of Wyoming territory. I regard the iron ore leads of the territory as of great value, and almost indefinite in extent, and if the coal, of which there is the greatest quantity can be made useful in smelting this iron, it will prove as great a source of wealth as the iron ore beds of Pennsylvania are to the people of that state. The iron mines I examined were those connected with the coal formations along the eastern base of the Laramie Range, commencing about ten miles south of Cheyenne City. This ore is amonite, commonly known as namehematite, or brown iron ore. The specimens obtained were very compact, showing that it must have been derived from the carbonite of iron, and it will certainly prove to be of excellent quality.

I have estimated the coal formations south of Cheyenne City and north of the Arkansas to occupy an area of 5,000 square miles, and all this country is covered with brown iron ore to greater or less extent.

It is said to yield seventy per cent of metallic iron and about three tons of the ore is required to make one ton of pig iron. This ore has been pronounced by such authorities as Profs. Hall and Silliman equal to the best brown ore of the east.

At the sources of the Chugwater are massive beds of magnetic iron ore of the best quality. It is very much like the Champlain ores of the east, and cannot fail to produce the best of iron.

The quantity is unlimited and if the powerful corporation of the Union Pacific Railroad can succeed in combining the two great elements of wealth in this territory, coal and iron, so as to utilize them, Wyoming must eventually hold a relation to the contiguous territories similar to that which Pennsylvania now sustains toward the neighboring states. Rolling mills and iron furnaces will spring up everywhere, and it will cross the Missouri River on its way westward.

You have enough iron ore on the territory of Wyoming alone to supply the demand of the entire west for a generation or more, and discoveries will be made almost daily. The time has come when the vast mineral wealth of this region must be made useful, and successful methods of reducing the ores will be sought and found.

The great interest you have manifested in the development of the resources of this western country has led me to address this brief note to you and I hope I may be able to inform you of other discoveries from time

to time. Wishing you much success, I remain

Sincerely yours,  
F. V. HAYDEN,  
United States Geologist.

### A TRAGIC DEATH IN THE EARLY DAYS OF WYOMING

One of the oldest ranches in Campbell County is the present Lee and Spaeth ranch about seven miles east of Gillette, the present county seat. This ranch was originally homesteaded by Hank Mason who lived in California in the early sixties, where he was a placer miner and a professional hunter. He went into the Black Hills of Dakota in 1877. His headquarters were a dug-out on the present Lee and Spaeth ranch. He continued to hunt, until buffalo and bear were gone, then worked for other people until Crook County was organized in 1885. He was the first road supervisor elected, and graded the road from Luya Kara Creek to Sundance. Mr. E. B. Armstrong, who now lives in California and who was himself one of the early settlers of the northeastern part of Wyoming writes as follows about Mason:

"I first met Hank Mason on the Belle Fourche River in 1881 killing buffalo for their hides. He had killers and skinners doing a big business. About 1880 he went down on what is known as Stockade Beaver creek, in Weston County and started a saw-mill near the head of the creek, far back in the mountains, about 1893 or 1894. During the spring he had been seeing a bear track so one day he said to his wife, 'I'll take along my gun.' The gun was a 76 model Winchester. He had shells for it that he loaded himself. He walked along through short thick pines and thick brush. There were some very large pine trees, several having been blown down in heavy storms. As Hank walked quietly around a large, fallen tree, a large bear rose up out of his bed. Hank was not over 30 feet from the bear. He fired as quickly as he could but over-shot, hitting the bear in the shoulder. The bear started for him. He quickly tried to throw another shell into the gun, but being a reloaded shell, it had swollen and stuck, and he could not get that shell out—he was helpless—but turned to fight. He fought that bear—no one can ever know how long—we could only guess by the line of blood and rocks. Hank's elbows were both bitten to a pulp,—as the bear would try to get his head in his mouth, Hank would guard his face with his elbows. It was evident that the bear left him for dead; as Hank had tied his wounds with his shirt and had started for home. The bear evidently heard him and came back. Hank tried to climb a small quakenasp tree or bush, but the bush proved too small and he could not climb high enough. The bear reached up, got him by the heel and pulled him down by tearing away all the flesh from his heels. The bear succeeded in getting Hank's head into his mouth, crushing his skull. The next day Hank was found, cared for and buried by friends. The trail of the bear was followed with dogs the second day. He was found

about five miles away. When he heard the dogs he turned to fight and was shot. Hank had been bitten 33 times and the bear was shot high up on the shoulder. I am sure this was the most tragic death that any man ever met with a bear, and he an old bear hunter. Hank was one of our best men, he was the soul of honor and I am glad that his name is to be recorded with the early Wyoming History. The bear was the biggest bear ever seen in the Black Hills. His hide was stuffed and measured a little over 9 feet. It was exhibited at the fair at Omaha."

MISS ELIZABETH SPAETH.

### AN APPRECIATION

Clara Williamson was born July 2, 1862 in Des Moines, Iowa. Her father was Judge William Williamson, a prominent lawyer of that city. Her mother belonged to the well known McLean family of Indiana.

The only daughter in a household of boys she had unusual social and educational advantages which helped to develop in her the qualities of mind and heart that contributed to her vivid and attractive personality.

In her early twenties she was married to Fred Bond, also a native Iowan, who had felt the lure of the West and who with his twin brother Frank had already established themselves in surveying and engineering circles in Wyoming.

The young couple made their home in Cheyenne and numbered among their many friends those whose names figure in the growth and upbuilding of the State. While living in Cheyenne two sons were born to them, Warwick Everett and Kenneth Williamson.

In 1894 Mr. Bond was called to Buffalo to act as Engineer in the construction of the city water system and being favorably impressed with the northern counties of Wyoming, he removed his family to Buffalo where they resided for several years. Mrs. Bond was an active worker in St. Luke's Church and Sunday School where the foundation was laid for many staunch friends in later years. It was at this time that the third son, Fred Avery, was born. Mr. Bond returned to Cheyenne to assume the duties of State Engineer, was stricken and died of typhoid fever in 1903 during his term of office. The support of the family falling upon the widow, Mrs. Bond fitted herself for the position of State Librarian, to which she brought the ability and energy which contributed largely to the high efficiency of that institution. For a brief period while her older sons were in business in Newcastle, Mrs. Bond made her home in that town. In the spring of 1917 Mrs. Bond came to Buffalo as Librarian of the Johnson County Library. She had the fullest confidence of the Board and the respect and admiration of the patrons whom she delighted to serve. Under her direction the Library has won much favorable comment for its up-to-date equipment and competent management. Mrs. Bond had two sons in war service, Kenneth W., who served in the Engineer Corps, A. E. F., and Fred A., who was killed while

doing guard duty on the Union Pacific R. R. His name appears on the honor roll of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Cheyenne and Memorial Cross, Laramie, and on the "Bronze Memorial Tablet" in the corridor of the State House in Cheyenne. Mrs. Bond took an active part in the organization of the first American Legion Auxiliary unit in Wyoming at Buffalo in January of 1920, holding the office of Vice and Acting President during that year. During 1923-1924 she served as chairman of the State Executive Board and was always keenly interested in any plan for the aid and comfort of the ex-service man. She was a member of the "Friends in Council," the oldest Study Club of Buffalo, was Ex-President of St. Luke's Guild and during the year 1923 was appointed Organizing Regent of the Fort McKinney Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Bond spoke with much pride of her revolutionary ancestor, Daniel McLean, native of Pennsylvania, and whose parents were sturdy Scots. In January of 1921 Mrs. Bond was instrumental in the organization of a historical society known as the Johnson County Historical Society, serving as its secretary. Through her efforts a large number of valuable records and relics were collected. During 1923 Mrs. Bond's health failed. Heart trouble was indicated and the low altitude of California was tried with little success. During her sojourn there she had the pleasure of meeting many old friends and making new ones, but she longed to return to Wyoming. The end came peacefully October 17th, 1924, in Buffalo. She was laid to rest beside her husband and son in Cheyenne, with Dean Samuel West, an old and valued friend, officiating. Pall bearers consisting of old friends of the family. With the passing of Mrs. Bond, Wyoming has lost a valuable citizen, one who ever had the welfare of the community in which she lived at heart.

Contributed.

### CARBON COUNTY COPPER

(By J. C. Kennedy, C. E. E. M., Saratoga, Wyoming)

The Sierra Madre system of mountains, extending from Tierra Del Fuego to Cape Barrow on the Arctic seas, and embracing not only the continental divides of two continents, but numerous branch, auxiliary and parallel ranges, forms the longest and most important mineral zone on this round earth of ours; most important not only in the production of the precious and nobler metals, but the commoner metals as well. The metals, both common and precious, by great odds, have been the most important factors in the development of the human race which can be named. Without them we would still be in this year 1903, no farther advanced in condition than that of the primitive cave man.

It is fortunate for the future of Wyoming that this system of mountains traverses the State; for there are such large areas in this as well as other states west of the 100th Meridian, which can never be brought under cultivation, that, were it not for the metals,

metallic earths, minerals and salts within its borders, it could never rank as high in the production of wealth as her sister states in the East, notwithstanding her great area.

From a point toward the west side line of Carbon County to a point in southern Fremont County, the uplift which produced the Rocky Mountains has not been pronounced enough to lift the igneous and primary rocks through the burden of the sedimentary rocks which originally covered the greater part of the West. In this section, other than at isolated points, it will be useless to look for metallic ores; but outside of this limited portion of the Continental Divide, the conditions are equally as favorable as in Colorado on the south and Montana on the north.

The State Geologist has given this convention a comprehensive review of the mines, the minerals and the mining development of the State. In this brief paper the writer will confine himself to one metal, copper, and to one locality of its existence of many in the State, viz., Carbon County.

As indicated in a preceding paragraph the high portion of the Sierra Madre system terminates toward the western border of Carbon County. From the southern boundary of the County and of the State to this point of termination, the existing conditions for the deposition of metallic ores are ideal, and are the same as in Colorado to the south. We have the granitoid rocks, the granites, gneisses and syenites, flanked by the Algonkian schists, the Cambrian quartzites, the Silurian limestones, all cut and torn at different points by eruptive dykes of diorite, amygdaloidal diabase and other porphyritic rocks. Some of these dykes are very persistent and extend for miles. These formations are the homes of the precious and other metals.

In the last two years nearly all the copper ores known have been found in this section—native copper, the oxides, the carbonates and the sulphides. Nearly a complete collection of the copper minerals can be made in this region. This collection would contain native copper, cuprite, melaconite, melachite, azurite, bornite, covellite, marcasite, chalcopyrite, chalcocite and chrysocolla.

One remarkable and almost universal feature of the district is that when enough work has been done to disclose a permanent vein with continuous ore streak, the percentage of copper has been unusually high, rarely falling below 30 per cent, which is nearly typical percentage of pure chalcopyrite, while considerable masses of black oxide and copper glance run from 50 to 65 per cent.

As is known to some of you the Medicine Bow range diverges sharply from the main Sierra Madre range at the S. E. corner of North Park, Colorado, where the North Platte River leaves the Park at the south line of Wyoming, these ranges approach each other and immediately diverge again—the Sierra Madre extending northwesterly and the Medicine Bow in a northerly direction. The copper belt is spread like a blanket on

both sides of the Continental Divide, and extends for 65 miles along the range to the outlet of North Park where swinging across the valley it extends northerly along the western slope of the Medicine Bow for a distance of 50 miles more—a total length of 115 miles.

What is now generally known as the Grand Encampment mining district embraces what are known locally as the Battle, the Bridger, the Beaver Creek, the Pearl and the North Platte mining districts. The inception of extended prospecting and development in this region is somewhat peculiar, and illustrates the fact that men often build better than they know, and that ephemeral movements, undertaken from purely selfish motives by a few men, with little thought of the future, have often times grown into extensive operations of the most important and beneficent character.

In the later 70's, Al Huston, one of the earliest settlers on Cow Creek in Carbon County, and a noted hunter, trail-maker and guide discovered gold in the Purgatory region, six miles south of the present town of Encampment. In 1895, he located a lead which showed at the surface a large amount of free gold, calling it the Golden Eagle. The following year this came to the notice of two or three outside gentlemen, who in connection with gentlemen in Rawlins in the latter part of 1896 staked out the town of Encampment. They enlisted the services of a newspaper correspondent who was more or less on his "uppers," but who possessed a facile pen and a picturesque vocabulary. He proceeded to flood the country with the most startling accounts of gold and other discoveries, of stage coach accidents and other mythical occurrences, keeping the name Grand Encampment constantly before the public. The object was to boom the section as a gold region and sell lots. The writer does not believe that the promoters knew of the previous copper discoveries in the region. If they did, they cared little for them, as the red metal at that time did not hold so prominent a place in the metal markets of the world.

However, 22 years and 16 years before the date of the Purgatory excitement, George Doane, who had previously been in the mining camps of Leadville and Aspen, located the Rambler lode near the shore of Battle Lake, 16 miles west of Encampment, a lode which is destined to become one of the heaviest producers in the district. But others had been there before Doane. He found trenches and shallow shafts on the Rambler vein, and at least two old cbains near by, one of which was provided with loop-holes for defense. Similar trenches, pits and shafts then existed on the other copper leads along the range to the northwest toward the Rudefeha.

As long ago as 1879, at least, many copper leads were discovered along the Medicine Bow range on the east side of the North Platte Valley. It is for copper that Carbon County is to be renowned all over the world, though there will be in time a considerable

production of gold, silver and lead, not to mention coal and oil.

In a paper of this kind the best thing which could possibly be given would be accurate figures of actual production. The writer regrets that these cannot be given complete. Those that have them in the case of each particular mine or prospect will not produce them. The State Geologist, who should have them, cannot get them under the present law. The best thing that can be done is, from some familiarity with the district, to give as close an approximation as possible. The Rudefeha has shipped in round numbers \$500,000 worth of ore. This ran in carload lots from 23 to 34 per cent in metallic copper. There are about 10,000 tons of ore on the dump which can be run over the tramway to the Encampment smelter, concentrated and smelted at a profit. During the past year a tunnel started on the adjacent Osceola ground has cut the Rudefeha vein at a point 356 feet below the collar of the main shaft. The vein at this depth is wider and of the same grade as that in the bottom of the old workings. The amount of unstopped ore between the tunnel level and the surface is immense and estimated to be of the value of \$1,000,000. The lateral extent of the vein or ore chute has not been determined; but enough can be seen to prove that this is to be one of the greatest copper producers of the world.

The Doane Rambler has shipped, all told, about 60 carloads of ore. The last twelve carloads, shipped by the company which now owns it, averaged 40 to 70 per cent of metallic copper. The average value per ton was \$7.68, the average gross value per car was \$2,008.45, the average net value per car was \$1,849.75, and the net value of the twelve cars was \$22,197.03. A car shipped to the State Ore Sampling Company, Denver on December 31st, 1900, gave the following results: Percentage of copper 51.23 per cent, value per ton \$123.42, gross value of car \$2,359.36, and net value of car \$1,981.27.

Some of these 12 cars of ore as well as most of that previously shipped by Doane yielded from 51 to 52 per cent copper. A prominent mining engineer has estimated the Rambler dump to contain \$120,000 worth of copper. A large amount of ore is blocked out which carries from 12 to 26 per cent of copper.

The Kurtz-Chatterton, located many years before the name, Encampment was known to the world, shipped a carload of ore in 1891, and 200 tons of concentrates to the Encampment smelter since its erection.

The Charter Oak near Calf Creek, the Evening Star on Beaver Creek and the so-called "Cox Mine" near the mouth of Big Creek, have shipped one car each of copper ore. The ore from the Evening Star and the Cox, was of very high grade, the latter consisting mainly of copper glance.

For the past one and a half years no ore has been shipped to outside smelters; but at least 70 prospects or mines in the district are prepared to send more or less ore to the enlarged Encampment smelter when it is ready to "blow in" the second time. The

writer takes a most conservative view of all mines and prospects. Furthermore he does not own a single copper claim in the State of Wyoming. He is not a prophet or the son of a prophet; but he will hazard the prediction that at least 30 of the claims already located will become mines of considerable production.

The most intelligent prospecting has not yet been done. The prospecting of the future which is to disclose the large ore bodies at present unknown is to be underground and not on the surface.

Besides the prospects and mines already mentioned, those which are very promising are the Syndicate, Leighton-Gentry, Copper Queen, Osceola, Copper Belt, Paris, Haskins Continental, Blackfoot, Buelah, Haggarty-Jordan, Portland, Hercules, Gertrude, Hidden Treasure, Keener-Price, Verde, Comstock, Great Lakes and Moon Anchor; the Aetna, Newsboy Beaver, Kearns, and others in the Beaver Creek section; the Mt. Zirkel, Coldwater, Big Creek, Big Horn, Tully and others in the Pearl section, the Dewey and Elk Mt. in the Medicine Bow range, and others in the whole copper belt.

In this connection it is proper to mention the now famous Nev Rambler. While in the southwestern part of Albany County, 3 miles from the Carbon County line, it is nevertheless in the North Platte drainage area, and 17 miles nearer Encampment than Laramie. The enterprising people of the latter city have received and deserve most of the benefits from the output of this mine; but 2,000 tons of its ore have gone to the Encampment smelter and have been converted to high grade matter.

Several prospects near the Rambler, in the Douglas Creek district, are coming into prominence as producers of copper ore. A peculiar feature of the ores of the Rambler and other prospects of that section is that they carry the metal platinum in commercial quantities, this being one of but three or four places in the world where platinum is found in place as the constituent of an ore.

In this connection also, I will mention that there are three or four other copper fields in Carbon County, viz., near the uplifts immediately N. W. of Rawlins, in the Seminole Mountains N. E. of Rawlins, and in the Shirley Mountains and Freezeout Hills, stretching easterly from the North Platte Canon in the N. E. part of the County. In these localities, the copper ore occurs mainly in the Carboniferous limestones, flanking the primitive rocks which form the core of these uplifts.

The main development in the copper belt of southern Carbon County has occurred during the past two years. During this time the stage road from Walcott to Encampment has been lined with teams loaded with tons upon tons of mining machinery, mining supplies and goods for Encampment and other mining towns, until at the present time there is more freight loaded on to wagons at the little station of Walcott than from any other station across Wyoming, from Cheyenne to Evanston, both included. The district has now 43 steam hoisting and pump-

ing plants. Including the new Rambler it has two smelters, four concentrators, two stamp mills and a 16-mile aerial tramway. The tramway cost \$350,000, the Encampment smelter, roaster, and converter and briquetting machine more than \$257,000, the 500-ton concentrating plant, \$110,000 and the power plant, dam, and power house \$125,000.

From Coutant Collection.

**Historian's Note.** At this point the manuscript ends. The abrupt end leads to the conclusion that the manuscript is an unfinished one or else the remaining text has been lost.

## THE CHEYENNE WEATHER STATION

(By Emma J. Dobbins)

In 1869 Col. A. J. Meyers, head of the United States Signal Service, suggested a scheme of weather reports and signals, which was not carried out until February 9, 1870, when Congress approved the plan. A number of young men were instructed at Ft. Meyer, Va., and later seventeen of them were sent out to establish weather stations at various points throughout the country.

To Asa C. Dobbins was assigned the station at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, then a little frontier town on the Union Pacific railroad, but located high upon a plateau of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of over six thousand feet. Mr. Dobbins arrived October 15th, 1870, and made the first observation November 1st, 1870.

He opened the office in a frame building at the corner of Sixteenth and Hill streets (now Capitol Avenue). The lower floor was occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and on the upper floor the weather station was established. The equipment consisted of the following instruments; a barometer, maximum and minimum thermometers, wet and dry bulb, rain gauge, and anemometer to record the velocity of the wind; there was also a large wind vane erected on the roof, with connections coming down through the roof and united to a pivoted arrow, swinging in a circular plane, marked with the cardinal points of the compass, which was attached to the ceiling. The shifting arrow swinging from one point to another, indicated the direction from whence the wind was blowing.

The furnishings of the office consisted of a desk, office chair, two common chairs, a cot, washstand, a stove and a clock. This constituted the Sergeant's office and home. At first, the Weather Bureau was under the Army and Navy regulations—thus we have the "Sergeant." The office and the observer were regarded as a sort of a joke and Mr. Dobbins was dubbed "the Weather Clerk," and, of course, was blamed for all weather not pleasing to the individual.

On February 20, 1872, the bureau or office was moved to the corner of 16th and Ferguson Streets (now Carey Avenue). June 20th, 1874, the residence of Sergeant Dobbins, located on the south side of 17th Street,

between Ransom and Dodge (Central and Warren) became the official headquarters of the weather bureau, where it remained until December, 1883. The next move was to the Commercial block, 218½ West 16th Street. This building is the property of Senator F. E. Warren, and the office remained in this building just twenty years, when it was moved to its present location in the Citizens Bank building.

During the time the office was situated at the corner of 16th and Carey Avenue, it was inspected by Lieut. A. W. Greeley, who afterwards became Chief Signal Officer, and later conducted the ill-fated expedition to the North Pole. In 1881, Mr. Dobbins was detailed by the United States Government to accompany Professor Langley on a scientific expedition to Mount Whitney, California, as meteorologist to the party of scientific research.

The writer, when visiting the weather office recently, was struck with the contrast between the first office with its crude furnishings and that of the present one. Handsome rugs, massive furniture of elegant simplicity, modern appliances greeted the eye of the beholder as she surveyed the four rooms of the department.

Mr. George W. Pitman, the present efficient weather director, very courteously explained the improved instruments and methods in present use; also produced several of the old records. Observational work is similar to years ago, except automatic instruments made through the application of electricity has lessened the work of keeping hourly records of sunshine, wind direction, wind velocity, and precipitation. The old records, however, are carefully protected, and, we are told, their value is more apparent as time goes on, in the way of establishing laws that govern the future weather changes in this locality. The Cheyenne office is headquarters for the state and there are eighty-two sub-stations under Mr. Pitman's jurisdiction. His office force consist of three assistants and a messenger. Daily forecasts (except Sunday) are now telegraphed to Lusk, Douglas, Cody, Thermopolis, Rawlins, Evanston, Pocatella, Sheridan, Newcastle, Torrington and Lander. The only broadcasting station is at Sheridan.

For years, the United States Weather Bureau has exchanged daily reports by telegraph with Mexico and Canada, while all the other countries of Europe exchange with one another in the same way. Our weather bureau also inaugurated the experiment of making a daily telegraphic weather chart of the Northern Hemisphere. This chart has now become indispensable to the forecaster. Recently a similar chart has been made every day at Toronto by the Canadian meteorologists.

Fewer foolish questions are asked at the weather office now than formerly, and the information depended upon. This is due probably because forecasts are now based upon scientific knowledge. The autoist inquires the weather conditions before taking a long trip, pleasure seekers consult the office be-



fore planning picnics, the farmer turns almost daily for advice concerning his crops to the forecasts, and so it goes. The weather forecaster is no longer a joke, but is champion of thousands of business men.

Since Mr. Dobbins' regime, there have been twenty men in charge of the local office, including Mr. Pitman. So time speeds on, and as I looked at the clock in the weather office and heard it tick, I thought of the OLD clock that ticked off the seconds in the first weather office. The only relic of that time is still ticking merrily away as I write, after fifty-four years of constant service.

"Tic Toc, old Clock,  
What are you saying now?"

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

(State Historian)

That interest in Wyoming History is not dormant is manifested by the number of clubs and various organizations which are now featuring the study of local Wyoming History. In some counties the work is functioning through old Settlers Associations and in others through departments in the various organized groups of worker; while in still others the history is collected and preserved by an organized County Historical Society. Of these societies quite the largest and the most far-reaching in its scope for activity is the recently incorporated "Natrona County Historical Society." Natrona County lies in a district rich in historic lore. With a society having a well defined object, a large and enthusiastic membership of pioneers and students of history, one feels confident that much hitherto unpublished history will emanate from this society.

### John Hunton Collection

This valuable collection which is a recent gift to the State Historical Department from Mr. Hunton consists of two leaflets and sixty-five original documents. The leaflet "Regulations Concerning the Granting of License to Trade with the Indians," was issued by the War Department in 1847 and signed by W. L. Marcy, Secretary of War.

In 1859 the War Department issued "General Orders Number 7" which was published for the information and government of the Sutlers at Army Posts. Signed by S. Cooper, Adjutant General.

There are articles of agreement in this collection between "Ward and Guerrier" of the first part and "Gerry and Bordeaux" of the second part for the Indian trade in 1856. This agreement stipulates prices to be paid for Buffalo Robes, Beaver Skins, Wolf Skins and other commodities incident to the Indian trade.

The upper Platte Agency Indian trade, embraced the "South Fork of the Platte River and Arkansas River with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians and White River and Sand Hills with a band of Sioux known as the Brule and Osage Indians."

There is a letter which fixes the date of the building of the Platte Bridge.

A memoranda is signed by J. L. Grattan.

Lieutenant Grattan was a victim in the Grattan Massacre.

At Fort Laramie in 1855 Joseph Marivale collects Joseph Vilandry's note for \$266.85.

Joseph Merivale, Nick Janis, John Richard (Reshaw) and Joseph Bissonette, all these men signed with an X. (Bissonette accompanied Stausbury on the latter's exploring expedition to Salt Lake in 1852).

John M. Hockaday and Company, by N. D. Van Eps, gave "due bills" for services rendered at Amanda Station on the dates June 22nd, 23rd, 1859, and the "Last Will and Testament of Elbridge Gerry (1854," and the signatures of Jules Ecoffy, and Adolph Cuny are to be found in these records.

In August, 1859 Mr. Jefferson Hunt left a mule with "Hiram Lightner, mail agent at Fort Laramie," and on the same date we read "Received Fort Laramie August 26th, 1859 of Jefferson Hunt one Mare Mule Branded with mule shoe and lame in right hind leg. Russells, Majors and Waddell, By Hiram Lightner." And on December 29th, 1859 Mr. Hunt requests the mail agent "to deliver the mule to bearer of the order, "Private Robert Foot, Co. F. 2" Dragoons left one check for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars favor of S. E. Ward and Company or order dated, Fort Kearney, N. T., 6th April 1860.

Reverend A. Wright, Post Chaplain at Fort D. A. Russell on March 27th, 1871, writes to his friend Mr. W. G. Bullock; and Mr. Bullock receives another letter signed by Robert Campbell; but perhaps of the greatest intrinsic value in the entire collection is a "Commission" to administer oaths, etc., granted to Seth E. Ward on the 28th day of April 1856 and signed by Sterling Price, Governor of Missouri, and sealed with the Great Seal of the State of Missouri. Sterling Price afterwards became a distinguished Major General in the Confederate Army.

On August 24th, 1859 Private Frank H. Schaeffer receives his honorable discharge from the U. S. Army. One wonders what became of this young German with "fair complexion and blue eyes" who, at the age of 23, enlisted in the service of our country, and if his parents ever knew that after five years of service he left the army for re-enlistment with "character good."

There are other items in this collection as fascinating and as valuable for research work to the student of history as those we have enumerated. But these to which attention is directed, will suffice to show how the wealth of the State Historical Department has been enhanced by this generous gift from Mr. John Hunton. This contribution alone would establish Mr. Hunton as one who knows historical values, but Mr. Hunton needs no introduction to the citizens of Wyoming, as it is well-known that he has lived continuously in Wyoming since 1867. His knowledge of the history of Territory and State is intimate and his statements are authentic.

The long expected "Life of James Bridger" by J. Cecil Alter, has appeared. The book is by far the most pretentious biography of Bridger which has ever been published. The author treats his subject with understanding and sympathy and fortifies his statements with a long bibliography and the book has a very comprehensive index. This is history told with all the charm of the story book.

#### Announcement

With this issue of the Historical Quarterly Bulletin the second volume closes. Volume 3 of the Bulletin will begin with the July number and the name will be changed to "Annals of Wyoming."

The Annals will be published with a cover, the quality of the paper will be better, the type will be more readable, there will be one, and possibly two illustrations and twenty-eight pages of history.

The Bulletin was issued primarily for source material only and as such, the "Annals" will be continued. There is a wealth of history in our State which should be collected and put in permanent form while we have with us those strong characters—men and women who cantell us by what effort and at what cost they made this great commonwealth. We owe it to them that the story of their deeds shall be perpetuated, and we owe it to the citizens of the present and the future that they shall be made acquainted with the annals of their State and thereby gain inspiration for their own lives, and an appreciation of their heritage. In the past eighteen months we have collected some valuable source material which has never been published and there are a number of manuscripts now in process of completion. It is our intention to publish this history as rapidly as possible and to increase the size of the "Annals" as our funds will permit.

The publications of the Department are paid for out of the State Historian's Contingent fund. The appropriation of the Eighteenth legislature left the Department in the same financial difficulty as that of the biennium just closed, that is, without sufficient funds to carry on the work of the Department as prescribed by law. It therefore becomes necessary to make a change in the policy of the "Annals": either the circulation must be decreased or membership in the State Historical Society must be increased. Membership is open to anyone. The annual dues are one dollar (\$1.00) paid in advance, and all publications of the Department are sent to members for the year without further assessments. Notice of delinquency will be sent from the Department. Beginning with Volume 3 (July number) the "Annals" will be sent only to members of the Society, the Historical Board, the Advisory Board and the exchanges. Attention is called to the membership roll and to the exchange lists to be found elsewhere in this issue. It is hoped that all readers of the Bulletin will recognize the need of a large membership in the State Historical Society and respond by sending one dollar (\$1.00) to the Wyoming State Historical Society in time to

receive your July number and keep your files complete. Furthermore, an early response will assist the State Historian in estimating how large an edition will need to be issued for July.

MRS. CYRUS BEARD,  
State Historian.

#### The Wyoming Historical Quarterly Bulletin exchanges with the following Historical Societies and Institutions of Learning

American Historical Association, Washington, D. C.

Arizona Pioneer Historical Society, Phoenix, Arizona.

Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford, Connecticut.

New London County Historical Society, New London, Conn.

State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colorado.

University of California Library, Berkeley, California.

California State Library, Sacramento, California.

California Historic-Genealogical Society, San Francisco, Cal.

Colburn Library, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.

State Historical Society, Boise, Idaho.

Historical Department of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

State Historical Society of Iowa, Des Moines, Iowa.

Northern Indiana Historical Society, South Bend, Indiana.

State Historical Society of Illinois, Springfield, Illinois.

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas.

Kentucky State Historical Society, Lexington, Kentucky.

Old Time New England, 2 Lynde Street, Boston, Mass.

Lynn Historical Society, Lynn, Mass.

Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing, Mich.

Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota.

State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

Missouri Historical Society, Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis, Mo.

State of Montana Historical Library, Helena, Montana.

Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Maryland.

Louisiana Historical Society, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Nevada Historical Society, Carson City, Nevada.

University of the State of New York, Albany, New York.

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, New York City.

New York Public Library, New York.

New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord, New Hampshire.

Historical Society of New Mexico, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

North Dakota Historical Collections, Bismark, North Dakota.

Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.  
 Oregon Historical Society, Portland, Oregon.  
 Onondago Historical Association, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 Free Library of Philadelphia, Dept. of Documents, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Wyoming Historical & Geography Society, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
 South Dakota Historical Collections, Pierre, South Dakota.  
 Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.  
 Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.  
 Tennessee Historical Commission, Nashville, Tennessee.  
 State Dept. of Archives & History, Charleston, W. Virginia.  
 Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vermont.  
 Texas State Library, Austin, Texas.  
 State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.  
 Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.  
 New Jersey Historical Society, Newark, N. J.  
 South Carolina Historical Society, Charleston, S. C.  
 Historical Society of Delaware, Wilmington, Delaware.  
 Historical Society of Florida, St. Augustine, Florida.  
 Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma, Washington.  
 Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Virginia.  
 Rhode Island Historical Society, Providence, Rhode Island.  
 Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 North Carolina Historical Society, Raleigh, N. C.  
 Maine Historical Society, Portland, Maine.  
 Alabama Historical Society, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.  
 Dept. of Archives & History, Atlanta, Georgia.  
 District Forester, Forest Service Building, Ogden, Utah.

The following newspapers are on file in this office and the Bulletins are sent to each in exchange:

Big Horn County Rustler, Basin, Wyoming.  
 Big Piney Examiner, Big Piney, Wyoming.  
 Buffalo Bulletin, Buffalo, Wyoming.  
 Buffalo Voice, Buffalo, Wyoming.  
 Burns Herald, Burns, Wyoming.  
 Casper Daily Tribune, Casper, Wyoming.  
 Casper Daily Herald, Casper, Wyoming.  
 Inland Oil Index, Casper, Wyoming.  
 Wyoming State Tribune, Cheyenne, Wyoming.  
 Park County Herald, Cody, Wyoming.  
 Colony News, Colony, Wyoming.  
 Cowley Progress, Cowley, Wyoming.  
 Douglas Budget, Douglas, Wyoming.

Douglas Enterprise, Douglas, Wyoming.  
 Wyoming Labor Journal, Cheyenne, Wyoming.  
 Wyoming Stockman-Farmer, Cheyenne, Wyoming.  
 The Wyoming Times, Evanston, Wyoming.  
 Campbell County Record, Gillette, Wyoming.  
 Gillette News, Gillette, Wyoming.  
 Glendo Pioneer, Glendo, Wyoming.  
 Glenrock Gazette, Glenrock, Wyoming.  
 Glenrock Independent, Glenrock, Wyoming.  
 Greybull Standard, Greybull, Wyoming.  
 Guernsey Gazette, Guernsey, Wyoming.  
 Jackson Hole Courier, Jackson, Wyoming.  
 Hillsdale Review, Hillsdale, Wyoming.  
 Kemmerer Gazette, Kemmerer, Wyoming.  
 Wyoming State Journal, Lander, Wyoming.  
 Laramie Republican-Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming (daily).  
 Laramie Republican-Boomerang, Laramie, Wyoming (semi-weekly).  
 Lightening Flat Flash, Lightening Flat, Wyoming.  
 The Lingle News, Lingle, Wyoming.  
 Lost Springs Times, Lost Springs, Wyoming.  
 Lusk Herald, Lusk, Wyoming.  
 Moorcroft Leader, Moorcroft, Wyoming.  
 The News Letter, Newcastle, Wyoming.  
 Pinedale Roundup, Pinedale, Wyoming.  
 Pine Bluffs Post, Pine Bluffs, Wyoming.  
 Powell Tribune, Powell, Wyoming.  
 Rawlins Republican, Rawlins, Wyoming.  
 Riverton Review, Riverton, Wyoming.  
 Rock River Review, Rock River, Wyoming.  
 Rock Springs Rocket, Rock Springs, Wyoming.  
 Saratoga Sun, Saratoga, Wyoming.  
 Thermopolis Independent, Thermopolis, Wyoming.  
 Torrington Telegram, Torrington, Wyoming.  
 Weston County Gazette, Upton, Wyoming.  
 Wheatland Times, Wheatland, Wyoming.  
 Worland Grit, Worland, Wyoming.  
 The Homesteader, Wright, Wyoming.  
 The following magazines are also exchanged:  
 Midwest Review, Casper, Wyoming.  
 Union Pacific Coal Company, Rock Springs, Wyoming.  
 Union Pacific Magazine, Omaha, Neb.  
 Wyoming Churchman, Laramie, Wyoming.  
 Stanolind Record, Casper, Wyoming.  
 Wyoming Roads, Cheyenne, Wyoming.  
 Erie Railroad Magazine, New York.  
 National Republican, Washington, D. C.  
 The Rocky Mountain Herald, Denver, Colorado.

#### Members of the Wyoming State Historical Society

1. Mr. Payson W. Spaulding, Evanston, Wyoming.
2. Mr. M. S. Garretson, New York City, N. Y.
3. Mr. Alfred Williams, Wheatland, Wyoming.

4. Mr. E. A. Brininstool, Los Angeles, California.
5. Mr. Charles Ely Adams, Spokane, Washington.
6. Mr. Edmund Seymour, New York City, N. Y.
7. Mr. David Wray, Medicine Bow, Wyoming.
8. Mr. F. A. Hadsell, Rawlins, Wyoming.
9. Mr. I. N. Connes, Saratoga, Wyoming.
10. Mrs. J. L. West, Evanston, Wyoming.
11. Mrs. W. H. Hamilton, Evanston, Wyoming.
12. Mrs. L. E. Fosmer, Evanston, Wyoming.
13. Mrs. B. F. Tedmon Jr., Wheatland, Wyoming.
14. Mrs. Mary L. Rennie, Evanston, Wyoming.
15. Mr. J. T. Arnold, Attica, New York.
16. Mr. Wm. C. Snow, Basin, Wyoming.
17. Bishop N. S. Thomas, Laramie, Wyoming.
18. Mrs. N. S. Thomas, Laramie, Wyoming.
19. Mr. Douglas Fuller, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
20. Dr. G. R. Hebard, Laramie, Wyoming.
21. Miss Alice Hebard, Laramie, Wyoming.
22. Mr. Arthur J. Dickson, Dayton, Wyoming.
23. Mr. E. R. Breisch, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
24. Mrs. J. C. Van Dyke, Buffalo, Wyoming.
25. Miss Edith K. O. Clark, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
26. Judge M. C. Brown, Laramie, Wyoming.
27. Mr. James Dickie, Thermopolis, Wyoming.
28. Mrs. Anna Peake, Cody, Wyoming.
29. Mr. S. A. Eldred, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
30. Mr. A. C. Newton, Cody, Wyoming.
31. Mr. C. A. Marston, Cody, Wyoming.
32. Mr. L. L. Newton, Lander, Wyoming.
33. Mr. C. E. Hayden, Cody, Wyoming.
34. Mr. Frank Rue, Cody, Wyoming.
35. Mr. Warren Reid, Cody, Wyoming.
36. Mr. R. C. Hargrave, Cody, Wyo.
37. Miss Marjory Ross, Cody, Wyoming.
38. Mrs. J. H. Burgess, Sheridan, Wyo.
39. Mrs. C. E. Ellis, Difficulty, Wyoming.
40. Mr. Mark Chapman, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
41. Mr. Albert Chapman, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
42. Mr. Dan Rees, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
43. Mr. J. A. Shaw, Binford, Wyoming.
44. Mr. A. D. Faville, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
45. Mr. E. T. Bartley, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
46. Mr. W. R. Dubois, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
47. Mr. A. R. Smith, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
48. Mr. W. F. Melvin, Casper, Wyoming.
49. Mr. J. W. Skepper, Bird City, Kansas.
50. Mrs. Marie Montabe Saveresy, Thermopolis, Wyoming.
51. Mrs. George S. Smith, Torrington, Wyoming.
52. Mr. Jesse Brown, Sturgis, South Dakota.
53. Mr. W. A. Bonser, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
54. Mr. R. S. Ellison, Casper, Wyoming.
55. Mr. G. W. Stokes, New York City, N. Y.
56. Mr. Charles W. Chase, Gary, Indiana.
57. Mr. Charles Blodgett, Marshfield, Wisconsin.
58. Mr. V. J. Gregory, Minneapolis, Minn.
59. Mr. Lloyd Gaston Smith, Casper, Wyoming.
60. Mr. W. F. Hoker, New York City, N. Y.
61. Mr. John N. Gordon, Novato, California.
62. Mr. Herbert S. Auerbach, Salt Lake City, Utah.
63. Mr. L. R. A. Condit, Barnum, Wyoming.
64. Mrs. E. L. Emery, Reliance, Wyoming.
65. Mrs. Laura Kortez, Hanna, Wyoming.
66. Mrs. Harry G. Lindon, Deaver, Wyoming.
67. Colonel Homer W. Wheeler, Los Angeles, California.
68. Mrs. M. B. Nash, Idaho Falls, Idaho.
69. Mr. George S. DeWolf, Casper, Wyoming.
70. Miss Mary Kelsey Stone, Charlotte, N. C.
71. Congr. Charles E. Winters, Washington, D. C.
72. Mrs. Charles E. Winters, Washington, D. C.
73. Mrs. Mary M. Parmalee, Buffalo, Wyoming.
74. Mrs. Thomas Hunter, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
75. Mr. E. A. Logan, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
76. Mrs. Elizabeth Logan, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
77. Mrs. Ralph Kimball, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
78. Mrs. A. J. Parshall, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
79. Miss Anna M. Dobbin, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
80. Mrs. Ruth T. Shepperton, Casper, Wyoming (deceased).
81. Mr. Luther Freeman, Denver, Colorado.
82. Mr. I. S. Bartlett, Cheyenne, Wyoming (deceased).
83. Mr. John A. Martin, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
84. Bishop McGovern, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
85. Mr. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Cheyenne, Wyoming.
86. Mr. J. J. Underwood, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
87. Mr. C. S. Thomas, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
88. Mr. T. Joe Cahill, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
89. Mr. Stephen Bon, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
90. Mrs. Rose L. Bard, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

91. Mr. Charles T. Farthing, Iron Mountain, Wyoming.
92. Mr. Ben F. Guy, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
93. Mr. W. S. McGuire, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
94. Mr. Oscar J. Lamm, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
95. Mr. Edward Ordway, Sr., Castroville, California.
96. Mr. Norman D. King, Albin, Wyoming.
97. Mr. Theodore Wanerus, Gillette, Wyoming.
98. Dr. T. Cassidy, Gillette, Wyoming.
99. Miss M. E. Spach, Gillette, Wyoming.
100. Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
101. Captain N. G. Nickerson, Lander, Wyoming.
102. Mrs. L. C. Harnsberger, Lander, Wyoming.
103. Mrs. T. G. York, Lander, Wyoming.
104. Mrs. G. L. Lauder, Laramie, Wyoming.
105. Mr. Josh Dean, Meeteetse, Wyoming.
106. Mr. Harry E. Cheesman, Sunshine, Wyoming.
107. Mr. Frank Ingraham, Cody, Wyoming.
108. Mrs. Anna Dodge Staggs, Cody, Wyoming.
109. Mrs. J. M. Carey, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
110. Mr. Raymond E. Herman, Highland Park, Chicago, Illinois.
111. Mr. C. B. S. Evans, Chicago, Illinois.
112. Judge C. N. Potter, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
113. Dr. G. L. Strader, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
114. Mrs. H. B. Patten, Washington, D. C.
115. Mr. R. N. La Fontaine, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
116. Mr. W. E. Chaplin, Long Beach, California.
117. Mrs. B. H. McCarthy, Gillette, Wyoming.
118. Mrs. W. R. Fox, Gillette, Wyoming.
119. Mrs. M. F. Ryan, Gillette, Wyoming.
120. Mrs. Elizabeth McNish Pickle, Cora, Wyoming.
121. Miss Ida S. Newell, Casper, Wyoming.
122. Mr. J. Cecil Alter, Salt Lake City, Utah.
123. Mr. J. S. Hunter, Gillette, Wyoming.
124. Mrs. Mabel C. Boruff, Kansas City, Missouri.
125. Mr. J. C. Burnet, Wind River, Wyoming.
126. Mrs. Dora Mertesheimer, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.
127. Miss Elise Coble, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
128. Mrs. Nannie Steele, Douglas, Wyoming.
129. Mr. D. W. Greenburg, Casper, Wyoming.
130. Mr. Errett O. Fuller, Laramie, Wyoming.
131. Mrs. Alice D. Bainum, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
132. Mrs. J. H. Fullerton, Los Angeles, California.
133. Miss Flo La Chapelle, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
134. Mr. John Hunton, Torrington, Wyoming.
135. Mr. Malcolm Campbell, Casper, Wyoming.
136. Mr. E. H. Fourt, Lander, Wyoming.
137. Mr. C. W. Horr, Douglas, Wyoming.
138. Mr. Wm. Howard, Douglas, Wyoming.
139. Mr. J. H. Kennedy, Douglas, Wyoming.
140. Dr. J. M. Wilson, McKinley, Wyoming.
141. Mr. M. G. Howe, Orin, Wyoming.
142. Mr. L. J. Swan, Douglas, Wyoming.
143. Mrs. Edwin L. Patrick, Torrington, Wyoming.
144. Mrs. Ella J. Peters, Douglas, Wyoming.
145. Mr. J. M. Abney, Careyhurst, Wyoming.
146. Mr. Ed. Arnold, Lusk, Wyoming.
147. Mrs. H. R. Lathrop, Casper, Wyoming.
148. Mr. J. C. Warkley, Casper, Wyoming.
149. Mrs. J. H. Nichols, Pasadena, California.
150. Mr. J. K. Moore, Fort Washakie, Wyoming.
151. Mrs. Edward Ordway, Castroville, California.
152. Miss Minnie Holden, Riverside, Wyoming.
153. Mrs. Margaret Hayden, Cody, Wyoming.
154. Mr. T. J. Bryant, Wheatland, Wyoming.
155. Mr. J. L. Waller, Glenrock, Wyoming.
156. Mrs. Wallace C. Bond, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
157. Mrs. E. C. Raymond, Newcastle, Wyoming.
158. Mrs. W. S. Kimball, Casper, Wyoming.
159. Miss Evelyn Jensen, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
160. Mr. W. Jerome Dykeman, Casper, Wyoming.
161. Mrs. Mac D. Paulsen, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
162. Mr. Paul J. Paulsen, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
163. Mr. E. B. Shaffner, Glenrock, Wyoming.
164. Mr. Alfred J. Mokler, Casper, Wyoming.
165. Mr. J. M. Lowndes, Casper, Wyoming.
166. Mrs. Vivien S. Richardson, Lovell.
167. Mr. Charles R. Riley, Bristol, Connecticut.
168. Mr. Daniel B. Henderson, Washington, D. C.
169. Mrs. Cora M. Beach, Casper, Wyoming.
170. Mr. Wm. J. Malone, Bristol, Connecticut.
171. County Superintendent of Laramie Schools, Cheyenne, Wyo.

172. Mr. L. C. Bishop, Douglas, Wyoming.  
 173. Mr. P. G. Fowler, Lingle, Wyoming.  
 174. Mr. George Clark, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 175. Mr. O. N. Gibson, Riverton, Wyoming.  
 176. Mr. George T. Beck, Cody, Wyoming.  
 177. Mr. H. B. Robertson, Cody, Wyoming.  
 178. Mrs. Chas. Stone, Evanston, Wyo.  
 179. Mrs. William Hines, Denver, Colo.  
 180. Mrs. W. G. Johnson, Crowheart, Wyoming.  
 181. Miss Minnie Haas, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 182. Mr. Thomas Cooper, Casper, Wyoming.  
 183. Mrs. John Stoddard Logan, Green River, Wyoming.
184. Mr. Oliver Hamm, Sheridan, Wyoming.  
 185. Dr. Laura White, Laramie, Wyoming.  
 186. Mrs. Emma Howell Knight, Laramie, Wyoming.  
 187. Mrs. Fred Boice, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 188. Mr. Hugh Pendexter, Norway, Maine.  
 189. Mrs. Mabel D. Cassell, Greybull, Wyo.  
 190. Mrs. A. L. Coey, Green River, Wyo.  
 191. Mrs. Charles D. Carey, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 192. Mr. James Mackay, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 193. Mr. R. C. Hargrave, Cody, Wyo.  
 194. Miss Alice Williamson, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 195. Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro, Jr., Rock Springs, Wyo.

## ACCESSIONS FROM JANUARY 1st TO APRIL 1st, 1925

### Documents

- Received from  
 Hunton, Mr. John.....A collection of 67 original documents, noticed elsewhere.  
 Hebard, Dr. G. R.....Typed copy of original agreement between the firm "Sublette & Campbell" and Pittman Lindlay for "hunting, trapping and trading with the Indians." Date April 1, 1833.  
 A very large collection of Wyoming data dating from 1900. The collection includes correspondence, statistics, clippings, etc.; while it treats primarily of Suffrage there is also much other valuable information for the research worker. This is a collection of Suffrage history which was sent from Washington to Dr. Hebard and which she presents to the State Historical Department.  
 Moore, J. K.....Key to Picture history of "Chief Washakie."

### Historical Books

- Downing, C. O.....Wyoming Legislative Proceedings, 2nd edition.  
 Warren, Senator F. E.....Handbook of American Indians, by Bureau of Ethnology, two volumes.  
 Thomas, Bishop N. S.....Record of Condition—District of Wyoming 1919.  
 Wyoming Labor Journal.....Bound Volume for 1924 of Labor Journal.

### Letters

- Moore, J. K.....Corlett to J. K. Moore 1876 (copy).  
 Crain, C. N.....Civil War Letter, 1864 (copy).

### Original Manuscripts

- Rietz, Mrs. C. F.....One original manuscript.  
 Dobbins, Mrs. Emma J.....One original manuscript.  
 Coolidge, Mr. P. B.....Two bound volumes 10 songs, words of 9 songs by Mr. Coolidge of Lander, music by Frederick Boothroyd.  
 Sloan, Austin C.....Autobiography of Wm. K. Sloan, who crossed Wyoming in 1852.  
 Hilton, Mrs. Agnes.....Four short manuscripts.  
 Bryant, Mr. T. J.....Biographical manuscript of George H. Boswell.  
 Knight, Mrs. Emma Howell.....Manuscript.  
 Hebard, Dr. Grace R.....Typescript copy—Fort Bridger (Chambers) Carlin's My Experiences in Wyoming.

### Museum

- Durbin, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas.....Five photos of "Buffalo Company" Volunteers for service in Spanish-American War. Major Wilhelm mustering officer. Pictures taken in Cheyenne on Capitol Avenue, May 10, 1898.  
 Rummel, W. K.....One framed wall picture of "Jim Baker."  
 Governor Nellie T. Ross.....Pen and penholder used by Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross when she signed her oath of office on January 5th, 1925.  
 Meyer, Ed.....One tin "McKinley" campaign badge.  
 Conologue, Moneta.....Indian whetstone found on the divide between N. & S. Elkhorn Creeks near the John Moran ranch, a perfect specimen, found August 19th, 1924.

## ACCESSIONS—(Continued)

- Cristobal, Leopold G.....Collection of 160 coins, silver, nickel and gold.  
 10 gold coins, from England, Germany, Sweden, Holland and France.  
 5 silver and copper and nickel coins from Sweden.  
 3, one Belgium, one silver Franc (old) 1 (new) nickel Franc, substitute for silver.  
 2, one British India, two, 1 Rupee pieces, silver.  
 6 Checkoslovakia, 4 silver, 2 copper.  
 13, Italian, 2 silver 20 centimes, 3 copper, 5, 10 and 1 centimes, 8 nickel pieces, 2 lire, 50 centimes, four 20 centimes.  
 1, Yugaslovenia.  
 8, Denmark 1, 2 and 5 ore (copper) 10, 25 ore (nickel), three 10 ore pieces.  
 1, Mexico, 1 silver dollar.  
 15, France, 5 in silver, 1 copper, 6 in nickel, 1 aluminum, 2 copper and aluminum.  
 18, Austria Hungary, no value and no longer used. Five are iron used during war because of lack of copper, 6 are copper, 1 silver, 6 nickel.  
 24, Germany, silver, bronze-copper, iron, nickel and aluminum.  
 5, Switzerland, 4 silver, 1 copper.  
 4, Polish-Poland, 2 bronze, 2 copper.  
 8, Norway, 1 silver, 2 copper, 2 nickel, 3 iron.  
 2, Canada, silver 5 and 10 cents.  
 13, England, silver, 2 half-crowns, 1 florin, 1 shilling, 3 sixpence, 2 3 cents, 2 copper half-penny, 2 copper, 1 penny.  
 22, Netherlands, three 1 Gulden, six 25 cents, six 10 cents, all silver; two 2½ cents, two 1 cent, one nickel piece.  
 A large part of this collection is from the coins used in the World War.
- Wesche, Mr. E.....Photo of Wyoming officers in the Spanish-American War. Picture taken in Manilla.  
 Two water color pictures (large) of the first and second battles of Manilla Bay. Pictures are the work of Mr. Wesche.
- Hartzell, William.....Three rifle shells, two shells to be used in French revolver (old), no longer used. Shell for Spencer Repeater, 1865.
- Hebard, Dr. Grace R.....Picture of Fort Laramie, Idaho Territory.  
 Sec'y of State, F. E. Lucas.....Large framed wall picture of F. E. Mondell.

## War History

- Adjutant Gen., W. F. Davis.....Pension Commissioners Report, Volume 2, 1861-1865 Confederate Kentucky Volume.
- Major C. G. Carroll.....History of Army Posts by Major Rudd, U. S. A.
- Myers, Mr. Ed.....Defensive measures against Gas attacks, 1917—confidential.  
 Wire entanglements, 1918—official.  
 Field Service Regulations, U. S. A. 1918.  
 Infantry Drill Regulations, 1918—confidential.  
 The Deck and Boat Book of U. S. A. 1917.
- Senator F. E. Warren.....Historical Register and Dictionary of the U. S. Army, 1789-1903. Heitman, 2 volumes.
- Beach, Mrs. A. H.....A. L. A. Dept. of Wyoming, General Bulletin No. 5.

## Purchased

- Cowboys North and South, by Will James.  
 Down the Yellowstone, by Freeman.  
 Ethnology Bureau Report, 1897, 2 volumes.  
 One group photo of Governor Ross signing oath of office.  
 One group photo of the Collier Vote Trophy, showing Governor Ross, President Brown of Senate, Speaker Underwood of the House, Mayor Allison of Cheyenne and Bradford Ross, who unveiled the Trophy.  
 One photo of Capitol Building taken from Airplane.  
 Five photos of Fort Bridger (old).  
 Two photos of Fort Laramie in 1899.  
 One 1875 map (Watson) of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Montana.  
 Photostatic copies of addresses on envelopes and two letters signed by Admiral Dewey after the battles of Manilla Bay, 1898. These letters are written to Mr. Wesche, complimenting him on his paintings of the two battles of Manilla Bay.

## NOTICE

### Membership in Wyoming State Historical Society

Annual dues one dollar (\$1.00) paid in advance.

The dues entitle members to all publications of the Department for the year without further assessments.

Notice of delinquency will be sent from State Historical Department.

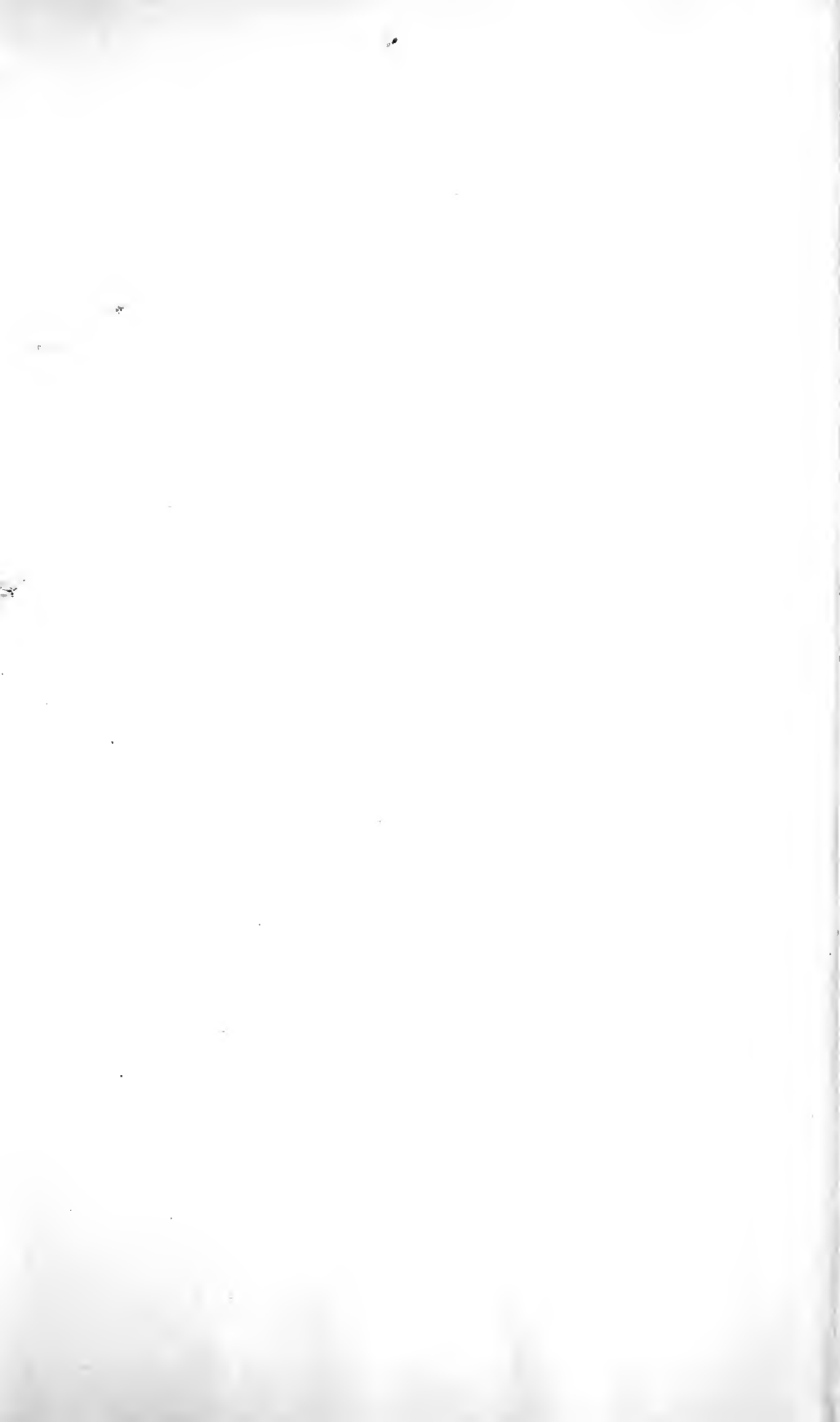
When checks are used make payable to State Historical Society or to State Historian.

Address: State Historian, Room 305, Capitol Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming.









DATE DUE

JUL 14 '69 COB

PERIODICAL

JUL 2 1970

NOV 18 1994

DEC 10 1998

APR 16 '78

PERIODICAL

MAR 24 1989

PERIODICAL 1988

FEB 14 1991

DEC 1982  
**GRADS**

JUL 23 1993

SEP 21 1993

JUL 22 1994

UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING



U18100 135 720 6

PERIODICAL



